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Bradford College Journal

October, Nineteen Eleven

The Wofford College Journal

FOR

OCTOBER

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ELEVEN

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—

"Her" 5

"The Private" 6

The Juvenile Court 10

With Apologies to Wm. Cullen Bryant . . . 12

A Freshman Who Was Fresh 12

The Power of an Individual 14

Spurs of Navarre 16

A Hair, Perhaps, Divide the False and True . . 18

Editorial Department 24

Exchange Department 27

Clippings 27

Local Department 30

Y. M. C. A. Department 33

Alumni Department 35

Notice to Students 37

Advertisements 38

Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

R. L. Meriwether, Editor.
J. C. Hyer, Assistant Editor.

"Her"

Winter's chilly winged winds
  Whistling shrilly o'er the lee,
Mingle the pines' murmur
  With the deep-voiced bellowing sea.

The firelight's phantom shadows
  Chasing each lone illusive gleam,
Bring back the days of yore—
  The flitting fanciful dreams.

Crumpled and crushed into ashes
  Now, by Time's relentless hand,
The voiced visions of other days
  Are scattered on that distant strand.

O earth of sorrow and sadness,
  Give me—or else I hate thee—
Back that fondly fashioned dream
  And I will forever leave thee.

Hark! In whispered accents
  Sweet, above the blasting roar,
Is caught a broken message;
  Then lost again? never more.

O earth of beauty and joy,
  I love thy idyl and mine;
I love thy rolling roaring sea,
  And all that is mine and thine.

—(B. '12.)

"The Private"

G. H. WILSON, '15.

"The largest proportion of mankind are deeply awed by the presence of death, some there are who, upon the death of a relative or friend, suffer a collapse of the nervous system. With noiseless tread, lowered voices and falling tears, death, grim and loathsome, is ever greeted; silence reigns supreme. With fascination and horror the motley rabble gazes on an unconvicted murderer; with denunciation and rage it hisses the condemned prisoner. The same throng pugnaciously obtains its right to view the execution of the guilty one.

"But to me death has become commonplace and less gruesome. In the heat of battle I have seen the very best soldiers of France, starved and faint from long marching, fall by the wayside only to be trampled under the horses' feet and disemboweled. Other brave soldiers—some the heroes of many campaigns—I have seen left in the sun-parched desert to the none too tender mercies of devouring vultures."

The speaker ceased abruptly and gasped for breath. He was Aubri Gunardeau, a private in the army of His Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, and for several months he had been in our troop. He was reticent, made few friends, and never spoke of himself at all. None knew his history, nor whence he came. None of us doubted that he had an eventful and, probably, a sad life before he had come to us. We all loved him for his bravery and honor, but we never asked of his past. Nor to me, his best friend, did he open his heart until he lay on his death-bed. Laboriously he resumed his story.

"I have seen murder committed wholesalely and uselessly at the whim of some domineering commander who chose to seek revenge by court-martial on his supposed enemies. Men die under the lash without a vestige of fear or a plea for mercy. I have seen men exhibit remarkable fortitude, but I have yet to see a man in the power of vice or of love for a faithless woman conquer his desire to drop out of the world when betrayed by either one or the other. There is something—"

Gunardeau was here caught in a paroxysm of coughing which, in its severity, caused him to become red, then pale, and to turn from hot to cold in quick succession. He had, since I first knew him, been subject to this violent cough; whether it was due to contraction or inheritance, I did not know. I supposed it was due to the latter. The dying man recommenced the conversation, perhaps I should say monologue, as I had not said a word.

"I suppose you consider this cough inherited, as do all my fellow soldiers, from consumptive ancestors, but you and they are mistaken. My family has never been consumptive. No, Louis, this cough and my coming death are the results of flight from my father-in-law and the Czar of Russia, in the coldest winter Russia ever had. My bride, for I had just married, was of Russian nobility, as beautiful as she was aristocratic, and Aubri Gunardeau was a mere soldier who, in a passion of madness, had chosen to serve the cruel, barbarous Czar. God pity me that I ever loved Barbara!"

Here the speaker paused and gazed, as if in a trance, at the ceiling. He seemed to see there a page in the past which gave him pleasure to recall and his steady black eyes sparkled as from happiness. For some minutes his eyes were thus staring, but, as he again commenced to speak, his mouth set with the same grimness it had during all his words and belied the look in his eyes.

"The winter was unusually severe even for that northland of cold and tyranny, and the poor peasants suffered living deaths, inured as they were to the hardships of that frigid climate. I was making for Austria-Hungary where I had influential friends and I well knew safety lay within its borders. For three days Barbara and I made rapid progress, stopping only at night in small villages and eating only such provisions as I had been able to secure for our journey. Barbara, ever a superb horsewoman, endured the travel without an indication of fatigue, and how distinctly I recall glorying in the appearance of her tall, graceful form, crowned by such a wealth of golden hair as I never expect to see again. On the fourth day, as the

villages seemed to be further apart, I lessened the daily ration. Despite my caution, on the seventh day we ate the last crumb. The villages were now two days travel between each and we lost much sleep because of enforced travel. We often stayed in the saddle as many as two days and to make matters worse our canteens were empty, which left us only snow with which to quench our thirsts. By the time we reached the Vistula river our strength was completely sapped. Having crossed that swollen stream we entered Tarnow and took a car to Budapest."

Having finished this statement Gunardeau fell slowly back upon his pillow. That was his longest statement and he seemed utterly exhausted.

I will now go somewhat from the story and tell something more of Aubri Gunardeau. He was an ardent fatalist, believing truly in predestination, and often lost his self-control when asked to reconcile the above-stated belief with his denial of a God and the immortality of the soul.

He resumed his story with eyes sparkling and voice telling of a passion never before shown. I felt in my heart a pity for the man who had loved so truly.

"We spent one year in London, one in Berlin, and one in Paris that my broken health might mend. In Paris Barbara yielded to her extravagant impulses, quickly forcing me into debt and the military service. I enlisted in my native service and through the influence of a prominent official secured a colonelcy in the Algerian army of France.

"In my company was a young lieutenant who, through the relaxation of discipline and the frequency of our dances, was much with Barbara. Henri Grantee, for such was his name, stood well over six feet, had the features of an Apollo, and was as daring as Satan."

Aubri Gunardeau lowered himself on his bed and gave himself to reflection. His piercing eyes sparkled with anger and appeared to penetrate far into the past. When he resumed his story his voice was less steady and he spoke more slowly as if greatly fatigued.

"For six months after our arrival in Algiers all was peaceful and but for the frequency of the visits which Grantee made to our home on the pretext of official business, my life flowed as smoothly as an untroubled stream.

"On the thirteenth of May Barbara left Algiers unannounced. Had it not been for one fact I would have felt perfectly satisfied as Barbara had ever come and gone as she chose—Henri Grantee had a furlough and had left on the same steamer as Barbara.

"On the certificate of our surgeon, a warm friend of mine, I secured a temporary discharge from service. On the first steamer I sailed for France. Arriving at Marseilles I took the first train to Paris where I knew I should find my wife if she was not with Grantee."

Gunardeau hesitated only momentarily and merely to catch his breath.

"I stayed in Paris nearly three weeks but could hear nothing of Barbara, nor could the best detectives get the slightest clue. My money, my time and my effort accomplished naught—pursuit of my wife had been in vain. With despair and vengeance in my heart I returned to the service. There I felt disgraced and avoided my former comrades as much as was possible.

"Two years passed but no news came until the middle of the third year when, standing on the wharf where I often came, the postman handed me a letter from which fell this clipping. Whence it came I do not know."

Aubri Gunardeau took from his breast an antique Russian locket and from it took the following, worn clipping. It was in French and was a news item from Washington, D. C.:

"Washington, D. C., U. S. A.—There was committed in this city today one of the most gruesome crimes of many years. When Henry Grantee shot his wife, his child, and poisoned himself, he wrote his name in red on the page of criminal history.

"It is rumored that the murder was the result of Mrs. Grantee's faithlessness and her extravagance which placed Grantee heavily in debt. Mrs. Grantee is well known in Washington

society. She is said to be the notorious Barbara Gunardeau who deserted her husband, a colonel in the army of France."

* * * * * * * * * *

"My God, Louis, what an end! how sweet my revenge! Give me your hand, Louis."

So the gallant soldier died with his hand in mine and I gloried in his manhood while I wept for sorrow at his death.

The Juvenile Court

The humanitarian movement in the United States during the past half century has brought about many noble organizations in modern society, one of which is the juvenile court system.

A few reformatory schools were established in some of the Northern states during the first part of the past half century. These institutions proved to be so efficient in reforming and developing the unfortunate neglected boy criminals that about fifty-five such schools have been established throughout our nation.

In addition to our reformatory schools, a more local organization was seen to be needed, particularly in the great cities. To supply that need, a juvenile court was established in the State of Massachusetts in 1899. This new manner of dealing with youthful criminals worked so satisfactorily that almost all the leading States of the Union have, to some extent, established a permanent juvenile court.

This court is more especially adapted to larger towns and great cities. It usually consists of a committee composed of a few of the best men residing in the town or city in which the court is organized. One of the men composing this committee acts as judge in the trial of boy criminals. In some States where the juvenile court is more fully organized, the State furnishes a regular circuit judge to preside over these courts. Under this system a boy under twelve years of age who commits a criminal offense is not treated as a criminal. Instead of being locked in the common jail when arrested, he is treated kindly and his case is reported to the members of the juvenile

court. The unfortunate boy is not arraigned in the public court house for trial as was the usual custom in dealing with young criminals. A committee of able and sober-minded men privately hear the facts of the case and make a careful investigation of the early training and environment of the youth to see if his circumstances and associations have not been such as to be a reasonable excuse for the crime committed. After the members of the committee have fully acquainted themselves with the nature of the case, if the offense be not too serious, they make satisfactory recompensation to the aggrieved party. They then give the boy criminal a friendly, encouraging talk by which they endeavor to show him the real nature of his offense and to inspire him to become an honest, useful citizen.

The boy is released, and put on his honor. If he be an orphan and without means of support, it then becomes the purpose of the court to secure a home and good employment for him, at the same time keeping him under their constant watch-care.

Experience has taught that it is cheapest and best to spend some effort and money in reforming, instructing and putting the neglected youth in the way of honesty, industry, and useful citizenship, rather than to let him drift without a purpose and without a guide in life until hardened in crime and vice. The young offenders should be trained and not punished, and the juvenile court aims to remove the cause of the wrong-doing.

As a whole, the juvenile court is rescuing thousands of unfortunate, neglected boys and girls from lives of shame and crime, and is inspiring them to live honorable, upright lives and to become useful citizens to society and State.

P. B. Y. '12.

With Apologies to Wm. Cullen Bryant

So study, that when that band of riders
Bold calls you to join that innumerable
Host of flunkers, which moves so joyfully
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His seat in the silent halls of failure,
Thou go not, like the good student in March,
Scourged to his hard task, but, sustained and soothed
By a well broken pony, approach thy doom,
Like one who hides the leaves of his bronco
About him, and sits down for pleasant rides.

E. T. S. '13.

A Freshman Who Was Fresh

Yes, I believe in having fun with freshmen. However, I would never stand by and see a man beat; I do not believe in inflicting bodily pain. He should never be teased of homesickness, for that is a feeling that should come over any manly man who has left a good home.

I had a fine little freshman at whose expense I wished to have some fun, which I also hoped would help him. He was bashful. Heavens, he was bashful! It happened that a few weeks after college opened there was an entertainment in town to which I was invited. I confided with a few girls and told them to invite him and we would have loads of fun. So it was agreed.

I told Fred, the aforesaid fine freshman, that a girl had seen him down town and asked me to bring him to a party. Now, he was as innocent and new as a young chick. Down at the country church he had never so much as dared to look at a girl more than four seconds at a time, and even though I showed him the great advantages of "society," yet it was with great difficulty that I finally persuaded him.

On the appointed night, here he came, stuffed into his tight and short "Sunday clothes." And as I presented him to Miss S—— and Miss B——, the perspiration was streaming from

his face, although he had just applied his handkerchief before we entered the door. Can you see him, this green sapling, as he stood there with that look of amazement and fear in his clear black eyes? Miss S—— was "tickled to death" to meet him, (who would not be tickled at him?). So Miss S—— took him off and began asking him questions, and otherwise trying to make him talk.

During the course of the evening, to his misfortune, they served hot chocolate. Now this chocolate had a thick coat of whipped cream on it. A cup of the chocolate was served to him together with a sandwich. He bit about half of his sandwich at one mouthful and then decided to get some of that stuff out of the cup. So he leaned slowly over the chocolate and raised it to his mouth. The cream was so thick that he did not get to the chocolate, but he succeeded in getting a good peak of cream on the tip of his nose without being aware of it. When the girl who was with him saw him come up with the nose decoration, she fairly shrieked with laughter. This attracted attention and more laughter started. As yet Fred was unaware of the cause of their laughter and was still determined to get that stuff to drink. He was not at a table so the cup was very hard to manage, and every minute saw him become more and more nervous. He took his sandwich in his right hand, bit nearly all of what was left and raised the cup to his lips in his shaking left hand. Now that chocolate had another intense quality—it was hot, very hot. He tried a big swallow, but the heat was too much for the nervous system, and down dropped the hot chocolate on his right hand, burning it severely. Again this was too much for flesh to stand. He gave forth a good healthy yell as only a country boy can give. The company was at first startled, then seeing the picture, gave more applause than a comedian could have gained.

I took the poor fellow out, told him of his nose decoration, straightened him out and cheered him up, "for the worst was yet to come."

Again during the evening he had the misfortune to be left alone a few minutes. His hands, of course, hid in his pockets.

Seeing the piano, he determined to cross the room to it. Being of a timid nature and not wishing to attract attention he started across at a rapid pace. But there was an art square on the floor and he was not used to such things. So when he got to the edge of this art square, his feet became entangled in it, throwing him forward. Having his hands in his pockets, he could not catch, but he had the presence of mind not to fall on his face. He doubled up so as to roll in a somersault, which he did with speed. Now he was near his destination, the piano, and as his feet were coming over in the completion of this somersault, they hit squarely and forcibly upon the base keys. There was a mighty "Boom!" And again the assembly was startled, when looking, behold, a man lying on the floor with his feet on the piano! Laughter reigned.

With a few other minor stunts of the evening, he closed his performances. Going home that night, he declared to me that he would never go to another party. I knew better. He got over all that and became one of the foremost ladies' men of the college. A. W. A. '12.

The Power of an Individual

R. D. GUILDS.

As one looks down the shadowy corridors of History and of Time he may see bursting forth here and there, through the clouds of mystery and uncertainty which envelope the past, the light of some massive and powerful mind, dispelling the mystery, and illuminating the blackness by rapid, masterful thought and noble heroic action.

In studying the history of the world we can see men rising as great lights above the crowd; men who have brought to pass the great achievements of the world and by whose hands the history of nations has been molded. The world puts its hand upon the general who has led his men to victory, and calls him great. We do not wonder that multitudes were swayed by the words of our great orators. The literature from the pen of our writers is held sacred in every home and in every

heart. We are given many pleasures, comforts, and possibilities by the dextrous hand of our inventors. These are the men who have made and are making the history which we read.

We look with pride upon the growth and progress of our country ,and are glad to claim her as our own. We are glad because she is a nation which stands for "freedom of speech and freedom of action;" because this freedom was fostered by our fathers, and accomplished through their valor and patriotism; because our battle flag has never yet fallen in defeat.

It would be unjust to the great men of our country—to our Washington, to our Jefferson, to our Henry, Lincoln, Webster, and Calhoun—to say that these achievements were brought about by the masses. For had it not been for that immortal speech of Patrick Henry in the Virginia convention, by which he drew his hearers to the point where they were ready to say with him, "give me liberty, or give me death," we might today be a colony of that government upon whose provinces the sun never sets, instead of being a nation that can make the same boast.

During our great War of Independence, when the life and liberty of our country depended on the outcome of a single battle, it is said that three times defeat stared our men in the face, and all seemed to be lost when Washington appeared as a great light upon the dark horizon, inspiring them with such unflinching courage and unconquerable determination, that defeat was turned into a glorious victory. During the terrible winter at Valley Forge when provisions were exhausted and blood drops in the frozen snow marked the tracks of the bleeding feet of our soldiers, the fire of his soul kept warm the love of liberty in the hearts of his men, and caused them to endure their hardships with unflinching valor.

In mentioning the power and influence of great men, we must also consider the private citizen. The man who did not aspire to have monuments erected to his honor; the man who did not care to have his name prominent in the pages of his country's history, but who preferred a private, even obscure life, was he

who played a great part in this momentous conflict. What does a nation owe to the man who would rather have his home a place of happiness and contentment than to be famous in the public eye? What does she owe to the man who would rather have love, truth, and sincerity reign in his home, than to have his name upon the tongue of every fellow countryman?

Some may choose to seek fame in the hearts of their countrymen, some may choose to make fortunes in the various industries of their country, but happy is that land whose fathers and mothers are willing to stay at home, however humble, and make it the duty of their lives to train up those intrusted to their care, "in the way they should go." True it is that here the destiny of a nation is sealed; and who can tell at what moment in one of the humble homes is being born one who shall truly become a leader of his country?

Spurs of Navarre

The moon softly filtered through the trees and cast a radiant, mellow light almost divine about them. The silvery water lying at their feet whispered of things in their world, far from the busy ruthless world.

"No, I cannot. O Chad, do not tempt me—please dear—you forget I am his wife. You know I love you, Chad—O Chad, I love you!" She turned her face away that he might not see the tears.

"Girl, what is that on your arm? No, do not tell me, I know; he has been beating you. O God! Do you think I will let you live with him? You know I would have faced death for you when we were kids. I kept quiet because I thought you loved him. Yet you turned away from me for him. Wife or no wife, you cannot live with him. The brute, why I will kill him! You meet me tonight at the Central Depot, at 1:15. I have booked passage on the Lusitania, which sails at six." He crushed her unresisting form in his arms.

The moon cast pale shadows that flitted and changed across her room. He had not returned, must she leave him? True,

he was her husband, but she loved Chad. 1:15 and the white bed was still untouched and the moon beams played about an empty room.

* * * * * * * * * *

These three years in Europe had been happy ones for Gwyndolen and Chad. These years of love had caused the roses to bloom again on her cheeks and her rippling laugh was free from pain. She felt that God had long since forgiven her.

This year the great aviation meet was to take place in the United States. Even coming back to America could not change her dream world. Again they were beneath the whispering trees by the moonlit water.

"Swetheart, if I win tomorrow I will quit, and we can go away to be happy in our nest beside the sea."

"O Chad, how glorious! I know you will win," and her face glorified by love was made divine by the moon.

* * * * * * * * * *

The field was crowded and thousands of upturned faces watched Chad, who, after kissing Gwyndolyn, started upward in long spirals. Their attention was drawn away for an instant as a second machine started on its flight upward; Chad had a rival.

The spirals became smaller and the planes became specks against the arched heavens. How much higher could they go? Tense and expectant they waited. Then those with glasses saw the lady's steel bottomed machine pass Chad; an instant later she swooped and ripped his top plane. In a moment his crushed form lay on the green paddock.

The cheers died on the multitude of lips and with stilled breath they whispered in awed tones. The banners were lowered and trailed over the turf. The sun's last rays caressed the scene tenderly. Women's sobs were heard as the crowd slowly left the field, not the same light-hearted multitude, but sympathetic, silent, thoughtful. The evening seemed damp and chilly.

The *lady* aviator smilingly removed *his* feminine apparel while a sobbing, pathetic little figure in brown stained the face of the huddled form on the paddock with tears.

"A Hair, Perhaps, Divide the False and True"

(*A story based on true facts.*)

HENRY R. SIMS, '13.

It was during the early part of the Spanish-American war. Americans felt that the wrongs of Cuba, which had run so long, would at last be checked. The wave of enthusiasm which swept over the American people with the realization of actual war was apparent by the quickness by which the President's call for volunteers was answered. The southeastern states were being converted into military camps, with the soldiers waiting to be transported to Cuba. The government's various departments were in most cases entirely unprepared for the great duty placed upon them by war, but were doing all possible to facilitate the progress of the war. The newspapers all over the country (fully alive to the news value of any article concerning the war) had correspondents galore, and many papers sent two or three staff men to cover the field, and, if possible, to "scoop" their contemporaries. A correspondent hearing a rumor always sought to verify it, but whether confirmed or not his paper next day published the article as a feature, and the reader was told of ships being seen at sea, "which may have been the Spanish fleet." Then follows a column or so describing the results of the Spanish fleet appearing off the American coast—an article written some months before its publication. Finally in the last paragraph the reader is told, "this report has not been confirmed and the exact truth is hard to reach."

Thus it happened that Earl Graham, staff correspondent of a large metropolitan daily, was in Florida preparing for his coming depature for the scene of hostilities in Cuba. While in the town he had joined his old college friend, Philip Wilton, who held some government position, presumably in the secret service. One day he called upon Wilton whom he found, upon abruptly entering his apartments, leisurely reading verses in a book he was holding in his hand.

"Well, Philip, my boy, how's the day been dealing with your gentle spirit? What, reading poems all day? The very idea!

What do you think that cub of a telegraph operator told me today? Why, owing to the war the company has announced a rise in rates beginning next week. I suppose the boss will telegraph me to shut my mouth, for it would be cheaper than paying for my messages. Look here, do you mean to say you have been reading Omar Khayam. Why, you'll grow into a regular old atheist. You can't afford to read a man who denys God."

"Now, Graham, you are too harsh. Omar does not deny the existence of a God."

"No, not in so many words, but he scoffs the idea of punishment in the future for the sins of this world. We came into this world without our consent, and will be hurried out when the time comes; this insolence he says we must drown in wine. Do as you please, he says, for why would man have been made from dust, if it had been meant for him to be hemmed in by rules and regulations, the breaking of which would eternally damn him. That's Omar's doctrine and it is foolish."

"Not entirely foolish. There are some parts that even you would endorse. Have you not often speculated upon the probability of messages from the dead, and ended like Omar by wondering why none ever came?

> "Strange is it not? that of the myriads who
> Before us passed the Door of Darkness through,
> Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
> Which to discover we must travel too!"

"No, Wilton, even that is not like my idea. Now I don't believe men can return from the dead, but I do believe there are ways of communication by means of which you can speak to any person, anywhere, living or dead. I think it was the great Frenchman, Flammarion, who held that by concentrating the mind a person would be able to communicate with a friend hundreds of miles away. The same principal applies to the souls of the dead, which exist in some sort of state after death."

"That's stretching the theory a far way, Graham, as you yourself know, Flammarion was a dreamer."

"Well, here now, I'll substantiate by proof. I will tell you of two incidents the truth of which I can vouch for." Wilton having assented, both made themselves comfortable and Graham proceeded:

"During the War of Secession a great amount of fighting took place around Charleston, S. C.—Fort Sumter, James Island, and other familiar places there about. In the fall of '63 there was stationed on James Island a captain whom we shall call Drew. He had served at other points before coming to James Island, although he had been born in Charleston. His mother and sister had lived in Charleston some time after the war began so as to be near him. They lived there until the health of his sister began to fail and they had to move from the scene of such great excitement.

"One night Drew was making the rounds, inspecting the pickets. The moon was shining softly over the broad harbor, and the still waters were undisturbed by any noise, save as occasionally a shell burst over them, telling the defenders that the Yankee fleet was steaming past the port. At regular intervals the report of a cannon, followed later by the thundering explosion, varied the monotony. The Confederate forces made no answer. Ammunition was scarce and men tired, so rest was given them for the fight tomorrow. These things didn't worry Drew, however, as he went about on his inspections. At last he completed the rounds and turned to go to his tent.

"As he walked along the beach, his thoughts turned to his loved ones. Suddenly, without knowing why, he shuddered. Only two days before, he had received a letter from his mother, which told of the increasing illness of his sister, and prayed for his safety in his dangerous tasks. He thought, how can I see my sister? The recollection of childish frolics and ventures reverberated through his mind, and now, to even think, Death may be claiming her. What would his mother do alone, while he was at war? Suddenly a louder explosion than usual

attracted his attention. The shell had burst wide of its mark and there was no danger from that one at least. He began to turn away. He was startled. There, right where the waves over-lapped the beach, stood his sister. With arms outstretched toward him, then smiling, she pointed upward. He rushed to the spot. There was nothing there: only the ripple of the waves came to him. He looked around; nothing was to be seen except several hundred yards away the lone camp fire. He hurried to his tent, with his mind awhirl. In vain his comrade declared it was the work of his heated imagination; he slept no more during the night.

Several days afterward the mail boat came. There was a letter for Drew, which started, "My dear boy," and said: "Grace died about three o'clock Tuesday night. Her last thoughts were of you, and she said to tell you to meet her in heaven."

As Graham finished he looked at Wilton who, thinking deeply, made no comment. He then continued:

Now, in addition, I'll tell you of a thing through which I went myself. As you know, soon after I left college I connected myself—or rather very mildly accepted a job—with a paper in my home town and started my journalistic career. I started at the bottom,—a reporter. For months I grabbed my hat with the sound of every fire alarm or pistol shot. No matter what time of day or night, I was supposed to be on the job. I was—but to my story. One day the boss editor called me to him and told me that an old negro man claimed to have two children (a boy and a girl) who were possessed with a wonderful power by means of which they could communicate with people, and even 'see' past or future events. I was to go, investigate, and if conditions warranted, give them a write-up.

I walked into the main office and saw a negro of the antebellum type standing with hat off beside a boy. Upon being told this was the boy, I asked if he could be taken in a room, blind-folded and then describe who and what was there. He said he could. I then blind-folded the boy and told him to go into the back office, get the bicycle there and roll it to the street, where he was to ride it. The boy walked to the place

named, secured the wheel, carefully turned it around, rolled it to the street and rode two or three blocks between wagons and pedestrains.

"Pretty well," I commented when he returned, and told the old man to carry me where I could test their powers more.

I went with them to a fairly well furnished house, where I saw the girl also. They both prepared themselves, and soon I was told to question them. I resolved to ask first of the past. I recalled the last great football game in which I played. You recall I was knocked unconscious in the second half. Well, upon being asked what happened on November twentieth, the two negro children described to me the game pretty well. They were hindered at times by a lack of vocabulary, but I could tell they were really seeing the game. Finally the boy smiled and asked what was the matter with me; he said I was lying on the ground, then some people were carrying me off. No doubt about it, they were seeing the game.

"Then, like upon every trip to the fortune teller you ask about your love affairs, I foolishly did the same. In answer to questions—none of which were leading—answers were given entirely in accord with the lady in question. I was worried then, for the usual quarrel had taken place, and I believed all was over. Suddenly the negro boy exclaimed that "she" was going to 'phone me that afternoon. She did, and by the way, Wilton, when this war business is over I'll need your services as best man. But my tests did not end here. I asked questions concerning the future and all were answered in a way which seemed correct. Since then most of the things have come true. Now in the face of facts like these, what do you say?"

"Well, Graham, there are many things we can't account for. As Omar says, 'A hair, perhaps, divides the False and True,' so let us not argue it," and the conversation shifted.

The next day Wilton received orders from the government to report to Washington.

* * * * * * * * * *

The next time Graham and Wilton met was about six months later. The war was practically over and true to his statement

Graham had called on the services of Wilton to stand for him. In a few hours the greatest period of at least two lives would pass. All details having been completed, Wilton and Graham were chatting. Suddenly Wilton said:

"Graham you remember the talk—or rather monologue—we had that night in Florida? Well, several months afterwards I had a dream. I saw a battlefield. On top of the hill was a Spanish blockhouse and a body of American troops were about to assault it. As the line advanced up the hill the enemy's fire opened and here and there men were dropping. I saw a young lieutenant—I could recognize his marks—flash his sword upwards and dash forward, followed by a few men. The lieutenant fell, shot in the head, and rolled a short distance down the hill into a clump of grass. I went to him. The blood trickling over his face hid the side nearest me as I approached. Upon turning him over I recognized—my brother.

"For four days I was delirious. At last I recovered and as soon as possible I went to my home. There I found a letter from the War Department, saying, 'Lieutenant Wilton, of the 17th Regiment, Co. I, was killed in battle while bravely leading a charge.'

"Wilton, this is a strange world, and because we don't understand, we must not be like Omar and doubt."

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889 Spartanburg, S. C., October, 1911 Whole No. 195

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Foreword

Beginning with this issue, a new and inexperienced staff takes up the work of editing the Wofford College Journal for a year. We cheerfully, but not lightly, begin our task, relying upon the support of the student body in all our efforts. We say we begin this task not lightly because at once we see the various difficulties that will confront us throughout the year in our attempt to make the Journal what it ought to be.

One of the main problems, and the one which you can help us most to solve, is that of getting material for the Journal. We do not want a single one to think that this is any less his duty than ours. Some seem to think that the Journal belongs to the staff alone, and that the staff is responsible for the kind of Journal we have. This is the wrong idea. When people

read a college publication, the credit or discredit goes, not to the staff, but to the student body behind it.

THE JOURNAL is the truest representative of our college. By it our student body is sized up in intellect, energy and ability; hence we see the necessity of a good JOURNAL, if we want to be ranked among the leading educational institutions.

How, then, shall we help to make the JOURNAL a good one this year, and even the best in its history? Simply by writing for it. We want you to write down your thoughts and ideas and let us have them. They may seem silly to you, but they are new to others, and may be the very thing we want. We need the material and you need the experience and training derived from writing; for surely there is nothing more profitable in your whole course of study than such writing. Upon the new men especially we would urge the importance of this branch of their college life, and if you should submit an article that the staff sees fit not to publish, you will get it back with your mistakes pointed out, and suggestions given, so that you may improve on your work next time. No one should become discouraged and try no more after the first effort. We like the spirit manifested by a Freshman who handed in an article for this issue. He gave us an article and asked that it be published if possible, but said if it was not published this time he was going to try again anyway. Now, that is the right way to feel and act about it. As a matter of fact, his article, though well written, did not get in the JOURNAL, for his subject was treated in our local department. We want you to make an effort just as did this man, and with the same determination.

So, once more, we ask you as a member of the student body, which our journal represents, to take an interest in the JOURNAL, and help to make it, this year, the best one ever sent out from Wofford.

Our Advertisers

Let us speak a word concerning our advertisers. Boys, had you ever thought about the importance our advertisers are to us in publishing the JOURNAL? It is they who

make it possible for us to have such a journal as we have. Then, that we see the importance they are to us, should we not show our appreciation of it by patronizing them in preference to anybody else? They do not advertise with us solely because they want our patronage. They are interested both in us and in the college and are anxious to help us out in any way possible. Therefore, since they feel such interest in us, we surely ought to have some interest in them and their several enterprises and should show it by our patronage. So when you want anything, look through the list of advertisers in the JOURNAL and go get it from one of them.

The Journal

Old readers of the JOURNAL have already noticed a change both in the cover and in the quality of the paper this year. Heretofore the JOURNAL has never had a permanent cover design, each issue, probably, being somewhat different from the one before it; and also its paper has been of a somewhat more inferior quality than that used now. There is an object for each one of these changes. The object of the change in the cover is to try to establish a permanent back for the JOURNAL so that wherever and whenever it may be seen hereafter it at once may be recognized. The reason the cover is black with gold lettering is to carry out the idea of Wofford's colors: Old Gold and Black. The object of the change in the quality of the paper is simply to make the JOURNAL look better and more attractive than it has before.

We hope that these changes will meet with the approval of all and that each one of them will serve to bring about its object in the end.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

R. T. Wilson, Editor.
A. L. Googe, Assistant Editor.

What place has an exchange editor in college journalism? What good does that editor accomplish? Is it just merely to add another member to the staff, whose business it is to review the magazines issued by students of other colleges? Yes, this and much more. Such a place is for the purpose of exercising the power of criticism for our mutual good. It is not our duty to seek errors and defects in order to make harsh criticisms, but rather to pick out the good and comment upon it. We should not criticise the lower classmen too severely, but encourage rather than discourage, in so far as it is permissible. We feel the futility of any criticism that is harsh for its own sake alone, and in all our criticisms we shall be subservient to no petty prejudice.

Our criticisms shall be based upon the contents of a magazine as a whole, and upon each separate work found therein. By that, we mean whether there be a happy blending of poetry, essays, and stories, and whether these separate functions are meritorious as a whole.

Truly, a college magazine is a standard of the literary activities of college students. If we may in any way raise this standard, our efforts will not have been in vain.

We trust that our previous exchanges, and even others, may be found on our desk at an early date. Pleasure in your work, success in your effort, is the greeting of the exchange editors of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL to the exchange editors of our contemporary magazines.

CLIPPINGS

It is one of our stock national jokes that the more one steals the less reprehensible he is. The following is perhaps the

commonest form of this joke: If he steals a loaf of bread he is sent to jail. If he steals a railroad he is sent to the Senate.

EARLY.

"Did you read this morning's Evening Journal?"

"I glanced over it last night before I went to bed."

THE STINGEE.

"I once knew a marriage," said the Erratic Thinker, "whereat the groom paid the officiating clergyman in counterfeit money and still got stung."

Jack—I kissed Madge in a quiet spot.

Tom—Then in the mouth you kissed her not.

Drug Clerk—Perfumery? Yes, ma'am. How would you like our Bouquet de Gasoline, which will give every one the impression that you own an automobile?

Customer—Oh, that's an old one. Haven't you any cologne that smalls like an airship?

Teacher—Why did the population of Rome decrease just before the fall of the empire?

Eager Pupil—My book says 'cause the Romans had ceased to practice husbandry.

Randall—Was Sprath a popular man?

"Popular! The only mourner at his funeral was the insurance company."

BY THEIR WORKS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

Visitor—Could I speak with the Parson for a moment?

Servant—Oh, if I disturbed him now he'd take my head off. He's writing a sermon on "Self-Control."

Captain—"Fight like heroes till your powder is done, then run for your lives. I'm a little lame, so I'll start now."

APROPOS OF AN ABSENT ONE.

"Mamma, has the man in the moon a wife?"

"I don't know, dear, but if he has, she always knows where he is at night!"

IN HADES.

Satan—What are those two automobile fellows fighting about?

Assistant—They've just got into an argument over whether this place ought to be air-cooled or water-cooled.

FULLY EXPLAINED.

Mrs. Highup—Your husband has changed so I didn't recognize him.

Mrs. Blase—It isn't that. I've changed husbands.

The man who burns midnight oil
May rise to heights of fame,
But the man who sells that midnight oil,
Still gets there all the same.

GOOD-BYE TO SUMMER.

Good-bye, happy summer!
We are loath to let you go,
But the autumn rain is falling,
And the autumn winds are calling
Soft and low.

Good-bye, happy summer!
You have brought us much of glee,
Sunset fires and twilight gleamings,
Misty morns and noonday dreamings,
Wild and free.

Good-bye, happy summer!
Still you linger, loath to go.
But above the windy hollows
Southward fly the dusky swallows—
You must go.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

G. M. Crum, Editor.

On the twentieth of September, Wofford College began her fifty-seventh year. Never in the history of the college was there a more auspicious opening, to the gratification of the faculty and friends of the college. Every indication points towards a very prosperous year and great progress is shown in nearly all the various departments. It certainly is gratifying to see such a large percentage of the old boys back, not to speak of the large number of new men.

CLASS ELECTIONS.

Elections have been held in all the classes with the following results:

Senior Class—G. M. Crum, president; R. L. Meriwether, vice-president; R. E. Moody, secretary and treasurer; J. L. Glenn, Jr., captain baseball team; W. L. Ouzts, manager baseball team; J. L. Glenn, Jr., captain football team; N. W. Edens, manager football team.

Junior Class—W. W. Jenkins, president; L. N. Watson, vice-president; T. B. Humphries, secretary and treasurer; L. J. Stilwell, captain baseball team; T. B. Humphries, manager baseball team; J. O. Green, captain football team; W. O. Henderson, manager football team.

Sophomore Class—L. K. Brice, president; L. J. Cauthen, vice-president; W. C. Bethea, secretary; J. E. Burch, treasurer; W. C. Bethea, captain baseball team; G. A. Hutto, manager baseball team; L. K. Brice, captain football team; L. F. Whitlock, manager football team.

Freshman Class—J. M. Townsend, president; O. A. Darby, vice-president; F. C. Ayer, secretary and treasurer; John Harley, captain baseball team; C. E. King, manager baseball team; L. M. Muldrow, captain football team; E. W. Thompson, manager football team.

Student Body—J. L. Glenn, Jr., president; J. E. Bethea, vice-president; H. L. Josey, secretary; G. W. Gage, Jr., treasurer.

Musical Association—Prof. D. A. DuPre, president; R. E. Moody, vice-president; R. S. Hill, secretary and treasurer; R. B. McIver, manager of Glee Club; G. M. Crum, assistant manager; L. M. Rice, member of executive committee.

LYCEUM.

Wofford students and the citizens of Spartanburg have a rare advantage in the lyceum course for the coming year. Prof. Gamewell has, as usual, secured a very high class series of entertainments. The course gives seven attractions of the best possible class.

This year students tickets, costing one dollar and a half will entitle a student to a reserved seat in the balcony. Buy your ticket from a student who sells them, then when the diagram of seats is opened at the DuPre book store, go and pick your seat. This arrangement will prevent your having to come so long before the entertainments in order to get a seat.

The list of attractions is as follows:

1. The Dudley Buck Company.
2. The Aida Quartette.
3. The Hussars, a singing band.
4. Leland Powers.
5. George D. Alden.
6. Judge Ben B. Lindsay.
7. Whitney Brothers' Quartette.

ENROLLMENT.

The enrollment this year shows an increase in the number of students both in the college and fitting school. There are 258 in college this year, while there were only 227 last year; and 158 in the fitting school, to 145 last year, thus making an

increase of 44 students this year. The following is the enrollment of the different classes:

Seniors	46
Juniors	46
Sophomore	79
Freshman	87
Total	258

BASEBALL.

All of the class baseball teams have been organized and a warm race for the cup is now going on. Only two games have as yet been played which resulted in victories for the Freshmen and Seniors. It is still a problem which class will win the cup.

PERSONALS.

Dr. Pugh, who recently received his Ph. D. degree from Harvard, is now assistant professor of English in Prof. Wiggins' place.

Mr. O. C. Bennett of the class of '11 spent a few days on the campus with his friends.

Dr. W.—(in chemistry)—"Can I lift this bottle up and the gas not escape?"

Soph. S.—"Yes, sir, you can if the bottle is not too heavy."

Fresh Blackman—(in society)—Say, when the Secretary says "two rolls" and the President says "fined" does that mean that is all he will have for breakfast next morning?

Pat Phillips very generously offered to pay for the refreshments at the Fresh reception.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. B. Kay, Editor.

TO THE NEW MEN.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Wofford College welcomes you. We are glad to have so many new men in our midst, and we sincerely hope that everyone of you will become members of our Association. Each one of you have many opportunities and privileges before you which only come to college men. We believe that by allying yourself with the Association you will be better fitted to make the most of these opportunities and privileges. In the first few months of a boy's college course, there come before him many trials and temptations. The way in which he meets these has a great deal to do with determining his course in after life. Boys, join the Y. M. C. A. and by doing so let the Christian influences help you to cope with the ups and downs of college life. The Y. M. C. A. is a branch of college life which no student can afford to miss.

Y. M. C. A. RECEPTION.

On Friday evening, Sept. 23rd, the Y. M. C. A. gave its annual reception to the new students. At 7:15 the boys gathered in chapel, where the representatives of the classes and different college organizations welcomed the new men. The speakers were as follows:

Senior Class, L. C. Wannamaker; Junior Class, L. J. Stillwell; Sophomore Class, M. K. Fort; Fitting School, Mr. Enlow; Calhoun Society, G. M. Crum; Carlisle Society; D. W. Galloway; Preston Society, H. N. Folk; Glee Club, R. B. McIver; Athletics, F. C. Beach; Freshman response, L. B. Wannamaker.

At the conclusion of the speeches, as the new men withdrew from the chapel, they were greeted by the members of the faculty and their wives, also by the ministers of the city. They

were then ushered out to the lawn where they were delightfully entertained by Spartanburg's fairest and best; and last, but not least, by something dear to the Freshman's heart, cake and ice cream.

THE HAND BOOK.

For several years the Young Men's Christian Association has been getting out a handbook. This handbook has become a fixed thing, and is very valuable, both to the new students and to the old. This year we have an unusually attractive booklet, thanks to the efforts of the committee. Mr. R. B. McIver, the chairman of this committee, deserves much praise for the success in editing this booklet. It has an attractive cover, is printed on good paper, and contains a splendid place to put your schedule and also has memorandum space. The articles in it are well written and they put before the new men the appeals of the various college activities at Wofford.

To the merchants and dealers of Spartanburg who advertise with us, is due the financial success of the hand book and the boys should bear this in mind when they go to buy anything. The hand book could not be gotten out without their aid and we should repay them.

FIRST MEETING OF THE Y. M. C. A.

The first meeting of the Association was held Friday night, Sept. 29th. Rev. R. S. Truesdale was the speaker of the evening. Mr. Truesdale took for his text the following verse: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and statue, and in favor with God and man." His speech was great and spoken in such a manner that it reached the heart of every man present.

Prof. Clinkscales also gave a short talk, which contained some fine advice, and was enjoyed by all.

After the speeches of the evening, the new men were given an opportunity to join. There were twenty-eight to enroll with us. These men have begun their college career in a way which we feel that they will never regret. We hope to have the name of every new man on our roll in a short while.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

P. B. Yarbrough, Editor.

In this issue we shall give such information as we have been able to collect, concerning the whereabouts and the occupations of the class of 1911.

H. B. Anderson is teaching in the Carlisle Fitting School at Bamberg.

L. P. Anderson is taking a theological course at Vanderbilt University.

O. C. Bennett is studying medicine in Cleveland, Ohio.

S. O. Black is studying medicine at Jefferson University, Philadelphia.

T. H. Campbell is principal of the Brunson High School.

C. H. Carlisle is taking a course in civil engineering at the University of New York.

T. J. Carter is in Spartanburg, where he is assisting Rev. Camack to establish an industrial school in which Carter is to be a teacher and co-worker.

G. R. F. Cornish holds a responsible position on the constabulary force in the Philippine Islands.

M. M. Brooks has a circuit, and is preaching in Anderson County.

T. E. Crane is principal of Inman High School.

J. E. Cudd is principal of McColl High School.

R. F. Darwin holds a responsible position in a drug store in Gaffney.

W. V. Dibble is preaching on the Greenwood circuit.

W. Y. Dillard is studying the cotton mill business in Dillon S. C.

E. K. Epps has entered Drew Seminary, where he is taking a course in theology.

L. G. Gage is taking a medical course at the University of Virginia.

H. G. Hardin is doing pastoral work at Rock Hill, and other places. He intends to join the South Carolina Conference in December, 1911.

B. D. Alexander is at Woodruff, S. C.

H. Hucks is principal of the Rembert High School.

A. L. Humphries is teaching in Rock Hill.

W. D. Hutto is in the clothing business in Spartanburg.

H. Langford is a member of the Wofford Fitting School faculty.

M. S. Lively is holding a responsible position with a cotton buying firm in Rock Hill.

W. P. Meadors is in the insurance business in Florence.

J. M. Mobley is teaching at Heath Springs, S. C.

W. J. McGarity is principal of the Allendale High School.

D. T. Ouzts has a responsible position in a bank at Rock Hill.

J. M. Russell is located on the farm.

V. M. Shell has a government position in the Philippine Islands.

H. M. Snyder is in Spartanburg and has a position with the C. C. & O. Company.

P. H. Thompson is teaching in Hastoc High School, at Spartanburg.

D. M. Turbeville is in the tobacco business at Timmonsville.

D. P. Wannamaker is on the farm in Calhoun County.

R. H. Whitlock is holding a responsible position in Greenwood with the Southern Cotton Oil Co.

W. R. Wightman is principal of Epworth School, Greenwood County.

J. C. Wrightson is taking a law course at South Carolina University.

C. E. Dupont is located at Lake City S. C. He intends to join the South Carolina Conference next December.

G. F. Hughston is at his father's home in Spartanburg County.

N. R. Smith is at Cottageville, S. C., assisting his father on the farm.

J. W. Cunningham is teaching school at some town in North Carolina.

NOTICE TO ALL STUDENTS

Some business men say that it is useless to advertise in the JOURNAL, that the students pay no attention to the Ads. It is not hard to remember who patronizes us, so lets patronize *only those* who patronize us. By this, the future staffs will have an easier time getting out the JOURNAL.

	Page.
Adkins, M. R., Meats	vi
Bagwell, J. E., Grocer	iv
Band & White, Printers	xvii
Bank of Spartanburg	vi
Beacham Hardware Co.	vi
Bell's Drug Store	xiv
Bernhardt's Photo Studio	v
Biber, A. W., Jeweler	vii
Bomar & Crigler, Gents Furnishings	ii
Brill Electric Co.	v
Cannon & Fetzer, Clothing	viii
Central Drug Co.	x
Central National Bank	iv
Chapman, the Grocer	vii
Correll, A. B., Jeweler	x
Creighton Clothing Co.,	xi
Crescent Pharmacy	xi
DuPre Book Store	xv
Eastman Business College	ix
Eureaka Cigar Store	ii
Fairyland Theatre	xii
Felkel, F. W., Insurance	xi
First National Bank	i
Gaillard, Dr. Chas. R., Eye-Sight Specialist	vii
Goldberg, A., Clothier	iii
Greenewald's, Clothiers	iii
Heinitish's Drug Store	viii
Holmes & Johnson, Druggists	iii
Irwin & Floyd, Druggists	xii
Law, A. M., & Co., Insurance	vii
Lemmond's Barber Shop	vi
Ligon's Drug Store	v
Littlejohn's Barber Shop	v
Lowe Shoe Co.	x
Magic Theatre	iii
Majestic Theatre	vii
Merriam, G. & C. Co.	xiii
Nickels, W. J., Tailor	xiii
New York Restaurant	iv
Oakman's Drug Store	x
Olympia Cafe	ii
Picto Theatre	ii, xiv
Price's Clothing Store	vi
Queen, J. R., Barber	vi
Red Star Shoe Shop	viii
Spartan Hardware Co.	vi
Spartan Optical Parlors	x
Spartanburg Printing Co.	vii
Spartanburg Ry., G. & E. Co.	xii
Smith-Copeland Shoe Co.	i
Spigel Bros., Jewelers	vi
University College of Medicine	xiv
Walker, John A., Shoes	xii
Wofford College	xvi
Wofford College Fitting School	xvi
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co.	xviii

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S. B. Jones.. .. ..*Asst. Cashier*
Frank C. Rogers, *Asst. Cashier*
H. B. Carlisle.... .. ..*Attorwey*
Roy E. Leonard, *Head Bookkeeper*
W. Frank Klugh.....*Bookkeeper*
W. H. Darden, *Sten. & Ex. Clerk*

We have caught the spirit of the Young Man's wants and have provided for them for the coming season a line of Shoes with all the dash, new curves, and style "kinks" to be had.

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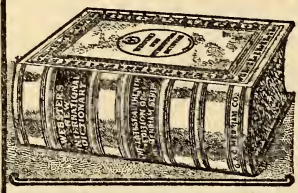

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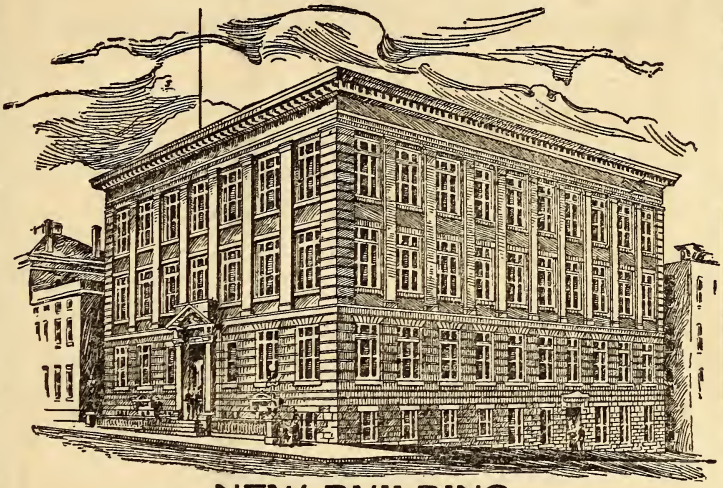

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—

"Vista" 37

The Gravemore House 38

The Divorce Problem 43

Revenge is Sweet 49

At the Play 50

Again 51

The Seventh Inning 53

"Our Bills" 59

Rules for Young Men 60

Constitution of the College Press Association of South Carolina 61

Editorial Department 67

Exchange Department 71

Clippings 73

Local Department 76

Y. M. C. A. Department 81

Alumni Department 83

Notice to Students 86

Advertisements 87

Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

R. L. Meriwether, Editor.
J. C. Hyer, Assistant Editor.

"Vista"

Somewhere out from the crowded city,
  Away from its stifling air,
There is a spot I love to seek for,
  Because sweet odors linger there.

Oftimes I wander to this spot,
  And o'er the hills I gaze
And view the forms of stately mountains,
  That rise from azure haze.

And as I stand and look upon them,
  Like gems in some holy shrine,
Enhanced in splendor and beauty
  By the smoky city behind.

I think I'll fashion my life thus;
  May the past enhance and give
Beauty and splendor unto that life
  From now I've resolved to live.

H. H. B. '13.

The Gravemore House

There it stood. You could see it only too plain from the road as it stood gloomily among the dark oaks. Its dark granite walls, its still darker windows, its quaint old turret, the grounds covered with dead leaves all gave the place a weird and melancholy look. And as William Richards viewed it as the sun was setting behind it, he thought there was never a more frightful looking place. The broad red sun seemed like a terrible fire in a huge furnace.

"Can the lower regions be more hidious?" asked he of his friend, John Powers, with whom he was riding.

"It is indeed awful," replied he. "Some of the old darkies around here call it the devil's gate, because of its appearance at sunset."

"Well, why is it called the Gravemore House?" asked William.

"Ah, there are many peculiar stories about that old house. And they are not without grounds, either. Some old people affirm that its first owner called it that because each owner would add one grave more in the old cellar by killing some one."

The two boys rode on in silence. The gloomy old mansion had made a deep impression on William. He was visiting his college chum, John Powers, for the first time and all the country was new to him. Soon he again broke silence.

"But is there nothing definite known about the mysterious place?"

"Why yes. I think the truth is about this: Some years before the Revolution George Gravemore came to this region with some stone cutters, skilled workmen and many slaves. Here he built this house. Some say that he had been a pirate, and had stolen his money, therefore he had been afraid to settle in Europe; some affirm that he had been an English nobleman seeking retirement for studying. But no one knows. With him was an old woman and a little girl. One day there came, 'tis said, from England, a young man, and after that

George Gravemore was never seen nor heard of again. Dark stories of murder were rumored. When the girl was sixteen years old, he forced her to marry him. And thus it is said that generation after generation this mansion changed hands. And every owner had been killed by his successor, though nothing could be proved, as the inmates seldom mingled with outsiders; and the neighbors stood in awe of the fatal place."

"Well, who is living in the cursed house now?"

"Robert Doone, an old man about seventy years old, and his daughter, Mary, about eighteen. These with six or eight servants constitute the whole household."

William and John rode on. William kept thinking of the old estate and asking questions about it.

In the warm reception that William received at John's home, the mysterious house was forgotten. But that night he lay awake a long time thinking of the shadowy solitude of the Gravemore House. And when at last he slept, he dreamed of dungeons, bloody corpses, screaming women, and beautiful girls being forced to marry.

Several days of amusement passed. They hunted, rode horses, called on girls, and sometimes after supper would eat nuts and talk over old times or future times. It was at one of these fireside chats that the subject of the Gravemore House came up again.

"John, I tell you I am going to enter that old house and find out something about the inmates and those dark passages. You know such mysterious things appeal to me. I would enjoy going to the bottom of a thing like this."

"Well, I don't care to fool with the place myself," replied he.

"I know what I'll do!" exclaimed William as he jumped up with excitement and paced the floor.

"What?"

"I'll go there and tell Mr. Doone that I am the ambassador from a lawyer in Scotland sent here to him on some legal business. I'll tell him there is some property left in Scotland to one Robert Doone, but the lawyer is not certain that this

Robert Doone in America is the right one. I'll contrive to stay in the house a week."

"I don't believe you can act it out," said John doubtfully.

"Can't? You watch me!"

The next day William prepared for his enterprise. He packed a few necessary articles in his suit case and had John take him to the station. There William bade his friend good-bye and hired a public conveyance to the Gravemore House. Soon they reached the dismal old mansion. William dismissed the driver and approached the huge main entrance. Still he saw no signs of life. The steps, and even the porch, were strewn with leaves hurled there by the November winds. He knocked on the curious old wooden door. The noise echoed and re-echoed within the silent hall. After repeated efforts he heard hollow foot-steps approaching. Then he heard a sliding of bars and loosening of bolts and an old black negro, surprised at the visitor, stood in the door.

"Could I see Mr. Doone?" asked William.

"Mars'r Doone don't hab no visitors."

"But I must see him on business."

"I'll ax Mars'r."

The old negro tottered off, and returning after a while said, "Mars'r say him'll see yer."

William followed the negro into a cold dark room which he soon perceived to be a library, though it evidently had not been used for years. The old servant raised the curtains and said to the young man:

"Hab a seat, sah, I'll hab yo' a fiar ter rekley."

The sombre walls hung with portraits in strange costumes, and the dust-covered book-shelves gave a ghostly appearance to the room. Once he fancied that the old bust in that dark corner moved. Soon a servant entered and started a fire. As the fire grew brighter and leaped higher, the shadows of the chairs seemed to join in a silent dance like so many ghosts. And all together they leaped and danced and jumped until William wished for a more congenial company.

Before long the door slowly opened and a bent, red-faced,

little old man with gray hair and piercing, restless eyes, dressed in a shabby suit, hobbled, rather than walked, into the room toward him. William hardly knew what to say. The natural boldness of his spirit seemed taken away. The little old man seated himself without speaking and looked into the fire.

"So you have come?" said he at last, as if he had expected the visitor.

"Sir, you could not have expected me, for you neither know me nor my business."

"Oh, I thought it was about time for you to come."

The young fellow was puzzled. Surely the old fellow was crazy. Then the old legend of each successor killing the owner came back to him. Could the old man in his childishness think that this was to be the next owner?

"Mr. Doone, I have some matters I wish to disclose to you, but as it is rather tedious, had we not better wait until tomorrow?"

After a long silence the little old fellow said, "Yes."

The scene was so peculiar, and everything so strange that William lost all power of speech. A half hour of nervous quietness elapsed. Then a soft footstep was heard and the door was opened. There stood a girl with a face the most innocent and sweet that he had ever seen. Those large, soft, black eyes full of wonder gazed on him. Never was a face more winsome and expression more sweet. No vanity, no deceit was there. He felt that here indeed was absolute purity and virtue. There was one who had been reared away from the vanity of the world. How long the two young people gazed at each other, neither knew. The old man, unaware of her presence, still looked intently into the fire. Turning to the strange little gentleman, she said, "Father, let's go to tea."

He rose hastily. "Ah, yes, ah, young ——"

"William Richards."

"This is my daughter, Mary."

"Glad to know you, ma'am."

"Thank you. We are glad to have you with us, sir. You will please come out to tea."

She leading her father, the three left the apartment. The evening meal was served on a small table in the sitting room. Conversation was mostly between William and the simple, yet refined girl, for the old man seemed rather unsocial.

The evening passed only too quickly and William was shown to a sombre room on the second floor. Although it was late when he retired yet he sat and pondered over what had happened. That innocent face was still vividly pictured in his imagination. Hark! What was that? Sure something was approaching his chamber. His door knob was turned. He expected to see the ghost of George Gravemore or some other murdered individual enter. But nay, worse looking than any ghost, entered the sunken and frightful form of old Robert Doone. There was a wild and frenzied look on his wrinkled face and an awful, raging glare in his eyes.

He pointed at William and cried, "You! you have come to take this estate, have you? You will murder me, will you? And do you think to revenge the murder that I did? Never!" Here the madman uttered a cackling laugh. "Sir, you will die with the rest of us!" With that the raving old fellow turned and fled. What did he mean? Ah, rather what did this smoke mean that came boiling in the door? The old fiend had set the house afire! They would all burn to death! Quick! He darted out! Where was Mary? If she burned, so would his body be charred that night. Below he heard the servants scream. There was no trace of the crazed old man. Flames leaped along the lower hall and up the stairs.

"Mary!" he called. Hark! was that an answer? He hurried along the hall in the direction that he heard a stifled groan. There lay a white mass unconscious on the floor. He looked and it was Mary! Putting a coat over her sweet face and silken hair he rushed with her as he had often done on the football field. Into the smoke and surging flames he darted; down the stairs he sped—then over a burning floor. The smoke choked him, the flames burned him. Yet he rushed on

to save two lives. He saw an open door—through it—and he knew no more.

It was in John Powers' home that he awoke. He was not seriously burned. John saw the question in his eyes and said, "Yes, old boy, she's here and safe." They both smiled.

Now if a girl were telling this story she would say that Mary and William were married and became owners of the old place, now burned, thus keeping up the old tradition. I suppose they did marry. I don't know, and would not say. I can only tell what I know about it and dare not draw on my weak imagination.

A. W. A.

The Divorce Problem

R. T. WILSON, '12.

A question of growing importance to the American people at the present day is that of divorce. When we consider the number of American divorces compared with the number of divorces in the country of our ancestors, we are brought face to face with a serious problem. Many causes have contributed to this result. Looseness in the laws of divorce, and in their administration, coupled with an equal looseness in the laws of marriage, have participated in creating a situation which, if unchecked, is destined to endanger the foundation of society. Because of this situation we naturally ask what the government and society at large have been contributing to solve this problem.

Let us first glance at the laws regarding divorce in Europe and in the United States. In Great Britain a man may divorce his wife for a single act of infidelity. A woman may divorce her husband for a persistent act of infidelity, coupled with a brutal assault; or if her husband has deserted her for at least two years. Divorce, on these conditions, may be obtained in Great Britain, if the parties have money enough to go to London where the only divorce court in the kingdom is held. From these facts, it can be seen that in Great Britain divorce is not so easily obtained. On the other hand, in the United

States, divorce can be procured for cruelty, neglect to provide, infidelity, etc. Under these conditions, divorce may be obtained in any state in the Union except South Carolina. In addition to this, these laws have not been carried out efficiently. For instance, several days ago, a certain lawyer in the State of Georgia was conducting a divorce bureau out of court. He gave a bogus document in return for a fee. The receiver of the document feeling that he was truly divorced, had made preparations for another marriage, when the matter was disclosed. This is only a fair example of the way many divorces are procured.

We do not in any way advocate the taking away of justice from the poor, but we do ask that we consider more seriously the laws and the administration of the same concerning this question. A comparison of the laws and their administration in Europe and in America invites the question, on which continent is a loftier ideal of marriage shown?

In England, Scotland and Wales, during the year 1900, there were granted only seven hundred and forty-three divorces. During the same year, in the United States, there were granted fifty-five thousand, five hundred and two divorces. These European countries, with half the population of the United States, had only one divorce to every seven hundred and forty-five American divorces. In Europe the United States used to be looked upon half enviously as the "land of the dollar;" today she is looked upon, not with envy, but with genuine contempt, as the "land of easy divorce." Many Europeans have the idea that American husband and wife can change their marital partners as lightly as they change partners at a dance. Why are these conditions thus? Inevitably, the laws and their administration could not have produced a divorce crop seven hundred times as large in America as in Great Britain. Let us see farther.

Many people think that most of the American marriages which end in divorce are those upon which the parties have reflected little. However, it is true that many Americans marry in good faith, and use their best effort to promote their

mutual happiness, but certain conditions turn their happiness into misery. Yet there is a relatively larger per cent of American marriages ending in divorce, which are reflected upon very little. We are aware of the convivial pairs who wake up the parson at two o'clock in the morning, as well as the millionaire class to whom the whim of the moment is the only law in the universe. Also, many marriages are enveloped in a cloud of romance and when the mist disappears there may be a calm for a while, but soon life becomes tired of peace and tranquility, and away to the divorce courts the couples go. In other cases, the mere decline of physical charms leads to severance of the marital bond, because the tie of marriage was united by an impulse of passion. So it is that the looseness in the laws of marriage have participated in creating such an appalling condition.

However, there must be other social forces working beneath those that have been mentioned. It has been shown by the statistics that no one religious division of the country produces more divorces than another. The number of divorces granted are about the same in Catholic Louisiana, Mormon Utah, and Unitarian Massachusetts. Again, that divorces are granted not only to the ornamenters of the stage, but equally to the plain middle class people. But the number of divorces granted in our cities is from one-third to one-half greater than to residents in the country. Why this difference? In this generation must be formed the undaunted purpose of disclosing these social forces, and when they have been discovered, the equal intensity of purpose of remedying the evil.

But let us next see the result derived from the above causes. Many people agree with the statement made some time ago that "marriage as an institution hardly exists among us, any more than in the fifth century at Rome, when twenty wives in succession was not an extravagance." Again, "the reckless facility with which divorce may be procured in every State in the Union, except South Carolina, is a blot on the name of the law in our land." However, most Americans do not believe, as devoutly as Mrs. Humphrey Ward, that the American

divorce laws indicate a state of social anarchy. Yet if the question is not to be viewed so pessimistically, it cannot be denied that the divorce laws are breaking up many looked for happy homes. The result of a constant change and shuffle of marriage partners, necessarily, is a great blow to family life and a permanent injury to children. During the days when Rome was on the verge of falling, the Christian nations believed that the laxity of their divorce laws was precipitating this decay. But if not so serious, it cannot be denied that we are verging on the practice of Mormonism; that the very foundations of society are being endangered; and that we are looked upon by other nations as a nation holding the marriage bond in contempt.

Because of such conditions let us see what steps the government has been taking to diagnose the marital unrest. Only twice in the history of this republic have investigations been made concerning the divorce question. The first investigation revealed the fact that there were 328,716 divorces granted between the years 1867 and 1887. This investigation, however, was sadly barren of results, because this fact alone was revealed. How many marriages had taken place between these lapse of years, and under what conditions were the divorces granted? The investigators were unable to report these facts. It seems that the fact, alone, that so many divorces were granted should have impelled the government to make frequent investigations.

But at this time certain necessary related facts were unattainable. Many states kept no records of marriages; and in those states where kept, the records were so carelessly arranged as to be practically without worth. Many states lacked necessary compulsory requirements of marriage records; other states had the requirements, but attached no penalty to non-observance of the law. In one county of a state, the investigators found more licenses than marriages; in another, they found more marriages than licenses. In fact, there was very little information to be obtained concerning marriages.

People just married, and an unknown proportion afterwards received divorce.

The second Federal examination concerning the facts of marriage and divorce was completed several years ago. In this report, fairly complete marriage returns were made. Every state in the Union except South Carolina required marriage license. New Jersey required a license when one or both parties were non-residents of the state. So when this investigation was finished there were certain related facts shown concerning marriage and divorce. Every man and woman in the United States ought to know these facts, think about them, reform their social ideals if need be, and readjust their lives in accordance with them.

Finally, let us see what other institutions have been contributing to this great movement. A Christian bishop sent out the gentle suggestion several years ago that divorced persons should be socially ostracized and denied fellowship with the happily married; national conventions of churchmen have severely denounced divorce in all cases; nearly all Christian bodies have attempted to prevent the remarriage of divorced couples. Many states have made their divorce laws more rigid, hoping that this may check the marriage of those likely to end in separation. These and many other remedies have been offered, but none of seemingly avail. And today, two of the happiest lovers in all the land have to face the unfortunate fact that one chance out of twelve they will never pass their silver wedding in an unbroken union.

Thus we have the facts before us. The Federal government, the states, and all Christian bodies must participate in the great work of blotting out the evils connected with divorce. It is necessary that the Federal government make frequent investigations, thereby placing before the people the true relation of marriage and divorce. It is necessary that the states make their divorce laws more rigid, and the interpretation of the law more strict. For instance, cruelty to a marital partner is not to be reckoned as refusing to speak at the breakfast table. All Christian bodies should condemn in most strenu-

ous terms the breaking away from a marital partner. But above all, every institution should strive to secure a better relation between man and woman in all departments of life. It is absurd that women should receive smaller wages than men for equal work performed, or equal service given. American women are as well educated, as moral, intelligent, and as efficient within their opportunities, as men. Once this is fully recognized; once the last vestige of sex prejudice and contempt vanishes from custom and the statute books—then it will be safe to say that the crop of American divorces will be diminished.

But overshadowing all these is the fact that the moral fibre of our civilization must be strengthened in regard to the duty which the family owes to society. The problem of the family is one element in the vastly larger problem of human destiny and progress. And one's judgment concerning the future place of the family is determined by observing the social process through which the modern family has been evolved. Here at last we meet in its fullest scope the social importance which is attached to the divorce court. Until we fully recognize that every little child in the community has a right to a father and a mother, to the gentle care and sympathy of one, to the love and strenuous influence of the other—until this is firmly planted in the heart of every man and woman, there is a grave danger of the divorce problem remaining unsolved. But when this fact is fully recognized, marriages will be infused with a new spirit, with a greater sense of civic responsibility, with a larger sympathy and with a deeper sense of parental duty. Then, and only then, will our civilization be free from attack within, and the contempt be removed with which we are looked upon by other nations.

Revenge Is Sweet

"Willie, Willie, come here quick. I've got something to tell you," she shrilled.

"Allright, in just a minute," came back faintly from the cellar. It was the same old call, the same shrill voice. As usual, it wanted Willie to run that errand. It was pay sometimes, others it wasn't.

At last he appeared, a fine specimen of the modern type of American youth. A dirty little rascal of thirteen he was, filled to the top with good, cruel mischief, without a conscience. "What is it?" he asked, pleasantly—for him. "I want you to go—" "What's the price?" he interrupted. "A nickel, tomorrow." Willie did it as a favor, for a nickel was far too little.

A few days later Willie approached his sister. "Sis, I want to borrow a quarter," he explained. "I want to go to the show." "Oh, go chase yourself," she replied, lightly, "I haven't time to fool with you." Willie pleaded in vain, and incidentally missed the show.

The next day his sister called him for the same old purpose. He refused point blank. His mother made him go, and as a punishment, he didn't get a cent. Willie swore revenge, good and proper. He determined that he would bide his time and do the job well. And he did!

"Sis" was an amateur elocutionist. She knew three pieces, (with gestures). And she was so honored! She had been asked to recite at the high school commencement exercises. She informed her friends that she would recite "Ittle Tat," because that called for expression, and she had that to perfection. Commencement was just a few days off. She would learn her piece well and make a "hit."

When Willie, who was still sore, heard of "Sis's" debut, he was delighted, especially at the choice of the piece. He confided in "Bumps," who lived next door. And he was "dee-lighted" also. The "best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley," but those of industriously wicked small boys are "right there with the goods." So, "Sis," beware!

The night had arrived. Ah-h-h! The roses bloomed in Sis-

ter's cheeks, but a light gleamed in Willie's eyes that meant revenge was near. Outside he met "Bumps," who had concealed a sack in his bosom. Together they made their way over back fences, pursuing their awful business. At last the bag was full and they made their way stealthily to the schoolhouse.

In the schoolhouse the exercises had already begun. Soon it was "Sis's" time. She stood by an open window. Now, she had begun her piece. She had gotten to where she was covering the "ittle tat" up. "Dood-bye, 'ittle tat,' " she moaned, "'ou are gone and I have no kitties now." Alas, but she had! Through the window came a sack, full of raging, snarling animal life. Squarely on her head it hit and into her hair came the felines tumbling. With a shriek, "Sis" ran from the stage. The cats went their own ways rapidly. And so did two small boys. In the heart of one burned no longer revenge, but a certain joy. He turned to his wicked companion, "It's a good old world after all."

At the Play

A pretty comedy of love tonight,
And all the house is gay with flowers and light.
There is a hint of passon in the plot,
Of love lightly won and soon forgot—
An old, old play!

But ah! my lady, though you sit and smile,
I see your eyes steal, dark'ning all the while,
To where a brown head bends o'er a gold,
With all the grace it bent o'er yours, of old,
When at the play.

The scene goes on with music and the dance,
But still she marks with sidelong furtive glance,
How tenderly he bends himself down to say
Some earnest words in just the sweet old way.
It is the play!

Her heart-beats stir the filmy fall of lace;
She lifts her fan athwart her paling face,
And turns to answer merry jest with jest,
With all the while a strange weight on her heart.
A bitter play!

The curtain falls; the comedy is done;
The music fades; the lights die one by one.
My lady sees with what protecting care
Do strong arms wrap a slight form from the air
After the play.

Within her weary eyes a dull fire burns;
Yet smiles she still as to her friend she turns,
And why her lips are white he cannot guess,
Nor why her small hands tremble so—unless
Too long the play.

G. H. W. '15.

Again

The ranch seemed strange and quite novel to Margaret Hamilton after a life spent in the gayness of New York's four hundred. Yet the mildness of Arizona had a peculiar attraction. Nature, persuading in all its rugged beauty, was fast winning her heart. Margaret, almost afraid to analyze her feeling lest the call be too great, tried to think of "little old New York."

Well, anyhow, she was leaving next week, even if she could not go without a little pain in her heart, but Dick's letter, "Dear, I need you every moment; time seems so long. I miss you, Dear Heart. O darling, I love you; I long to clasp you in my arms and keep you forever," seemed to make the pain less.

Her reverie was disturbed by a noise not unwelcome or unpleasant.

"Do I intrude, Margaret?" Hugh Van Disson was always welcome, winning and entertaining.

"Why no, Van, if it might be called an intrusion it certainly

is delightful. I was just telling the hills good-bye and wishing I might take them with me. You know I have grown to love this wild natural country." A frown flitted across her beautiful face.

"Yes, these are the friends that never change. Their call is so conclusive I can't break away. But I did not know you were going away so soon." His handsome face became shadowed.

"Yes, I leave tomorrow," with a little jesture of unpleasantness.

"Margaret, I have something to tell you," he grew serious, "before you go away. Five years ago in my senior year at C. a man insulted a very dear friend of mine at a dance. I, being her escort, asked him to meet me at sunrise next morning. He accepted. O, Margaret, it all comes back to me now. The awful hideousness of that meeting. There was the count—two flashes, a lingering report--my enemy, when the smoke cleared away, lay staining the dewy grass with his crimson life's blood. O, if I could recall that half hour, but alas!" She did not see the look on his averted face or the wild unnatural shifting of his eyes, or the strange fire that burned there—a light impossible to mistake—and had she seen it would have understood that he had never been the same after that awful night.

"Margaret," he continued, "I love you. O, my darling, I love you!"

She sprang up, "Stop Van, you cannot—you must not—you, you have no right to tell me this," her face was white and frightened.

"Wait, I must tell you. O! Margaret, you say you love these hills, will you obey their call and mine? Dear, I am pleading for a life's happiness. Margaret! Margaret, forget the past and let me make you happy." Strangely his eyes held her.

"No, Van," her sorrowing voice was full of pain, "I cannot. O forgive me, if this is my fault. I—I am to be married soon," and she gently disengaged her hand.

"Margaret," his voice was even and quite in contrast with his narrowing eyes, "since you are going away so soon, won't you kiss me one last farewell in remembrance of our friendship?"

As he bent over her she did not realize that the shadow of a realm whose paradise is darkness was so soon to fall athwart her path.

There was a muffled report, then he gently placed her limp form upon a divan.

"The hills have claimed you, dear heart."

B. H. '12.

The Seventh Inning

The nine walked briskly from the athletic park, leaving the prints of their spikes on the soft earth. Practice had been short, and they were still unwearied. Well trained and confident, with prospect of shower bath and dinner ahead, they were in excellent spirits, and played boyish tricks on each other as they swept noisily into the gymnasium and began to strip off their dusty uniforms.

Tommy Wingo, the captain, had been the last of the men to reach the gymnasium, as he lingered behind, listening to the admonitions of the graduate coach.

On the stairway he met his best friend, Roy Bressler, coming up in flannels, with a tennis racket under his arm. On meeting his friend, he halted.

"Roy, wait for me on the campus, won't you? I want to talk to you a minute before dinner. I'll dress as quickly as I can."

"All right, Red Sox," responded the other, good-naturedly. "You can find me just back of the Science Hall."

The captain joined his friend a few minutes later, and threw himself gracefully upon the grass at his side. After basking lazily in the sunshine for a few minutes, Tommy opened the conversation by saying decisively:

"Roy, I've decided to accept that position Brown offered me in his counting-room."

"No!" the other sat up quickly.

"Yes, I've had a long fight to keep in college. You know I had enough to support me the first year, with the assistance of a scholarship. I pitched on the varsity team, and during vacation I sold my pitching arm in order to get the money I would have to have in securing an education. Since that time I have supported myself in college by my own efforts. I waited on table and washed dishes for three years. Think of that, old man!

"But that wasn't all; I rang the college bell for one year—a thirty dollar job that's worth seventy-five if it's worth a cent! I did other things, all of which were honest, to get money. I had to stint myself at times, as you well know. But I didn't mind the effort," he said, with an unusual light in his eyes. "I had college before me, and was willing to do anything honest in order to get an education. I have succeeded. In two days I will have my 'sheep-skin,' and will have the satisfaction of knowing that I obtained it honestly."

"But Tommy," said his friend, looking him squarely in the eyes. "You have not yet achieved your greatest success—the success you have had in mind all these years. There are two races that you set yourself to run. You intended getting a college education, and, afterward, completing a course at a good medical school. You have only reached the first goal."

The captain was standing up now, and he had his hands before his face as if to ward off a blow.

"Roy," he said earnestly, "I have now as much money as I had when I came here—one hundred dollars. By hard work, I could make enough more this summer to pay my tuition, and support me for a year at the medical school. But Roy, I can't do it! It would take me four years to finish there, then perhaps two years of hospital service, and a long wait for a practice. And here comes Brown's offer, which means a living from the start, and an end to—yes, an end to fighting poverty! I've stood it a long time, but I've had enough."

Roy was on his feet now too; and a look almost of anger was on his handsome face.

"Tommy Wingo, isn't it because you've gone so far on a hard road that you must go on? Isn't it because you've reached the hardest part of the battle that you must fight on? You've been training yourself a long time to be a surgeon. If it's worth the fight you've made, its worth a little more. Don't give up, old man!"

"Don't preach, Roy! I've thought it all over. You make me feel even worse. I have to acknowledge myself beaten. The only thing left is for me to make the best retreat possible."

The other swung his racket back and forth slowly.

"Let's not talk about it any more tonight," he said, in quite a different tone. "You have to pitch this afternoon, Tommy—and it's your last game, too—so you're not to fret about anything until it's over. We'll talk about it again tonight. Come on; let's go to dinner."

He threw his arm across the captain's shoulders, and together they went down the winding walk. When they spoke again, it was upon different subjects. Thus they went into the large mess-hall, where the captain went behind the screen to the training-table and Roy to his seat at the other end of the hall, now noisy with its three hundred men.

To the tune of a snappy college song the team ran out to their places. The captain received the new white ball from the umpire, and tossed it to the shortstop, who threw it to the first baseman. It traveled rapidly back and forth across the diamond half a dozen times; then the captain held up his hand for it.

In absolute silence he faced the first Red and Black batsman. He clutched the ball in his skillful fingers and sent it in, fast, straight, and shoulder high.

"Strike!"

The game was a struggle of two unusual teams. In many college games played before such a crowd as this, the spectacular good play and the startling error and frequent runs come easily at unexpected moments, and the advantage shifts from side to side.

Today both teams were made up chiefly of veteran players, on whom the noise of the stands had little effect. The Red and Black team had swept everything before them this season, and had invaded the enemy's territory, confident of settling their claim to the championship beyond dispute. They were a well-drilled, cool-headed team, playing behind a man who was called the finest college pitcher of a decade.

On the other hand, the Gold and Black team was composed of as steady and efficient men who, also, had not suffered a defeat during the season. Tommy Wingo's reputation was second only to Bussey's. The present game was to decide the championship. In the stands were many men who cared nothing for either of the colleges—"sporting men"—attracted only by the meeting of these two pitchers.

For the first three innings only one man reached first base, for most of the batsmen struck out, or hit small grounders to the infield.

Roy Bressler was among those who occupied seats in the grand stand. "It's a pitchers' battle fast enough," he said. "Now we shall see—we shall see!"

The men who faced him were clever batsmen. When they found they could not "hit out" his pitching, they resorted to the "bunting stunt." Tommy handled these slow bounders perfectly, fielding his position splendidly, as was his custom. At the same time he was a part of his team, "backing up" his men, coaching them carefully and inspiring them with his own determination.

In their half of the fourth inning the visitors could not do anything with Tommy's pitching. Then the Gold and Black team again came to bat. Bussey was certainly pitching the game of his life. He seemed "unhittable." The Gold and Black batters returned to their seats muttering beneath their breath. They had never been up before such a pitcher.

With two out Tommy again came to bat. He watched his chance and succeeded in getting the first hit of the game. He promptly stole second. Crowdis next came to the bat, determined to do his best toward advancing Tommy. But that

"best," after two strikes and three balls, was a feeble fly to short-stop, and the side was again retired.

Tommy had been pitching superbly, but the strain was beginning to tell. The tension was showing on him, once or twice the umpire cautioned him about being so slow. In such a condition he faced the batter. With one strike and three balls, the batter let the next pass.

"Ball four," called the umpire, and the batter trotted to first base. Evidently Tommy was weakening. He exerted himself greatly and struck out the next man. The following batter was out on a high "foul" which Martin, the Gold and Black catcher, caught. With two men out, and only one on base, Tommy was regaining confidence. But then, becoming overconfident, he threw a strike squarely over the plate. The batter hit a hard grounder to Tommy who dropped it, then kicked it, recovered it, and threw hard to first.

"Safe!" the umprie called.

There were now two men on bases. Tommy was in a hole. After barely looking at the catcher's signal, he threw a fast out-curve over the outer corner of the base. Smith, the big Red and Black catcher, who was now at the bat, advanced a step, and met the ball squarely "between the eyes." Up, up, and out, out, it flew, far over second base! Crowdis, the center-fielder, was fleet, and he was safe. He ran hard toward the center-field fence and caught the ball in his bare hand, truly a wonderful catch! There was much applause for Crowdis, but Tommy went to his seat feeling uneasy. He knew that he must not relax at all during the rest of the game. This time he had been saved by Crowdis, but luck might be against him next time.

No runs were made in the sixth. Then came the seventh inning. Baseball "fans" know the importance of this stage of the game. It is here that many games have been won or lost, and Tommy remembered how he had dreaded this inning in his freshman year—and lost.

He faced the first batsman, and "whiffed" him. The next man up was the big catcher, Smith, who had before walked into an

out-curve, and knocked it into deep center. Tommy decided not to give him another chance to do this, and threw a fast inshoot close to the batter. It went too close, grazing the jersey of the batter, who went to first. Now Tommy faced Bussey, the pitcher, the best hitter on the Red and Black team.

The game was very exciting and the visiting team seemed to have a chance to score. The Gold and Black catcher walked forward to meet Tommy, handed him the ball, and said to him:

"This is the seventh inning, Tommy. You know what it means."

"Yes, I know," replied Tommy, and Martin walked back to his place behind the plate. Tommy looked at the ball he held in his hand as if it had been disobedient. But his anger was all centered against himself. In this, his last game of college ball, as in the game of life, was he to be beaten? He looked at his men and found every man on the team looking at him. His anger and uneasiness disappeared, and instead there came confidence—confidence in himself and in his men. He was again himself—cool, undaunted, and self-reliant. The men saw the change, and they, in turn, seemed to gain confidence.

He did not feel afraid when he faced Bussey. He threw a slow drop, which the batter only looked at.

"Ball!"

Tommy threw an out-curve which Bussey fouled. It meant "one strike."

Martin next signaled for a "fade-away" which the umpire called, "ball two." But the man on first had stolen second.

Tommy next threw an inshoot fast, and shoulder high. Bussey knew that he must strike. He put forth all his strength and swung viciously at it, and hit it—but not squarely. It soared up, up, up, almost out of sight! To the crowd looking on, it seemed as if the ball would never stop going up. To Tommy, waiting beneath it, it seemed as if the ball would never come down.

The man on second base had already circled the bases and Bussey himself was rounding second. Tommy quivered in almost every muscle as he waited for the ball to strike his glove.

Could he afford to miss such a fly? He never had. And then the ball struck his glove—and stuck! Tommy threw calmly to first, and the side was retired!

The spectators in the stands had gone wild, and were cheering madly. The cheering continued when Tommy ran out to the plate, bat in hand. It was deafening when he knocked Bussey's first ball savagely to left garden. It howled across the field when he stole second by a perfect slide. When Crowdis, who followed Tommy at the bat, drove a long single into right, and the captain scored, it became a deafening uproar.

"The lucky seventh!" "Crowdis!" "Wingo!" yelled the Gold and Black stand.

Crowdis himself scored during the inning, but his run was unnecessary. The game was already won. Neither side scored after the seventh.

Roy Bressler waited for his friend outside the gymnasium for the last time, he thought soberly.

"That was a glorious inning, Tommy," he said. "All the rest was easy playing."

"Yes, the question was settled in the seventh," said Tommy, the light of a double victory shining upon his face. "I'm going to the medical school!"

Roy drew a breath of pure joy as he grasped his friend's hand and said, "I thought you would see it."

D. L. E. '13.

"Our Bills"

(*With apologies to Poe.*)

Hear the groaning o'er the bills—dreadful bills!
What a world of trouble their arrival foretells!
How we shiver with affright
In the silence of the night
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
Then we think of every cent
That unwisely we have spent,
With a moan.
But the bills, the bills—the instigation of our ills!

They keep coming, coming, coming, not alone,
But in floods, in packs and stacks,
They continue their attacks
Until we view them with a groan.
The bills, the bills—miscellaneous bills!
Of what fearful extravagance their frequency tells!
How we tremble with affright,
And ever try with all our might
To escape the dreadful sight,
Of our bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills—
How we moan and fret and groan
At the presentation of our bills.

L. A. MOYER, '14.

Rules for Young Men

The following is copied from an exchange. The author is unknown to us, but what he says is good enough to be treasured by all:

"Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands can't be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always tell the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above everything else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Never play any game of chance. Avoid temptation through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Read over the above maxims at least once a week and you will find that they are wise sayings."

Copied by W. F. C. '15.

Constitution of the College Press Association of South Carolina

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known as the "College Press Association of South Carolina."

ARTICLE II.

Section 1. The object of this Association shall be to promote and upbuild the college magazines of this State, to raise the literary standard, to bring the officers of these magazines into closer relationship with one another, and to hold annual meetings at such times and places as shall be decided upon by a vote of all the delegates of the Association present at the annual meeting.

Sec. 2. The annual convention shall be held on the third Thursday and Friday in April of each year.

Sec. 3. For the general improvement of college journalism in South Carolina, there shall be a Press Contest, in which one medal shall be given for the best story, one for the best poem and one for the best essay. Each of these medals shall not exceed $10.00 in value. The Secretary shall read before the Association the prize essay, poem and story.

ARTICLE III.

The Association is composed of the literary magazine staffs of the following institutions: College for Women, Columbia College, Converse College, Winthrop College, Clemson College, Charleston College, Greenville Female College, Erskine College, Newberry College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, University of South Carolina, Wofford College, and other institutions as shall be admitted by a three-fourths vote of all members present at any annual convention.

ARTICLE IV.

Section 1. The officers of this Association shall be: President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary. These officers shall be elected annually by the staffs of the magazine which they represent.

Sec. 2. The Executive Committee shall be appointed by the

President upon the recommendation of the magazine staff of each college.

Sec. 3. The new officers shall hold their offices for one calendar year.

Sec. 4. If any office of the Association or the position of Executive Committeeman becomes vacant, the college represented by the vacant officer shall have power to elect his successor.

Sec. 5. The President of the Association shall be elected each year by the College that entertains the Association for that year, and no college shall have the Presidency for two successive years.

ARTICLE V.

Section 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings; to notify the Editor-in-Chief as to the time of publication of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association as provided under Article XIV; to cast the deciding vote in case of a tie in the convention; and he shall have power to call special meetings by the request of three of the Colleges represented in the Association.

Sec. 2. The Vice-President, in the absence of the President, shall become active President. He shall act as chairman of the Executive Committee.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep an accurate copy of all the amendments of the Constitution and By-Laws which are made by the Association. He shall keep a roll of the delegates according to colleges represented, and shall file the proceedings of the annual convention.

Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to notify each college one month before the regular annual convention, and to do such correspondence as may devolve upon him. It shall be his further duty to notify each college one week before the time designated by the Constitution in regard to submitting articles for the contest, calling special attention to such parts of the Constitution that govern said contest.

Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect all

money due the Assocation, and to make an annual report to the Association of its financial condition.

Sec. 6. The officers of the Association, except that of President, shall rotate alphabetically, in blocks of five, and no college shall have one of the rotary officers two years successively.

ARTICLE VI.

Section 1. The Executive Committee shall consist of one member from each college, and shall be appointed by the President as provided in Article IV, Sec. 2, and shall assemble on the night preceding the annual convention.

Sec. 2. The Executive Committee shall have the power, through the chairman, to select medals.

Sec. 3. The Executive Committee shall have the power to decide all points under dispute during the convention.

Sec. 4. The Executive Committee shall have power to direct the use of the funds of the Association.

Sec. 5. Each Editor-in-Chief of the several college magazines shall submit to the Vice-President of the Association, not later than the fifteenth (15th) of February of each year, tne name of one man for the Committee on Decision, who must be eligible under Article VII, Sec. 1, of this Constitution. The Vice-President shall then, in the presence of the magazine staff of his college, draw impartially from this number the names submitted, and submit these to each staff for its approval. If there be no objection to these names the first three in order drawn shall constitute the Committee on Decision.

Sec. 6. Provided any one of the first three men shall not be able to serve, the Vice-President shall continue using the names in order drawn.

ARTICLE VII.

Section 1. Three persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. The members of this committee shall not at any time have been connected with the faculty of any contesting institution in South Carolina.

Sec. 2. This Committee shall pass judgment upon all essays, poems and stories submitted, and shall consider the following

points: Style, Thought, Rhetoric; giving one final grade on each paper.

Sec. 3. Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the Committee on Decision. Such objection shall be sent to the Vice-President six weeks before the annual convention.

Sec. 4. The Corresponding Secretary, one month before the annual convention, shall send a typewritten copy of one essay, one story, and one poem from each college in the Association to each member of the Committee on Decision, who shall grade them and return them to the Corresponding Secretary. Neither the names nor the institutions represented shall be known by any member of the Committee on Decision.

ARTICLE VIII.

Section 1. Each essay, story, and poem shall have been published, complete, in a single issue of the magazine. Essays that have been used in debate or oratorical contests are not eligible. Every article shall be written by the contestants themselves while members of the student body, and shall be published during the college year to which each contest applies.

Sec. 2. The staffs submitting the essay, story, and poem shall send three typewritten copies of each to the Corresponding Secretary one month before the annual convention. Material entered after this time will be debarred from competing.

ARTICLE IX.

The essays, stories, and poems shall be selected by the several staffs of the magazines in the Association, and no staff shall submit more than one essay, one story and one poem.

ARTICLE X.

Section 1. The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, two delegates of the several colleges, of whom only one shall have been a member of the magazine staff of the preceding year or an officer of the Association.

Sec. 2. The Association shall meet at such time and place as the convention may select. Each college is entitled to two votes. All Alumni members present shall have a right to take

part in the deliberations of the convention, and shall have the right to enjoy the privilege of the same.

ARTICLE XI.

Any college of the Association failing to send a delegate to the convention, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit, without a satisfactory reason to the Executive Committee shall be fined. Any college failing to comply with these requirements shall be expelled. The time limit for the payment of the annual dues shall expire with the meeting of the convention.

ARTICLE XII.

An honor roll shall be kept by the Secretary; the roll to contain the names of Presidents and winners of medals.

ARTICLE XIII.

The Association shall have no official magazine of its own, but each year the various colleges represented shall publish in their October issue the Constitution of the Association and a list of its officers.

ARTICLE XIV.

Parliamentary rules not provided for by this Constitution shall be referred to "Roberts' Rules of Order."

ARTICLE XV.

By a two-thirds vote of all delegates present at any annual convention the constitution may be amended.

Copies of the Constitution may be obtained from the President of the College Press Association, Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Inasmuch as the annual dues of the Association are expected to pay its expenses exactly, their amount is not fixed, but the expenses are equally apportioned each year among the colleges holding membership. It is therefore urged that the President approximate all expenses and notify each magazine staff of its dues as early in the collegiate year as possible.

The Association submits the following recommendations to the editors of the college magazines of the Association:

1. That each college adopt a competitive system of electing the magazine staff, changing any minor detail of the system to suit the conditions at each college.

2. That a Circulation Manager, who is to be the third man in the business department, be elected.

3. That the colleges elect their magazine staff before the convention; also that the new Editor-in-Chief be sent as a delegate to the convention.

OFFICERS OF THE COLLEGE PRESS ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA FOR 1911-12.

President

R. E. Moody.....Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

First Vice-President

D. C. Heustess.....University of S. C., Columbia, S. C.

Second Vice-President

————....Presbyterian College of S. C., Clinton, S. C.

Recording Secretary

A. N. Kieffer, Jr.....Newberry College, Newberry, S. C.

Corresponding Secretary

Miss Mary Kennedy.....Erskine College, Due West, S. C.

Treasurer

Miss Violet Askins, Greenville Female Col'ge, Greenville, S. C.

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889 Spartanburg, S. C., November, 1911 Whole No. 196

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.. .. ..R. E. Moody

CALHOUN

Local Editor.. .. ..G. M. Crum
Assistant Literary Editor.. .. ..J. C. Hyer

CARLISLE

Business Manager.. .. ..D. W. Galloway
Alumni Editor.. .. ..P. B. Yarbrough
Assistant Exchange Editor .. ..A. L. Googe

PRESTON

Literary Editor.. .. ..R. L. Meriwethfr
Exchange Editor.. .. ..R. T. Wilson
Y. M. C. A. Editor.. .. ..J. B. Kay
Assistant Business Manager.. .. ..E. T. Spigner

Entered at Postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Matter

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

The Track

When an institution of learning adds to its course of physical training, it is evident that that institution is going to advance in its intellectual culture, for "man's mind is not only located by his body, but developed by the body." So our body, then, is to the highest degree, a necessity to the well-being of our minds. Then, if this is so, it is evident that whenever the body is defective in any organ through lack of development of that organ, the mind is limited by being shut up in that particular direction; for it lacks something with which to manifest itself at that place.

Therefore, it is pleasing to all concerned that Wofford has recently added to her regular course of physical training, the athletics of the track. A great deal of interest is being taken

in the track work now and everybody is looking forward to the meet we have with Furman some time soon. In order to make this phase of our athletics a success we must all get in behind it and support it just as we do our baseball, tennis and gymnasium teams. And besides making it a success we should support and take part in it because it affords a fine chance for developing in many ways that body which is so essential for a sound, healthy mind and a happy and successful life.

Contributions

We were gratified with the amount of material that was submitted for this issue of THE JOURNAL, and especially so with that from the new men. We could not publish all that was handed in this time, for some of it we thought not worthy of publication, while there was some left out on account of space. But we urge that you who did not get your manuscript published this time become not discouraged, but continue to write until you have attained the required standard. We do not mean to discourage work for the magazine on the part of anyone, but on the other hand we mean to stimulate it in order that the high standard set for it may be reached. The ideal set for THE JOURNAL is the literary ability of the student body, and we aim for it to contain only such contributions as have literary worth and merit. Whether it ever realizes this coveted ideal depends, as we have said before, almost entirely upon the support it receives from all our men.

All students, therefore, in every class, are again earnestly requested to submit, at any time, manuscripts for publication.

The Council

There is a movement on foot in college to form what we would term the Wofford College Council. It is to be an organization composed of the "chiefs" of all the prominent organizations in college from the faculty to the freshman class. Its main object we cannot clearly define, but in general it is to cause a greater degree of co-operation and interest among the students in everything that concerns them and the college. In

this council any question of importance which comes before any of the organizations which form it, may be brought up and discussed and suggestions made concerning it. Then it can be clearly put before the organization which it directly concerns and these suggestions offered, thereby assuring a sane action taken upon it by that organization. Many times a class, a student body, a society or association of any kind, acts very rashly upon a question that confronts it, simply for the lack of a clear definition of the question, or because both sides of it are not seen.

This council will not be a legislative body in any respect, but, as we have said, only a body for discussing propositions and offering suggestions. It is easy to see that such a thing will be for the betterment of the college, for it cannot help but promote and upbuild those organizations which make it up.

It is a new experiment. We know of nothing like it in any college at all, and its result is yet to be seen, but we believe that it is going to work well and become an organization without which the college cannot well do.

Worthy of Note

We note with pleasure the following which appeared some time ago as an editorial in *The State:*

"The letting of a contract for a $50,000 dormitory for Wofford College strikingly illustrates the rapid expansion of this admirable institution of learning. The sum that now goes into the increase of living accommodations for students is perhaps as large as was that represented by all the property of the college at the time that Col. Samuel Dibble, of Orangeburg, was graduated in the first class of the institution.

"What is more important and more commendable is that Wofford has bravely lifted its standards. Although its requirements were already fully as high as those of most of our colleges, about two years ago Wofford cut down the size of its entering class probably by half by raising the entrance requirements. Again the entrance classes are as large as they were before that time. Under the leadership of Dr. Henry N.

Snyder, the president, Wofford's progress in scholarship will be consistent and steady and, meanwhile, the improvement in the secondary schools of the towns and the country is making this policy practicable.

"The number of college men in South Carolina is probably eight or ten times as large now as it was 20 years ago, and we are swiftly moving towards that day when the trained minds of South Carolina will be numbered by the tens of thousands."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

R. T. Wilson, Editor.
A. L. Googe, Assistant Editor.

Furman Echo

Among the first exchanges to reach our table was the *Furman Echo*. The essays in this number are sadly wanting in quantity, but the quality of the one entitled: "A Greater Political Purity Inevitable" more than makes amends for the lack of quantity. It has been a recognized fact that one party in our national government has been over-ridden and has been unable to do any seemingly good. But a new star has risen—the star of Democracy. The writer of the above essay brings out very forcibly the duties confronting this Democracy. This question is a live one and should be studied by all college students. The stories in this issue are not very creditable. In the "Pumpkin Pilferers," the author seems to have thought out his plot, but was unable to advance toward the climax in a masterly way. In "Harold Devancey's Rescue," we regret very much that the operator paused, thereby not immediately turning the current through Harold's body: for soon Harold was facing a "pair of soft gray eyes" and heard a voice "like the coo of a summer dove." There is too much of the "love-fever" in this story. "The College Sport" is very typical of college life and adds freshness and vigor to the magazine. The poem "If" needs no comment. This poem contains more truth than poetry, yet the poetry is fine.

Erothesian

The *Erothesian* has a novel arrangement of departments. First comes the editorial department; then the literary department. The other departments, however, follow in the usual order. The literary department of this magazine contains only fifteen pages. However, these few pages are well filled with interesting reading. "Lincoln's Last Love" is of interest, because of

the personality of the man. Heretofore we have known of him more as a statesman than as a "lover" of the beautiful. "Camping on the Hills of Florida" pictures a most delightful and alluring spot and an ideal summer vacation. Coupled with this is a well worked out plot. But the essays and poetry! sadly lacking, we must confess. In fact, there is not any poetry at all—only a little verse. "The Study of Forty Years" is well written; but in addition to this, there should have been some essays written by the undergraduates, if this magazine wishes to vie with the well-rounded contemporary magazines.

Trinity Archive

A real live college magazine, containing the happy blending of essay and poetry, is the *Trinity Archive*. It is really a pleasure to dispel the text-books from our mind and indulge in such reading. The magazine contains such a mixture of good that it is hard to tell in which line it excels. In the first place, the editorials are wide-awake, timely remarks, which deal not solely with local affairs but interest everyone. In this editorial department there is a discussion regarding "The Public and College Life." This discussion brings out the fact that the unreality of college gossip is the foundation of much prejudice against college students; also that the wearing of "ungodly clothes" and the "use of ungodlier language," make for popular prejudice. Pretty strong in the denunciation—but how true! "She Understands" is a story of a beautiful young North Carolina girl steeped in the love of nature—with which she drives away the sorrows and burdens of this world, and from which she receives the bread of life. This story is told in a terse, direct and earnest style. Space prevents any further comment. We only wish that every college magazine could attain the standard held up by this one.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Aurora, Davidson College Magazine, Emory Phoenix, Clemson Chronicle, The Carolinian, The Palmetto, The Erskinian, The Geor-*

gian, The Newberry Stylus and *The University of Oklahoma Magazine.*

CLIPPINGS

TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS.

"What part of speech is 'kiss'?" asked the teacher of a girl at class.

"I should say it was a noun—both common and proper."

Jones—Where have you been, Brown?
Brown—To the cemetery.
Jones—Anyone dead?
Brown—Every one of them.

Teacher—Bobby, give an example of the double negative.
Bobby—I don't know none.

OF COURSE.

The most curious thing—a woman not being curious.

ROUND AND ROUND.

He—Do you approve of dancing?
She—No.
"Why not?"
"Why, it's mere hugging set to music."
"Well, what is there about that you don't like?"
"The music."

Artist—My object was to try and express all the horrors of war. How do you like it?

Friend—I have never seen anything more horrible.

Pat—Oi see that they've dug up some Egyptian joolry six thousand years old.

Mike—How can ut be? This is only nineteen hundred en liven.

A PAINFUL PROCESS.

Sunday School Teacher—If you are a good boy, Willie, you will go to heaven and have a golden crown on your head.

Willie—Not for mine, then. I had one of them things put on a tooth once.

AT A DISADVANTAGE.

"I suppose you will miss your boy while he is at college?"

"Yep," replied Farmer Corntassel. "I dunno what I'll do without him. He got the livestock so they wouldn't move unless he gave 'em the college yell, an' I can't remember it."

Teacher—Now, Tommy, what is a hypocrite?

Tommy—A boy that comes to school with a smile on his face.

"Do you have much trouble with your automobile?"

"Trouble? Say, I couldn't have more if I was married to the blamed machine."

"When my uncle died he left all he had to an orphan asylum."

"How much did he leave?"

"About thirty-five children!"

MOTHER LOVE.

Mother-love is mother-love
  The long, long ages through,
Though years corrode all other love,
  Still mother-love is new,
A bloom without decay,
  The fresh warm tints of mother-love
Are beautiful for aye.

Mother-love is mother-love
  However fortunes go,
Mother-love is mother-love

Though tides are high or low,
Though self-respect may aflter,
And scorn of life prevail,
Yet mother-love is mother-love,
And naught shall make it fail.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

G. M. Crum, Editor.

CARLISLE MEMORIAL HALL.

Several days ago the trustees of the college awarded the contract for the building of the new dormitory which is to be called the Carlisle Memorial Hall. Work will be commenced at once, and the building is to be completed in seven months. It will be ready for occupancy next September when the term of 1911-1912 begins.

The Carlisle Memorial Hall is intended to be a monument to Dr. James H. Carlisle, former president of Wofford College. It will be three stories high, accommodating 160 students, and will be constructed of red brick, trimmed with Indiana limestone.

THE DUDLEY BUCK COMPANY.

The first number of the lyceum for this year was the Dudley Buck Company. Every member of this company is a most successful musician and they deserve credit for giving a very delightful concert here. Their program, including selections from all the different styles and classes of good music, was enjoyed most heartily and every one went away with a feeling that the evening was very profitably spent. One of the prominent features of the program was a selection from grand opera. The singing of Miss Galloway, who is well known as a most successful opera singer and concert artist, deserves special mention.

An unusually large audience was present, showing that Prof. Gamewell knows how to select attractions to suit the tastes of the people.

WOFFORD-DAVIDSON DEBATE.

R. T. Wilson and C. B. Haynes have been chosen to represent Wofford at the Wofford-Davidson debate which is to take place on the fifth of December. This is the second of a

series of three debates between these two colleges and according to agreement will be held in the city of Charlotte. The people of Charlotte furnish an auditorium and present a trophy cup to the winner of the series.

The query proposed by Wofford was:

"Resolved, That the English government is more truly democratic than that of the United States," and Davidson choose the negative.

ATHLETICS.

Nothing is more noticeable on the campus this year than the interest taken in all forms of athletics. Every student seems to be engaged in some kind of good wholesome exercise as tennis, baseball, football, gymnasium, track work, etc. We are especialy glad to see so much interest taken in track work this year. All prospects are for a first-class team and no doubt Wofford will win a "rep" on the track field as well as in all other phases of inter-collegiate contests.

All of the class football teams have been organized and from the material that has shown up, we could without a doubt get out a varsity team that would bring back the "rag." Only two games have as yet been played. In one of these the seniors were victorious over the freshmen, and in the other the sophomores and juniors tied, neither team making a score. All of us are anxiously looking forward to the Thanksgiving game, and there is certainly no reason why this game shouldn't be fully as good as the inter-collegiate games of the other colleges.

All the class baseball games have been played with following results:

	Won.	Lost.	Tied.	P. C.
Seniors	4	0		1,000
Juniors	2	1	1	667
Freshmen	2	2		500
Sophomores	0	2	1	000
Fitting School	0	3		000

The sixth annual tournament of the South Carolina Inter-

Collegiate Tennis Association will be played here November 9th, 10th and 11th. The present membership of the Association includes Furman, Clemson, Erskine, Newberry, Clinton, Carolina, and Wofford.

As we have no courts on the campus sufficiently good for tournament work the matches will be played on the courts of the Country Club, which are in many respects the fastest in the State.

Wofford will be represented this year in singles by Mr. B. M. Asbill, Jr., and in doubles by Messrs. Asbill and Beach. These same men represented us in doubles last year and were narrowly defeated in the finals by the strong Carolina team. They are practicing daily in the hope of winning for the college the title in one, if not both, events.

HALLOWEEN FROLIC.

On Halloween night in the gymnasium the Young Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society gave a delightful carnival which was enjoyed by a large number of boys from the College and Fitting School. The gymnasium was tastefully decorated with bright autumn leaves and lighted by spooky pumpkin lanterns. Tea, sandwiches, punch, cakes, candy, etc., were furnished in aundance. Of especial interest and pleasure were the fortune teller and the muses.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

Elections of officers of the three literary societies for the second term were held Saturday night, October 28, with the following results:

Calhoun Society—President, L. C. Wannamaker; Vice-President, R. B. McIver; First Critic, R. E. Moody; Second Critic, B. M. Badger; First Censor, H. I. Ellerbe; Recording Secretary, J. E. Bethea; Second Censor, L. N. Watson; Third Critic, W. J. Carter; Corresponding Secretary, L. K. Brice; Chief Marshal, J. E. Bethea; Junior Marshal, W. J. Carter; Sophomore Marshal, W. M. Byers; Freshman Marshal, G. W. Gage.

Carlisle Society—President, R. L. Cox; Vice-President, L. A. Carter; First Critic, B. F. Cromley; Second Critic, P. B. Yarbrough; First Censor, B. S. Haynes; Recording Secretary, R. H. Coleman; Second Censor, D. C. Carmichael; Third Critic, W. H. Tiller; Corresponding Secretary, W. E. Plyler; Junior Marshal, G. H. Hodges; Sophomore Marshal, G. A. Hutto; Freshman Marshal, L. B. Wannamaker.

Preston Society—President, R. T. Wilson; Vice-President, J. B. Kay; First Critic, H. S. Burdette; Second Critic, W. L. All; First Censor, W. L. Ouzts; Second Censor, F. S. Blair; Third Censor, W. W. Steadman; Recording Secretary, H. R. Sims; Corresponding Secretary, H. L. Josey; Junior Marshal, J. T. Monroe; Sophomore Marshal, L. J. Cauthen; Freshman Marshal, F. C. Ayer.

SCRAPS.

Two more members of the faculty are now residing on the campus. Dr. Wallace is living in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Carlisle, and Dr. Waller is living in his newly constructed home next to Prof. DuPre's.

R. M. Lawson, of the senior class, is again attending classes after an illness of several weeks. We are all delighted to see him out again.

The 1912 Wofford Calendar is under the management this year of H. H. Brown and B. S. Haynes.

N. W. Edens, P. D. Huff, P. B. Mitchell, Fred Nichols, and C. R. Edwards went to Columbia to attend the State Fair.

Senior McIver (seeing California Frank's cowboy band on Morgan Square)—That U. S. Marine Band sure is fine and I am going to hear it tonight.

Wanted—To know where Soph. Smith got that red suit.

Mr. Truesdale to M. L. Smith—"Mr. Smith come take dinner with me today."

Smith—"Oh, you can't get a joke like that off on me; I've been fooled too much."

Junior Watson wanted to know if the University of Virginia was in North Carolina.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. B. Kay, Editor.

MR. MARTIN'S ADDRESS.

On Friday, Oct. 13th, the Young Men's Christian Association had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Martin, of the city Y. M. C. A., his subject being, "Service as a Measure of Greatness." Though his address was short, it was none the less interesting and instructive. He very readily showed to the men of our Association the wide field which is open to them in the mill villages of the city. At the close of his talk, Mr. Martin extened a very cordial invitation to the college boys to take advantages of the privileges offered to them by the city association.

After the address the Membership Committee's report was heard. Mr. Cox, chairman of this committee, stated that they were still busy in their campaign for new members and that a majority of the new men had been enrolled. A chance was then given to those who had not joined to do so, which resulted in several more being added to the roll.

The attendance up to this time has been unusually good and we hope that it will continue so.

NEW WORK.

A number of the boys of the association have become interested in the work of the mill villages, and this promises to become a very important branch of the Y. M. C. A. work.

The Wesley Home, at Spartan Mills, gives an opportunity for several to teach in the night school; and the boys have offered their service very freely for this work.

Mr. Martin, of the city Y. M. C. A., has organized a lyceum course for the different mills, and has gotten a sextette from the Glee Club to compose one number on this course. They have given one performance and are very much delighted with their work.

There are also several Sunday Schools in the mill villages which are being supplied with teachers by the college boys. This is a great work which the Y. M. C. A. has undertaken, and furnishes them a wide field in which to do much good.

BIBLE STUDY.

We are making an effort at Wofford to get men to study the Bible. We realize that each man has a great amount of work to do. But why can't eight or ten fellows come together, having studied a few chapters, and discuss this great book? Could not an informal meeting be of great benefit to a boy? It is there where he could compose his thoughts with those of a fellow student, feeling a mutual sympathy which is never felt in a class room. Such is the aim of the Bible study classes of the Y. M. C. A. at Wofford.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

P. B. Yarbrough, Editor.

Since the founding of Wofford College she has turned out about one thousand graduates. Within the next few issues of our JOURNAL we purpose to treat the alumni professionally; that is to make brief mention of those who have been and are still engaged in a particular profession. In this and the next issue we shall make mention of the preachers which Wofford has turned out.

First was Bishop W. W. Duncan, of class 1858*.

Rev. A. W. Moore, '58*.

Rev. R. B. Tarrant, '58, is Lutheran preacher at Springfield, S. C.

Dr. S. A. Weber, '59, is superannuated in Charleston, S. C.

Rev. J. W. Herbert, '59*.

Rev. A. J. Stafford, '59*.

Rev. A. J. Stokes, '59*.

Rev. L. C. Weaver, '59*.

Rev. C. McCartha, '59, is in South Georgia Conference.

Rev. G. F. Round, '61, is member of N. C. Conference.

Rev. J. E. Watson, '61*.

Rev. E. G. Gage, '64*.

Rev. C. Thompson, '64*.

Rev. R. D. Smart, '68*.

Rev. P. C. Bryce, '69, is member of Florida Conference.

Rev. E. W. Peeples, '69, is a Baptist preacher in South Carolina.

Rev. P. D. Trapier, '69*.

Rev. G. W. Walker, '69, is member of South Carolina Conference.

Rev. W. D. Kirkland, '70*.

Rev. E. L. Archer, '71, is local preacher in Spartanburg County.

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*Deceased.

Rev. R. W. Barber, '71, is superannuated.

Rev. H. E. Partridge, '71, is member of Florida Conference.

Rev. T. W. Smith, '71, is a member of South Carolina Conference.

Rev. W. L. Wait, '71, is a member of South Carolina Conference.

Rev. J. W. Dickson, '72*.

Rev. W. A. Rogers, '72*.

Rev. J. E. Carlisle, '73, is member of South Carolina Conference.

Rev. H. F. Chreitzberg, '73*.

Rev. W. S. Rone, '73.

Rev. J. W. Roseborough, '73, is Presbyterian preacher in Mississippi.

Rev. J. W. Wolling, '73, is member of South Carolina Conference.

Rev. J. B. Pritchard, '74*.

Rev. W. S. Martin, '75, is member of South Carolina Conference.

Rev. A. W. Walker, 75, is superannuated.

Rev. Samuel Keener, '76, is member of Louisiana Conference.

Rev. W. R. Richardson, '77, is member of Tennessee Conference.

Rev. J. E. Rushton, '77, is member of South Carolina Conference.

Rev. T. W. Tarboux, '77, is preaching in Brazil.

Rev. Z. T. Whiteside, '77, is Baptist preacher in N. C.

Rev. J. W. Koger, '78*.

Rev. R. E. Bomar, '79, is Baptist preacher in Charlotte, N. C.

Rev. J. M. Friday, '79, is a member of South Carolina Conference.

Rev. J. R. King, '79, is a member of Georgia Conference.

Rev. J. M'P. Lander, '79, is preaching in Brazil.

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*Deceased.

Rev. J. C. Chandler, '80, is a member of South Carolina Conference.

Rev. J. W. Kilgo, '81, is a member of South Carolina Conference.

Rev. P. V. Bomar, '82, is a Baptist preacher in Alabama.

Rev. S. A. Nettles, '82, is editor of the Southern Christian Advocate.

Rev. R. Riddick, '82.

Rev. J. L. Weber, '82, is a member of Tennessee Conference.

Rev. M. L. Carlisle, '83, is Presiding Elder of Spartanburg District.

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	Page.
Adkins, M. R., Meats	vi
Bagwell, J. E., Grocer	iv
Band & White, Printers	xvii
Bank of Spartanburg	vi
Beacham Hardware Co.	vi
Bell's Drug Store	xiv
Bernhardt's Photo Studio	v
Biber, A. W., Jeweler	vii
Bomar & Crigler, Gents Furnishings	ii
Brill Electric Co.	v
Cannon & Fetzer, Clothing	viii
Central Drug Co.	x
Central National Bank	iv
Chapman, the Grocer	vii
Correll, A. B., Jeweler	x
Creighton Clothing Co.,	xi
Crescent Pharmacy	xi
DuPre Book Store	xv
Eastman Business College	ix
Eureaka Cigar Store	ii
Fairyland Theatre	xii
Felkel, F. W., Insurance	xi
First National Bank	i
Gaillard, Dr. Chas. R., Eye-Sight Specialist	vii
Greenewald's, Clothiers	iii
Heinitish's Drug Store	viii
Holmes & Johnson, Druggists	iii
Irwin & Floyd, Druggists	xii
Law, A. M., & Co., Insurance	vii
Lemmond's Barber Shop	vi
Ligon's Drug Store	v
Littlejohn's Barber Shop	v
Lowe Shoe Co.	x
Magic Theatre	iii
Majestic Theatre	vii
Merriam, G. & C. Co.	xiii
Nickels, W. J., Tailor	xiii
New York Restaurant	iv
Oakman's Drug Store	x
Olympia Cafe	ii
Picto Theatre	ii, xiv
Price's Clothing Store	vi
Queen, J. R., Barber	vi
Red Star Shoe Shop	viii
Spartan Hardware Co.	vi
Spartan Optical Parlors	x
Spartanburg Printing Co.	vii
Spartanburg Ry., G. & E. Co.	xii
Smith-Copeland Shoe Co.	i
Spigel Bros., Jewelers	vi
University College of Medicine	xix
Walker, John A., Shoes	xii
Waterman Fountain Pen	xviii
Wilson, G. M., Magazines	xix
Wofford College	xvi
Wofford College Fitting School	xvi
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co.	xiv

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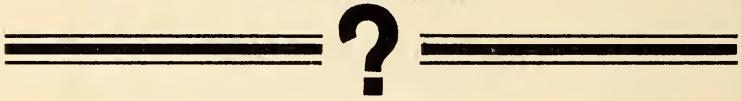

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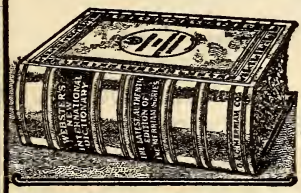

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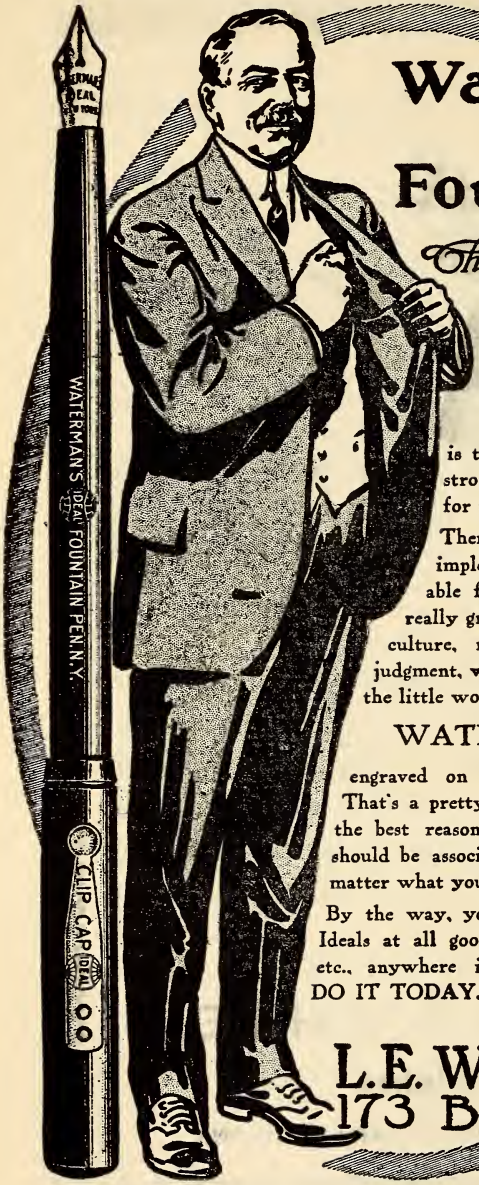

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—

The Eyes We Love.. 87

Complete in the Second Generation.. 88

The Aaron Burr Conspiracy.. 93

"In Memory".. 96

Thera.. 97

The Moulding of Character.. 110

"The Brown Opal".. 112

My Inspiration.. 115

Rings.. 116

Hebraism.. 119

Editorial Department.. 121

Exchange Department.. 125

Clippings.. 127

Local Department.. 131

Y. M. C. A. Department.. 136

Alumni Department.. 138

Notice to Students.. 141

Advertisements.. 142

Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

R. L. Meriwether, Editor.
J. C. Hyer, Assistant Editor.

The Eyes We Love

I'm thinking of gray eyes and blue,
Always of those kind eyes and true;
They beam on me in all my dreams,
Bewitching me, or so it seems.

I love the eyes that sparkle bright,
And shine like stars throughout the night;
Eyes filled with tears, or full of mirth,
O, what like them is there on earth!

I love, ah yes! kind eyes of gray,
The eyes that send my grief away.
Eyes that cheer me—fill me with bliss,
Eyes that a god might fain call his!

I love also the eyes of blue,
Eyes that disclose dear hearts and true;
O, what were earth but for these eyes?
A land of tears, a vale of sighs!

What can be said of eyes of brown,
Eyes that dispel our ev'ry frown?
These are the eyes that pierce our hearts
And make us feel blind cupid's darts.

There still remain the eyes of black,
(Which take our hearts—nor give them back);
Depths unexplored lie hidden there
We cannot fathom, tho' so clear.

O, kindly eyes! Sparkle and shine
Till I'm lost in those eyes o' thine:
My thoughts go back—my heart does, too,
To see again kind eyes and true.

D. L. E.

Complete in the Second Generation

ROBT. L. COX.

On the top of a miniature mountain, near the place where the Great Pee Dee River breaks through that chain of sand hills which stretches across the Carolinas, stands the Lenoir mansion. The scene commanded from the above stated home is truly magnificent. With one sweep of the eye, the Pee Dee valley, presenting all the varied grandeur of a quiet mountain valley, can be viewed for many miles around. Looking across the river, green ridge towers upon ridge until identity is finally lost in the misty, smoky haze of the horizon. Hid away in the green back-ground, the little city of Cheraw, built upon a high bluff of the Pee Dee, is indistinctly seen in the distance; while a dozen hamlets still farther away are betrayed by the slender columns of smoke which slowly rise from the neighboring manufactories.

On the elevation which commands this scene there is a large, well kept ground, in the midst of which the Lenoir mansion stands in all the picturesque grandeur of ante-bellum days. The beauty and fitness with which the grounds are laid out and terraced; the wealth and variety of semi-tropical shrubbery bespeak the culture and artistic taste of the inhabitants for generations past. Beginning at the entrance through the old stone wall enclosing the grounds, there is a row of stately magnolia trees on either side of the walk leading up in front of the mansion, which is shaded by ancient oak trees.

The Lenoir home is typically ante-bellum. It is two stories high, having a kitchen some little distance in the rear, connected to the main body by a long veranda closed in by lattice work, over which clambers the rambling rose; while in front a broad portico, supported by huge white columns, extends the

entire length of the house. In the corner of the back yard, which joins with the orchard and poultry garden, there is a neat little cabin which has been occupied by Aunt Lucy, the old colored servant, since the days of her childhood, before the War of Secession.

Such were the surroundings of Colonel Lenoir and his only daughter, Mildred, as they sat on the shady porch and calmly awaited the coming of the family carriage which was to bring Mildred's only brother, Tom, and his college chum, Wilfred LeGrand. Colonel Lenoir was a typical Southern gentleman of the old school, having that characteristic air of command, an untiring devotion to his long-stemmed clay pipe, and a chivalric regard for womanhood. Since the death of his wife five years before, Mildred, "the perfected image of her mother," as the Colonel expressed it, had become doubly dear to him, and she was almost his constant companion.

"O, father," cried Mildred, "isn't it time for Tom to come? I am so anxious to see him; I fancy he will be quite dignified since he is to be a senior at Harvard next year. And, Father, I am delighted that his classmate, Wilfred LeGrand, from Vermont, is to spend a month with him this summer. Tom finds the country so dreadfully lonesome after spending nine months of the year in the city. But the country is not lonely for us, is it, Dad?" asked Mildred, playfully.

"No, daughter, you make life very bright for us; without your sunny smiles and cheerful face, I should spend many lonely hours," said the Colonel as he passed his fingers gently through her dark brown curls.

"Father, it can't be long before they will come, do you think? It is sunset already. Tell me a war-time story to pass the time. O, Daddy, Daddy, look! There they are!"

Colonel Lenoir sprang quickly to his feet to meet the boys as they emerged from the sheltered magnolia walk and ascended the broad doorsteps.

"Welcome! Welcome!" cried the Colonel as he gave his son's hand a hearty grasp, and with a low, graceful bow and a sweeping gesture of the hand, he greeted Wilfred LeGrand, and bade

him welcome to the home. Then turning with all the dignity and loftiness of a proud father, he introduced Wilfred to his daughter.

In silence, painful silence, they stood for a moment gazing at each other, Mildred, a tall, slender girl, clad in a simple white dress, was just entering her twentieth year. She had large, dark blue eyes, a broad forehead, and dark auburn hair, which was beautifully and tastefully arranged, while her small nose and daintily curved mouth, combined with other features to make her the beautiful woman she was. Wilfred was some six feet tall, with broad shoulders and full chest. His dark brown eyes, set beneath a prominent forehead, his slightly aquiline nose, his firm mouth and full chin, united into an expression of manliness and exceptionally strong character.

Thus they stood, held mute and motionless by that intangible, indescribable power, which reaches out into the universe and seeks out two half-souls and in some mysterious way brings them together in order that they may unite to form that ideal and perfect whole. But this power was only dominant for a moment, for Mildred, realizing the awkwardness of the situation, broke the spell by sheer force of will, and turning to her brother, greeted him with a smile and a tear of joy.

Days had grown into weeks and the weeks had almost reached the limit of Wilfred's visit in Cotton Land. Never had he spent such a pleasant vacation, every moment had been full of pleasure. Colonel Lenoir had told him many interesting stories of war and Southern romance; Tom had taken special pains to give him a good time; many a horse-back ride and fox chase had they enjoyed together. Still for Wilfred there was a more subtle pleasure than any of these: the companionship of Mildred. They had enjoyed many delightful drives together; many hours had they spent in some quiet, shady nook of the spacious grounds about the house, listening to the songs of the birds and talking of they knew not what, yet mutually understanding each other. Her image was ever before him, and the strange thing about it all was that Mildred was only the contin-

uation and perfection of the ideal which he had carried in his mind since his early youth. There was some charm, some attraction, some indescribable something about Mildred, which satisfied the longing of his soul. Mildred, too, had recognized the new element in her life and had often wondered at her supreme happiness for the past month.

"O, Wilfred, just think, you are to leave for Vermont tomorrow. How short the month has been!" exclaimed Mildred as they strolled leisurely up the long shady walk arched with fragrant magnolias.

"Yes, short indeed, but the most pleasant of my life," replied Wilfred, as they turned aside and seated themselves on an old rustic settee beneath an arbor of Wistaria vines.

"Aunt Lucy," called Mildred to the old colored woman who had been the faithful servant in the home since the days of Mrs. Lenoir's girlhood, "we'll take tea on the lawn this evening."

Aunt Lucy nodded cheerfully, and passed on to execute the command of her "Honey," as she habitually called Mildred.

The sun was fast sinking beneath the hills, and a purple glow painted on the western sky the last steps of retreating day. The air was soft and balmy, and a little breeze rustled gently through the trees. A thrush in a nearby tree, loath to give up her song, literally poured out her little soul into melody upon the evening air. The plantation negroes had gathered from the farm into their humble cabins, and now their mingled voices, in the sweet strains of "Way down upon de Swanee Ribber," came from the distance upon the wings of the gentle breeze.

Some minutes had passed without a word being said; Wilfred at last broke the silence.

"Mildred," said he, "I love you and I know that you love me, but how it all came about, I cannot understand. I have loved you since I was fifteen years of age, and——"

"Oh, Wilfred, how absurdly you talk," broke in Mildred, "you did not know me when you were fifteen, you had never heard of me."

"But you do not understand, Mildred; I will tell you how it all came about. When I was fifteen, my father died and left me, in his will, a little casket which contained a photograph and a bundle of old letters, with the instruction to burn the letters without reading. This I did, and wondering what secret they contained, I watched the bundle die away into a bed of embers. The picture was that of a girl some eighteen years of age, and across the back of the card board was written the simple words: 'Memories of Dixieland.' There was no other clue to the secret which my father had never dared tell me. In the deep earnestness of the expression, in those fathomless, pleading eyes, in the surpassing beauty of the picture, my youthful ideal was found. Hours have I spent in wondering admiration before it. But somehow that youthful ideal has continued, and continuing has found you, Mildred, the realization of all the idealization once associated with the picture."

Mildred had listened intently to the story and after a moment's silence, raising her large blue eyes to his, she said, "Heaven only knows how happy I have been, Wilfred, since I met you."

The conversation was here interrupted by the approach of Aunt Lucy with a large waiter upon her head.

The old servant seemed to understand the situation perfectly.

"Dat's right, Honey," she mumbled to herself with a broad smile on her face, "I knowed you wus gwine ter be sweethearts jest as soon as I seed Mistah Wilfred. I knowed him de fust time I seed him; he's so much lak his fadder."

"Why, mammy," cried Mildred, "you had never seen Wilfred, and never heard of his father, how could——"

"Dat's all right, Miss Mildred, honey, I'se de only livin' pusson dat knows how your mudder and Mistah Wilfred's fadder were sweethearts yeahs and yeahs ago."

"Do, mammy, sit down in that seat and tell us all," exclaimed Mildred.

Wilfred and Mildred leaned forward to catch every word as Aunt Lucy, in her simple, primitive style, narrated the story

of how Wilfred's father had been a young soldier in General Sherman's army in 1865, and had been wounded in a skirmish near the Lenoir home; of how Mildred's mother, a girl in her 'teens, and Aunt Lucy had picked up the suffering lad and conveyed him secretly to an attic room and there nursed him until his recovery; of how they had learned to love each other passionately, but on account of sectional antagonism had never married.

"Now den, Miss Mildred," said Aunt Lucy, after relating the story, "de las' thing your mudder sed ter me afore she died wus, 'Lucy, take care of my little girl; she will be happy some day; when she is, give her de key to de attic room; dere she will find a casket of old letters.'"

A moment later a large rusty key lay in Mildred's lap and Aunt Lucy walked rapidly away. Gazing into each others eyes, each realizing in the other the world itself, the lovers instinctively drew nearer to each other and whispered in the self same words, "Love complete in the second generation."

The Aaron Burr Conspiracy

Was Aaron Burr guilty of treason? Nearly every one of today feels that he was, yet the direct evidence of his conspiracy against the United States government is scarce indeed.

By the year 1805 Burr was a desperate man. He had gained admiration and honor and had even climbed to a place in the government of the nation second only to President Jefferson himself. When his term of Vice-President expired, he ran for governor of New York on the Federalist ticket, but was defeated because of the adverse stand taken by the great Federalist chieftian, Alexander Hamilton. Burr was a man who could not stand defeat; when he killed Hamilton in a duel, his political opportunity in the North was lost.

Being a man of brilliant parts, with an insatiable thirst for political power, his thoughts turned towards the younger southewestern part of our country. When he made his trip down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers in 1805, he probably

only hazily dreamed of a plan to separate the Union. However, when he landed at different parts of the new country along which his route led, unlimited honors were showered upon him. The hearts of the people of the new states of Tennessee and Kentucky were fired with admiration for this dashing soldier of poltical fortune, and they tried to induce him to represent them in the national house of representatives. Even the patriotic lawyer and soldier, Andrew Jackson, saw no treasonable designs in the man, and became one of his stronegst adherents. Burr pretended to consider these political offers, chiefly as a cover under which to formulate his ambitious plans in the West. About this time he met his revolutionary acquaintance, General Wilkinson, then commanding the United States army in the West. Wilkinson was known to be in the pay of the King of Spain, and rumors of other acts of disloyalty were afloat. Thus when Burr unfolded to him in a vague way his plans for setting up a government in the southwest, with the possible chance of an invasion and conquest of nearby Spanish territory, Wilkinson, from all that we can learn, fell in with the plan.

Burr then drifted down the river to New Orleans. Here he found Louisiana in a state of ferment. The United States government had only assumed control two years before, and Spanish inhabitants chafed under American authority. Plots to unite with adjoining states, and throw off the American yoke were common talk. Burr immediately saw the possibility of stirring up these people to rebellion, and of becoming their leader. Accordingly he made himself known, in a general sort of way, as the champion of their wrongs and their future deliverer. Leaving a few of his fellow-plotters to mold sentiment and formulate plans, he left for Washington, and reached the capital city in November.

Hopeful of the way his plans were maturing, Burr set out from Washington in 1806, during the month of August. The conspirators meanwhile were negotiating separately with England and Spain for aid in the enterprise. Burr went from Washington to Pittsburg, and from thence to a little island in

the Ohio river. Here his followers flocked to him. On this island he made the friendship of its owner, an Irishman named Harmon Blennerhassette, and induced him to lend money to the cause. The fact that Burr bought a small tract of land with some of the money went far towards proving in his trial for treason, the following year, that his sole object was a big land scheme in the West. He left his small body of men on the island and went down the river to Nashville to enlist the services of Jackson. While away, the government took a hand in the operations on Blennerhassette Island. Burr's men made a slight resistance, and this act of treason, happening when Burr was away, was another fact that weighed heavily in his favor later when the trial came off. Sixty of Burr's men set out from the island and their leader joined them further down stream.

By this time Jefferson was convinced of Burr's treasonable intentions and issued a proclamation stating that various persons were conspiring against the government, and at the same time he issued orders for their arrests. These orders, for some unknown reason, were delayed, and Burr was allowed to go down the Mississippi as far as Natchez, all the while winning followers to his side. At Natchez he was stopped by order of Wilkinson who had turned against him and was awaiting him at New Orleans with a large force. Burr now believing that his plan was destined to failure, surrendered to the officer at Natchez, but on the trial the grand jurors refused to indict him, and even pronounced his arrest a grievance. Burr realizing that the government at Washington was relentlessly bent upon his ruin, disguised himself and escaped into the wilderness. He remained in hiding for a month, and was finally captured near Mobile, Alabama, on his way to Florida.

He was carried before the Supreme Court at Richmond, which was presided over by Chief Justice Marshall. He was indicted for treason, but the only act of treason—that of levying war against the government—occurring on Blennerhassette Island, while Burr was absent, he was acquitted of the charge.

Strange to say, this bit of American history—the only

romantic though treasonable conspiracy against the government of the nation—has not yet been uncovered clearly by historians. Perhaps in the future a thorough search of the archives of England, Spain, and Mexico will throw more light upon the subject and prove to future generations what really were the designs of the mysterious mind of Aaron Burr.

W. L. A., '12.

"In Memory."

Often do I sit and ponder
  O'er the days now past and gone;
Living o'er again with pleasure,
  Days of youth's bright early dawn.

It was then that first I met you,
  Nothing then but just a child,
Whose dimpled cheek and rosy face did
  Ever wear a pleasant smile.

Since that time you have grown older,
  Grown into a lady fair;
Still there is in your possession
  Those dimpled cheeks and dark-brown hair.

Not long since I sat beside you,
  Looked into those hazel eyes;
And their beauty was far greater
  Than the rainbow in the skies.

It was there those pleasant mem'ries
  Of those days now passed away,
Came with force even greater,
  And I could not quell their stay.

And to-night still they do haunt me,
  The mem'ries of that maiden fair,
Who has still in her possession
  Those dimpled cheeks and dark-brown hair.

———? '12.

Thera

The smoke of the toiling engine had scarcely disappeared in the thin air, and at times the echo of its shrill whistle could be heard far away among the mountains. Seated in the most comfortable chair on the piazza, the newly arrived guest leaned back in supreme content, while the little old lady opposite, her face lighted up with pleased pride at again having her stalwart nephew with her, carried on most of the conversation.

"John," she said after a short silence, "Eva Denton 'phoned over here about an hour before you came that she was going to have a party tonight, and that you must be sure to come."

Fielding groaned; to be dragged off to one of Eva Denton's everlasting parties on the first night of his much-needed vacation. From the other side of the piazza his uncle laughed at his predicament. But he had to go. That night at twelve o'clock, when she heard his steps in the hall, his aunt went back to sleep with the comforting thought that his night's rest would not be so broken into after all.

But long afterward John Fielding sat at the window looking down into the dark valley, the frown on his brow showing that the problem over which he was pondering was not pleasant in all its aspects. As for Eva Denton and her gay mountain guests, it was as though he had not seen them, for his thoughts were of one of the party alone. Fresh and vivid in his mind was the imaged delicacy of her clear-cut features and the steady glance of her fine dark eyes, all suggestive of strength and grace of character, and of a culture and refinement entirely foreign to the rude mountain neighborhood.

Then—, and his face hardened as the perplexing problem again became uppermost, what was the reason of her coldness and reserve? Had his natural, unstudied efforts to please been deliberate insults, he could scarcely have merited such rebuffs, the more cutting because of the quiet, even grave way in which they were given. Yet, despite the just cause for resentment, he could scarcely refrain from cursing himself for the stinging retort with which he had finally left her, for somehow the memory of the look in her eyes made him feel that possibly he

had wounded one who was far from deserving it.

"Aunt Mary," he asked next day, "is that Miss Ward the one you have been speaking of? I thought she and her mother always spent their summers abroad."

"Yes, it is Thera Ward. Her mother was too weak to travel this summer, so they remained at home, for the first time since Mr. Ward's death, fifteen years ago. Thera has always been very nice to me; did you like her?"

Fielding was silent a moment, then merely replied that she seemed very reserved.

"She is always quiet, but I have never found her cold," his aunt responded. "They have very little to do with the people of the neighborhood, and scarcely any one ever sees Mrs. Ward." She paused a moment and looked at Fielding, then added: "I have heard that Thera cares little for the society of young men."

Fielding bit hard into the chip of pine he was thoughtfully chewing.

"So I gathered," he dryly remarked.

A month passed and Fielding became brown from continued exposure to wind and weather, while his muscles grew hard again with the daily exercise of his mountain climbing and canoeing upon the little river. And, short though the space of time it filled, no small part of his life were the occasional meetings with Thera Ward.

But now, as he stood on the bluff above the stream, his anger flamed again at this latest cut. That he ever could have brought himself to so far swallow his pride as to be willing to continue an acquaintance, characterized by a distant reserve on her part that at times amounted to apparent distaste, he could scarcely understand. And with sneering contempt of himself he thought how fitting it was that a petty infringement of mere formality should have given her the opportunity to end the acquaintance. Yet the memory of those moments when she temporarily forgot herself, when a spirit rarely beautiful in its unconscious charm seemed about to break through the cold shell, and of the fleeting look of pain he had seen in her

eyes even as her words cut him to the quick—even his angry resolve could not conquer.

Two hundred feet below him the waters of the little mountain river swept noisily around the base of the bluff into the calmer water of the mill pond, then after their temporary rest went swiftly on their way through the ten-mile gorge that led to the foot-hills. The long summer drought had been broken the week before, and the rain since had been continual. For the past thirty-six hours the heavy black clouds had hung over the range of mountains twenty miles away in which the river had its source, and as he looked across the valley and over the shoulder of the mountain opposite, Fielding saw the great black mass still lying low upon the range, but as though it were coming nearer. Amid the trash of the rapidly rising river were half a dozen logs, representatives of the several thousand that had been gathered on its banks in the mountains during the drought.

Hardly conscious of what he was doing, Fielding wandered down the path to the mill. As he started across the rock and cement structure of the dam, he came suddenly to the realization of the swiftness with which the river was rising, for the sluiceway, under all ordinary circumstances fully adequate for the flow of water, now fell so far short of carrying off the overflow that the water was beginning to trickle over the dam itself.

On the bank just below the dam the half-dozen canoes of the neighborhood were usually drawn up, but now he noticed that one of the number was missing, and a glance served to show him that it was Thera Ward's. He stopped a moment in indecision. Had the stream been at its ordinary height he would have gone back the way he came immediately, for he had no desire to meet Miss Ward. But the river threatened to reach flood stage within an hour, and at such times the current in the gorge was so swift that it taxed the strength of a man to make headway against it even for a short distance. For ten miles the steep rock walls of the canyon made it impossible to land save upon two or three small, rocky islands in mid-stream.

The water was rising at a rate he had never known before, and as the thought of the girl's peril came fully to his mind, he ran down to the bank. Seated in his own canoe, with a strong shove he forced it well into the current and plied his paddle with all speed. The approaching clouds had so overshadowed the afternoon sky that the gorge was in a murky, half light, and the fitful gusts of the rising wind gave every indication of a storm. Impelled by the current and the powerful strokes of the paddle the canoe shot down stream, while Fielding looked with growing anxiety for some trace of Thera. Save for the swishing of the water along the banks and the steady pour of the eddies around the projecting rocks, the river ran in silence, for the channel was straight and smooth. The noise of the water falling from the dam seemed to come from only a few yards away, and was fast increasing.

Almost a mile from the dam he passed the first island and was approaching another, when, to his great relief, he saw the little canoe drawn up on the rocks at its head. But the relief turned to a sudden fear when he reached the island, for the canoe was half afloat and in it lay the remains of a broken paddle. Leaping upon the rocks, he ran up the low bank, shouting Thera's name as he did.

The answer was immediate, and Thera herself appeared amid the scrubby undergrowth a few feet beyond him. She did not seem at all frightened, but her relief was evident. On his part, now that he knew she was safe, Fielding assumed a cold dignity, for he did not care for her to believe that he had hunted her up from any choice of his own.

"I was passing the island," he merely said, "and when I saw the canoe I feared something had happened to you."

But she paid no attention to his coldness of manner.

"I was going back upstream," she explained, "when my paddle broke, so I had to land where I could. I am so glad you came, for I would have had to spend the night here."

There was not the slightest trace of reserve in her tone; she saw that his coming was on her account alone, and her appreciation was plain.

Fielding had turned back to the water's edge, and as she followed him, a single glance at the flying current showed her the impossibility of forcing the canoe against it. Fielding, however, seemed to be listening to the falling of the water over the dam, and the grave anxiety in his face warned her that there was some greater cause for fear. Every moment the stream had been rising, and, shut in by the enclosing walls, the roar of the falling flood as it poured over the dam filled the gorge with its thunder. She now divined the cause of his uneasiness.

"You are not afraid that the dam will break, are you?" she asked. "I thought that granite wall could stand anything."

"It would probably stand the flood pressure, but there is what I am afraid of," and he pointed out in the stream. The surface of the water was dotted with logs, and those which were near they could see were battered and scarred by the blows against the rocks. As she listened Thera caught the sound of the ceaseless pounding of the great logs against the granite as they struck the dam and were hurled over to the river bed thirty feet below.

"I see what you mean," she said slowly, "it may go any minute, and if it does, this island is too low to save us from the water. Is there anything we can do?"

"Only one thing," he replied quietly, as he rose and stood by her, "we must be on that high island about a quarter of a mile below here when the flood comes. But there is only one chance in fifty of our making it with these logs filling the stream, so we will wait till we hear the dam breaking, and then race for it. Maybe it will hold."

The wind had now sprung up and swept down the gorge in furious blasts. To steady herself, Thera laid her hand on his arm; Fielding glanced at her face and for the moment became oblivious of storm and flood. Her head was thrown back, and the driving wind blew the great masses of her hair back from her forehead. Even in the gloom caused by the approach of night, and the dense black clouds overhead, he could see that her face was all aglow with excitement, nor was there the shadow of a fear in her dark eyes, in which he fancied he could

see the flash as she watched the whirling river. It was the first time he had seen her under the stress of any emotion. His heart leaped, for it was the woman of whom he had dreamed, and who, despite all the evidence to the contrary, he had all along believed existed beneath the seemingly cold exterior. Completely forgetting himself, he laid his hand upon hers.

"You are not in the least afraid, are you?"

Her low laugh thrilled him as she answered: "Afraid? I glory too much in storms to be afraid of them. And then—, you are going to get me safely through this one, anyhow."

Her voice sank to an undertone, but he fancied that he caught the words "and why should I fear death when I am living under the shadow of what is far worse?"

A log struck the head of the island, and as it was hurled half out of the water Fielding came suddenly to his senses. The flood had not yet reached its heights, the river was now thick with logs and the roar of the falls was deafening. He listened an instant, then said quickly to Thera:

"That dam can't stand ten minutes of this, we must start for the island now. To land I will have to—"

Above the thunder of the falls, louder than the pounding of the logs, came a dull crash, then the roar of the waters drowned out every other sound. The entire dam had given way.

Thera sprang lightly into the bow of the canoe as Fielding shoved it into the current. The stout paddle bent with the force of his strokes and the light vessel hardly seemed to touch the surface of the water. With her hands upon the sides of the canoe, Thera sat erect, never turning her head; close behind them came the mass of logs borne upon the head of the flood from the pond. The canoe now neared the center of the stream, where the logs were thickest, and with a sudden turn of his paddle Fielding sent it fairly in the mesh. Peering ahead through the gloom, with every sense alert, he threaded his way among the logs, whose merest touch would have capsized his light vessel or crushed it like an egg shell. Now forcing it ahead with all his strength, now holding it back to keep out of a jam, or nearly up-setting it as he turned at right angles to

avoid the logs that twisted, turned and cris-crossed in the current, he steadily approached the island.

As they passed the rocks at its head, the water suddenly rose, the flood was upon them.

"Hold steady," he shouted at the top of his voice to Thera as she turned her head. Throwing the paddle in the canoe he seized an over-hanging sappling with both hands, at the same time catching the seat beneath his knees. He was jerked half out of the canoe as it swung round against the bank, but held fast while Thera sprang out upon the bank. A moment later canoe and all were safe upon the top of the island, while the foaming wall of water swept by six feet below and the locked mass of logs struck the head of the island a blow that shook the very granite ledge upon which they stood.

From the scene the narrow top of the little island presented half an hour later, no one could have imagined the peril through which the two had just passed. In a sheltered place among the rocks Fielding had built a fire of sticks and rotten wood which he had collected. He had arranged all the dry leaves he could find in a pile near the fire to serve as Thera's couch when she should wish to retire. Thera herself sat upon a stone and held out her hands to the blaze which the chill wind made very acceptable, while Fielding half reclined near her, never tiring of watching her face.

"As comfortable as though we were in our respective homes, are we not, Mr. Fielding?" she had gayly asked.

But Fielding only nodded emphatically, not daring to trust himself to words. And just as though they had been in either of their homes they whiled the hours away as the conversation ran easily along lines light, serious, or conventional. And each moment that passed, it semed to Fielding, added to the spell of her voice and to the glow of the changing lights of her eyes.

"I wonder what time it is?" she exclaimed suddenly. The surge and splash of the waters around the island had died to a not unpleasing murmur, while from above came the noise of the stream as it tumbled over the rocks of the ruined dam.

Fielding reached for his watch.

"Eleven o'clock," he answered carelessly.

She looked at him suspiciously and drew out her own tiny time-piece.

"Your watch must be slow," she replied calmly, "mine says it is one o'clock."

"Let's go down and look at the river," he suggested, and with the slight assistance of his hand, she clambered down over the rocks and through the scrubby trees as easily as though she were merely descending a flight of stairs. A minute later they stood by the water's edge, and accustomed though they were to the splendid beauties of the mountains, both looked upon the scene in wonder.

No vestige of a cloud remained in the sky, and the moon shone full upon the granite wall opposite, while the moss of the mountain on the other side lay in shadow. The river was fast returning to its normal level and was running with scarcely a ripple to break the silver sheen upon it. The great mountains beyond the gorge, crowned by the magic of the moonlight, the sheer walls of the canyon, even the river itself—all seemed to sleep.

Upon Thera the effect was marked. Her manner up to now had been almost vivacious, but Fielding, quick to note any change, saw the glow upon her face disappear, and in its place there came a repose that was strongly tinged with sadness. She turned and met his gaze. He never turned his eyes, but looked full into hers.

Her face paled suddenly, and a look of pain came into her eyes. Without a word she started up the bank, and Fielding silently came by her side, helping her up the rocks. At the edge of the hollow he stopped and mustered all his self-control.

"Good night," he said cheerfully as he started back, but she only nodded.

Seated on the rock ledge of the bank, he gazed into the swift stream as the slow hours passed. Twice he slipped up to the hollow to replenish the fire, returning as silently as he came. Finally the moon went down behind the mountain wall on the

right, leaving the valley in darkness. A little later the first faint streaks of day appeared, and soon the peaks and the western side of the gorge were clad in the sober gray of the dawn. Fielding arose and stretched his cramped limbs, then turned to see Thera standing above, gravely regarding his resting place. Possibly it was the gray light, but it seemed to him she was a little pale. But her voice was even enough as she bowed, and asked with mock gravity, while the suspicion of a smile curved her lips:

"I suppose you rested well, Mr. Fielding?"

He reddened a little, as he assured her that he had.

"And may we go now?" she asked carelessly, passing over his inquiries as to her own rest.

"At once," he replied, "we will be at home before anyone is awake. You need only explain to the housekeeper, and your mother will never know you have been gone, while my dear old aunt will only wonder why I came back from my friend's house so early."

She was very quiet on the way up the stream, only replying in a word or two to his occasional question, and not wishing to force her into conversation, he, too, soon lapsed into silence.

As they landed at the mill the first rays of the sun were gilding the peaks above, and about a quarter of an hour later they reached the steps to her home.

She held out her hand.

"Good-bye," she said simply.

He held it a moment.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked quietly.

Her face grew even paler, and into her eyes came the same look of pain he had seen the night before. She withdrew her hand as she replied, while in her tone he caught the suggestion of the old coldness.

"I don't know, Mr. Fielding," and she started up the steps. At the top she paused and said in the same tone:

"Perhaps I shall be at the cliff some afternoon."

"I will be there every day," he called after her in a low voice, but if she heard him, she gave no sign. As he started

slowly down the mountain side he glanced across to the east. The rosy tints of the sunrise had disappeared, for over the sun had come a somber gray cloud.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fielding."

Even before he could look up the cold precision of the tones struck a chill into his heart. She was very pale, and he could well believe her slight explanation that she had been quite sick for the past week, and unable to leave the house. She now stood as though waiting for what he had to say.

But Fielding was silent. He had feared something of this sort, but a change so complete took him utterly unprepared, and he could only search her face for some explanation. She met his gaze with so cold a glance that he reddened; she turned as though to leave.

"I had understood that you wished to see me about something, Mr. Fielding; I suppose I was mistaken."

"Thera!"

His voice was steady enough now. She faced him again; the cold half-scornful smile might have been in reply to the pleadings of some unfortunate child. She did not wait for him to speak further.

"Mr. Fielding, allow me to save you the trouble of stating your question. You would ask why I am nearly always so calm and self-possessed, and yet at times, that night in the gorge, for instance, appear quite romantic and sentimental. I had thought you would have divined the reason, but for some cause you have not. It is simply this: my nature is quite practical and unemotional ordinarily, but sometimes it is so affected by time and place as to become a victim to a passing sentiment, and you must admit that it was a night to stir the blood of the coldest. But always in the clear light of day this misty sentiment speedily vanishes and I am myself again. I only regret that you should ever have been mistaken as to its cause, or how long it would last.

"And while I am speaking, let me explain why I have seemed so indifferent to your proffered friendship, and I feel sure

you will not misunderstand me. In the first place, I must frankly say that I have never been able to see any good result from such friendships, and besides, the course of my life is now fully laid out. Before his death my father expressed a desire that I might some day marry a distant cousin of mine. That cousin now worthily fills his high position in the world of wealth and influence. But even if I were otherwise averse, the mere fact of my father's wish should be my law."

Even if she had intended to say more, she could easily have told that she had said quite enough. The blood, which at first had slowly left Fielding's face until it became white and strained, now surged back at the call of wounded pride that overmastered all other hurt. Silent in his effort at self-control, he bowed low, with a sweep of his hat, and strode away.

Ten minutes later his aunt heard him at the telephone calling "long distance."

"Hello!" . . . "That Jim Waring?" . . . "Fielding. Is that Philippine appointment open still?" . . . "Very good, I'll take it." . . . "Yes, I can leave in half an hour and have my luggage sent later. Good-bye."

Tears started to her eyes; she had thought he had entirely given out the idea.

Half an hour later the little mountain train toiled past the old mill. From the window a grim-faced young man waved toward the old couple standing on the piazza. But as the train came opposite the cliff he turned away; had he not done so, even then he might have caught sight of a motionless figure among the rocks.

The September sun was hot and the shade looked very inviting to Fielding as he rode up. Swinging himself from the saddle, he gave the reins to the swarthy Filipino and seated himself in a camp chair. Fourteen months of tropical sun had tanned his skin to a dark bronze, and his close set jaw was even leaner than before.

A boy came silently up and handed him two letters. One he

saw was from his aunt. The writing on the other was unfamiliar and the postmark blurred.

As he ran through his aunt's letter he came upon the first mention of Thera's name since he had left home. Of her mother's death the preceding January he had learned from another source, but nothing else. In her quaint, rambling way his aunt told of Thera's recent return from Europe, where she had been traveling with her cousin and his wife, for a few weeks' stay before leaving for the city where she was going to make her home with her uncle. She spoke of the change in Thera, of her unaccustomed warmth of manner toward every one, in contrast with her former reserve, then went on to tell of other things.

With an eagerness that he himself could hardly have explained, Fielding opened the other letter. Without address or greeting, it started:

"Whatever your thoughts at receiving this letter, I only ask that you withhold criticism until you have read it through, and that you judge as leniently as you may; for, believe me, it is far from easy to write under such circumstances. For eight months I have known I was in honor bound to write this letter, but it was only until now that I could make up my mind.

"When I was four years of age my father and mother moved from the city to the home where you first knew me. I have a vivid recollection of the two years that followed and which preceded my father's death. I was devoted to him, and asked for nothing more than to play round him. But as time went on two physicians came to be in constant attendance upon him, and I found that the times when I was excluded from his room became more frequent. The sounds from the room came to my listening ear, I suppose, in magnified form, for as I remember it, there were such inarticulate cries and blood-chilling groans that those periods came to have a nameless horror to me, while at times I saw my mother habitually calm, though she was completely overcome. Once as he held me in his arms I heard my father pray that I might die before the dread disease seized me.

"When I was thirteen my mother had one of those same physicians examine me, and a snatch of his advice to her to "say nothing to her of the fact that it had seized on each one of the family for four generations, for the thought alone would drive her insane," gave me, as I thought, the clue. Intensely imaginative, even to morbidness, I worked out the pitiful tragedy to which I condemned myself. No need to give the steps by which I reached the conclusion, but from the facts which I have given, and from many distorted bits of family history, I decided that the malady which had seized upon my father's family with such fatal persistence was insanity, and feeling so strongly my bond with his spirit, I looked forward to nothing else than its development in myself.

"Do you wonder that I drew into a shell? There were no confidences between my mother and myself, so there was no human being in whom I could confide, and, determined to make my isolation complete, I defended myself when necessary with retorts that wounded me thrice more bitterly than they ever could have hurt their object.

"At my mother's death last January I learned that it was consumption of which my father had died, and that it was to guard against it that I had been secluded in this mountain neighborhood. At least, it must be said that my mother did her part well.

"So now I ask that you go over every detail of our acquaintance in the light of what I have said. To you, who so unselfishly jeopardized your life for mine, with no word of thanks or appreciation in return, I have felt that this explanation was due, for when you left me that day on the cliff, I knew that I had succeeded only too well in making you despise me above all other creatures. For the reasons that I have given I had resolved that you should never more wish to seek my friendship, and what I said that day was only the means I used.

"That you would ever be my friend again I have never hoped, but only that you might think a little more kindly of

Thera Ward."

The smoke of the little engine hung thick over the valley as it toiled on its way up into the mountains. At the sharp click of the stone under foot the figure on the cliff turned, and once more Fielding faced Thera Ward. She started in utter amazement, and the color in her cheeks came and went, in her momentary confusion. She quickly recovered herself and welcomed him as she would have a long absent friend, but then her eyes fell before his continued gaze, and the blood crimsoned her cheek again.

"Thera!" All the hope and longing of his heart, with its accompanying fear, were in the word. "I have come twelve thousand miles to find what you could have told me in one word in that letter. Thera——"

Her low laugh thrilled him again as once it had before, while in her eyes there dawned the light of her answer.

R. L. M. '12.

The Moulding of Character

L. B. WANNAMAKER, '15.

Character is one of the greatest motive powers in the world, it is the noblest of all possessions. Although genius always commands admiration, character most secures respect. The former is more the product of brain power, the latter of heart power; and in the long run it is the heart that rules in this life.

A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it. When a young man leaves home with his mother's blessing and once loses that early purity of character, it is a loss which he can never make whole again.

Home is the first and most important school of character. It is mainly in the home that the heart is opened, the habits are formed, the intellect is awakened, and character moulded for good, or for evil. Thus the home may be regarded as the most influential school of civilization. For after all, civilization mainly resolves itself into a question of individual training; and according, as the respective members of society are well or

ill trained in youth, so will the community which they constitute be more or less humanized and civilized. The training of any man, even the wisest, cannot fail to be powerfully influenced by the moral surroundings of his early years.

The child learns by simple imitation, and his first great instructor is example. Models are, therefore, of every importance in moulding the nature of the child; and if we would have fine characters, we must necessarily present before them fine models. Now the model most constantly before every child's eye is the mother. "One good mother," said George Herbert, "is worth a hundred schoolmasters." And Emmerson says, broadly and truly, that, "a sufficient measure of civilization is in the influence of a good woman." The good home is, therefore, the best of schools, not only in youth, but in age. There young and old best learn cheerfulness, patience, self-control, and the spirit of service and of duty.

The school has also much to do with the formation of character. Home is succeeded, in the more artificial education, by the school with its companionship of friends and comrades, which continues to mould the character by the powerful influence of example. "Knowledge is the seat of conviction," therefore knowledge and conviction determine life, and life is character. Properly understood and estimated, we think knowledge the most vital of all subjects, because education, and the use of it, always settles not only what a man is, but also all questions with which he deals and to which he is in any way related.

It is a common saying that men are known by the company they keep. Association with persons wiser, better, and more experienced than ourselves is always more or less inspiring and invigorating. Courage, work, self-control, duty, truthfulness, manners, and the reading of good books, all these qualities, and many more, are needed to form a noble character. To be worth anything, character must be capable of standing firm upon its own feet in the world of daily work, temptation and trial, and able to withstand the wear and tear of actual life. It is only by mixing in the daily life of the world and taking part in its affairs that practical knowledge can be acquired and wisdom

learned. It is only by going through suffering that we accomplish great things. The brave man will not be baffled, but tries and tries again until he succeeds. The work of many of the greatest men, inspired by duty, has been done amidst suffering and difficulty. They have done their duty, and have been content to die. But death hath no power over such men; their hallowed memories still survive to soothe and purify and bless us.

Admiration of great men, living or dead, naturally evokes imitation of them in a more or less great degree, and well may one take for his model the life of Washington, whose greatness did not so much consist in his intellect, his skill, and his genius, as in his honor, his truthfulness, his integrity, his high and controlling sense of duty—in a word, in his genuine nobility of character. Washington has left behind him, as one of the greatest treasures of his country, the example of a stainless life—of a great, honest, pure and noble character. Indeed he is a model for his nation to form themselves by, in all time to come. Let him be our ideal.

"The Brown Opal"

"Pardon me, sir," and as the well-groomed young man turned he noted that the voice did not match the ill-kept clothes and marks of poverty, "but would you give me dinner?" and added with an air of dejection, "This is Christmas day."

This simple request, coming as it did without any explanation or hard-luck story, made the younger man grow suddenly curious.

"Well, why not give this man dinner?" he asked himself.

"Come, I haven't given any presents; yours shall be a dinner," he said aloud.

The simple "Thank you, sir," stirred within him a feeling of human fellowship. Something he could not define drew him to the stranger. Queer things happen in this old world, for which no one can account; yet in its queerness there is a goodness.

The contrast, marked as it was—one straight, well-groomed, with eyes bright and alert, showed that the world had smiled on him; the other bent, haggard, sad-eyed and scarred with poverty—could not banish that bond of human fellowship.

"My man," and he looked at the older man questioningly, "your face and language belie your condition, tell me your story?"

"Would you care to hear it, sir?" and his eyes grew misty. "I have never, but if you are sure I will not bore you I would love to tell you. My heart is breaking."

"I am listening."

"You have heard," his voice grew eager, "of the legend regarding the brown opal of Northern India, where lovers, when bethrothed, exchange these stones, and when either proves false the fire dies, leaving the opals dull and sombre?"

The listener nodded and looked out into the hurrying crowd. Did he remember the legend? My God! Could he forget it? Never! Three nights before the memorable Calcutta, it was burned into his soul in letters of fire. He could see her now, the moon making her gloriously beautiful——

"Ten years ago, in this northern province, I met her." The old man's voice recalled him again to a consciousness of the surroundings.

"I joined the party, and two weeks later we were at Naples. It was a case of love at first sight. The moment her hand touched mine I knew something had come into my life that would have to be conquered or fought always. One night while we watched the moon rise over the beautiful, mystical bay, I whispered to her that burning passion of my life. I tore open my heart secrets to her; I told her she alone could make me happy, and she answered, 'You may be happy.' We exchanged rings.

"I left them at Naples with her promise to be in New York in September—that was June. All went well for a time, then I received some letters I had written her, marked, 'Unable to deliver,' 'Arrived too late.' Following these a letter from her

telling me she heard I was engaged to a girl in Chicago, and breaking the engagement.

"The fire in my stone went out, as you may see," and he passed him a ring of queer design, set with an opal—brown and lifeless.

"I knew she would sail for New York in a week, and when she arrived I could explain it all. Yet, I was worried almost beside myself. Each day grew longer—I became fretful, and could not remember things.

"She sailed September the first, and on the fifth I had to leave the office. I went to the theatre. I tried to eat, and at last resorted to sleep, but nothing seemed to quiet me. At last I fell into a fitful, nervous slumber.

"I dreamed—O God! Would I could forget that night, and all else—I was on board the ship, and that a storm came up. We rushed on deck to find the crew in mutiny. I seized the girl in my arms just as a great wave swept the deck. We were thrown down a companion way and almost drowned. Again we climbed on deck. The boats were gone, and the wind was tearing the rigging away like so much chaff. The lights went out. I can hear the screams of women and curses of men even now. I gathered the girl in my arms to quiet her sobs—there was a grating sound, a mighty jar, as the ship was driven on the rocks. The deck heaved as with a mighty sigh, then went to pieces. I remember the waters closing over us—then coming up. Then she was torn from my arms.

"I awoke with a start to find it a dream, but shake it off I could not. The more I told myself it was only a dream, the less satisfied I grew. To wait was all. That afternoon the papers told the story—the ship had gone down. O, God, she was lost!

"I lost interest in my business, my friends, and everything. In three weeks I was a pauper, and have been in the condition you see me ever since. The whole world seemed worthless—nothing seemed worth while. Had I been coward enough, I would have taken my life. I have prayed many times that I might pass into the great beyond." He ceased speaking and

dropped his head upon his arms. Tears had moistened his eyes.

The younger man studied the gray head, and then asked, "what ship did she sail on?"

The tramp raised his head, and his voice came faint and hollow:

"L———."

The eyes of his questioner grew wide, and a look of horror spread over his face—"My God, she was my sister!"

The man's head sank on his arms once more—for the last time. His host looked out into the crowd with hard, stern face. The icy finger of sorrow had opened again the wounds. He remembered all now. His guest had passed over the great divide—the noble heart in sorrow had burst.

He looked wonderingly at the brown opal, and the fire was burning again in its heart.

B. H. '12.

My Inspiration

O'er the hills that wintry night,
The moon was shining soft and bright,
And fallen leaves, crisp and sere,
Lay thickly scattered everywhere.

My lonely soul, o'ercome with grief,
Disturbed and shaken as a leaf,
Sought the night's embracing air
Beneath the moonlight's friendly care.

But lo! above the silvery veil,
A heavenly form so fair and frail,
Richly clad in snowy white,
Seemed to burst upon my sight.

Her gentle spirit soothed my fears
As I beheld in silent tears,
For lo! she walked close by my side—
How frail a creature for a guide!

Calmly on the frosty air
I heard her whisper soft and clear,
"Thou art all to me, my love,
E'en though my spirit dwells above.

"I ne'er shall cease both night and day
To watch thee lest thou go astray."
My drooping spirit seemed to rise
As I beheld her brilliant eyes.

"Before the angels claimed thee, dear,
'Twas thou alone who brought me cheer,
And now my soul shall ask to live
Up to the message thou dost give."

A silvery cloud of snowy white
Snatched her from my eager sight,
But ah! those eyes I always see,
'Tis they who cheer and comfort me.

M. B. P. '14.

Rings

BADGER, '12.

After the loud burst of laughter which followed Heyward's tale, they all turned to Bolton, whose turn it now was. He tilted back his chair and, lighting his pipe, told the following tale:

Abbott slammed the door of the office with a frown on his face. On the street, he roughly shouldered his way through the crowd till he reached the garage where he had left his machine. He was in no pleasant mood, and he knew that he would only feel better from a long, hard drive among the hills near the city.

He threaded his way slowly through the streets thronged with the home-going crowds. Nearing the city limits, he speeded up his machine and listened with a smile to the pleasant hum of the gears as the huge car was hurled over the smooth road. But suddenly the smile left his face. He was

passing a magnificent country home. He now wished that he had not come this way, for she was very probably in there watching him pass, alone in his big car. The cause of his anger flashed again through his mind. How was he to be blamed for the breaking down of his car when he had started to take her to the dance at the Country Club?

Speeding around a curve a moment later, these reflections were suddenly broken off; there by the road he saw her big red machine. As he drew near he saw her on the other side of the car, opening the tool kit. A broad smile spread over his face, but he quickly remembered, and when she looked up, she caught only a most distantly polite expression. She flushed, but did not speak.

Abbott broke the silence, "Excuse me, but can I be of any help to you?"

"None whatever," she answered, her eyes flashing.

"So you are sure that I can do nothing for you," he said, turning to his car.

"Well, I," she hesitated, "I can't start it."

Abbott threw his hat and coat into his car without replying, and rolling up his sleeves, he raised the hood of her machine. He saw immediately the trouble. A bolt had slipped from the timer, and he saw it caught in the apron under the engine. Crawling under the machine, he fished it out of the dust and grease. As he started out, he saw her standing near the car. She looked unusually pretty, flushed as she was by the glow of the setting sun, thoughtfully tapping her skirt with her gloves. Suddenly he hit upon an idea. Dropping the bolt and covering it in the sand, as he crawled out, he brazenly faced her.

"Excuse me, Miss Waverly," he lied, "a tap has been lost from the timer and it is impossible to fix it without one. I am sorry that it has happened so, but I will have to offer my services that you may get home."

She hestitated a moment, then turned to his car. When he had handed her to the seat, he opened the hood. Pretending to oil the fan, he jerked the ground wire from the engine. Then he adjusted the throttle and cranked. But the engine gave no

response. He fixed the spark and cranked again, but still the engine did not start. With a well simulated sigh of despair, he took out his tool kit and crawled under the car. Scraping some grease off the engine and rubbing it on his face and arms to carry further his deception, he took the hammer and began pounding on the engine.

"Joe," he heard very plaintively.

He stopped hammering. "What! getting angry again?" and he banged away furiously.

"O, Joe," he heard again, after a minute. "I——"

Joe was lying on his back listening eagerly. He was smiling up at the bottom of the car as he absent-mindedly drew rings around his mouth with grease from the engine.

"Joe, dear," she said, stepping out and standing near the car, "I'm not angry at all now, and I'm awfully sorry———"

Joe, seeing her there, jumped up and grasping her outstretched hands, looked frankly into her eyes.

"It's all right now, little girl," he said, as he grounded the wire on the engine. She watched him closely as he cranked the enigne. It started with a hum.

It had gotten dark now, and lighting the lamps, he turned the car homeward. She watched the lights in the passing farm houses for a while, then she asked suddenly:

"Joe, did you stop this car purposely?"

There was no answer from Joe as he watched the brightly lighted road ahead.

"Well, I don't care," she said thoughtfully, "because this is the best ride we've ever had."

"The very best," she added a moment later, leaning closer, as he took a curve at high speed. Joe slipped his arm about her and smothering her further speech with kisses, he endeavored to convince her that he was of the same opinion.

Her mother met them at the door as they sprang, laughing, up the steps.

"Why, Margaret, what in the world!" she exclaimed, looking from her face to Joe's.

"The car broke down and we—" she broke off as she caught

a glimpse of her face in the mirror. There were rings of grease around her mouth and on her cheeks.

"And we made up," Joe finished, as Margaret dashed upstairs.

Hebraism

I. STUDENTS.

Behold, a professor went forth to lecture. And as he lectured, some ideas fell on the ears of the college swell, and the thoughts of going down town next hour came and devoured them up. And some fell upon dreamers, where there was no depth of mind, and forthwith they sprang up and said, That is fine. But when they left the class-room the ideals toppled, and because they had no root, they withered away. And some fell among sports and idlers: and the thoughts of girls, the next football game, and wishes for dopes, all came in and choked them. But others fell upon receptive ears and brought forth fruit, and on examination some made seventy, some eighty and some an hundred.

II. SPORTS.

Blessed is the student that walketh not in the council of the sport, nor standeth in the way of idlers, nor sitteth in the seat of the slothful. But his delight is in his studies, and in those pages doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted on the campus: he is green at first, but he will bring forth his fruit in his season; the leaves of his books shall not cease for multitudes, and whatsoever he doeth might prosper.

The sports are not so: but are like the blockheads which the professors flunk out. Therefore, the sports shall not stand on examination, nor idlers in the body of the studious. For the professor knoweth the way of the studious, but the way of the sport leadeth down to a four.

III. GERMAN.

My son, forget not my German, but let thine heart keep my vocabularies. Trust in the professor with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding, which is naught. Hap-

py is the man that findeth German, and the man that getteth on to the Deutsch tongue; for the quoting of it before your girl is better than the quoting of "Steamboat Bill." It is almost as good as chocolates, and all the taffy that thou canst give her is not to be compared unto it. Ah, but hard study is in its right hand, and in its left hand much late studying. Its ways are ways of work, and all its paths are trouble. But, my son, let it not depart from thy head on examination.

IV. PSYCHOLOGY.

Professor Rembert is my teacher. I shall not want for Psychology. He maketh me to study at all times. He leadeth me bside the awful physiological neurones which convey emotions. He restoreth my hope of passing; he leadeth me in the paths of Psychology for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley with flunkers, I will fear no evil, for he is with me; his teaching and his lecturing, they comfort me. He delivereth a lecture before me in the presence of my fellow students; he anointeth my brain with ideas, my mind runneth over. Surely thoughts and ideas will follow me all the days that I am here, and I will not dwell in this college forever.

A. W. A. '12.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

The Woodrow Wilson League

The steps taken by the students of the University of South Carolina and the University of Virginia in forming what is known as "The Woodrow Wilson League of College Men," is to be commended by all supporters of Governor Wilson. Its object is to promote the candidacy of Woodrow Wilson for President in 1912. It has met with the approval of many of Wilson's friends, and they believe it a wise step for the college men to take who want Wilson for President.

We believe that this movement should be considered and promoted in every college where it is practicable. Truly, Wilson is the college man's candidate, and such a step taken by the students of the country in their characteristic enthusiasm will aid materially in bringing about the object of the movement.

His entrance into public life is hoped to be a beginning of a new era in the political world, namely, "the re-entrance into political life of the better elements of society." This is bound to arouse greater interest among the people concerning our public affairs, and should not only make Wilson the college man's candidate but also the candidate of every true and all-round citizen.

The main significance that the league will have will be to arouse among the student bodies of the land a greater degree of interest in public things, and to cause them to bend their energies in the effort to influence the public through the press, the platform, and even the stump.

Whatever its outcome, the students of the above named institutions are, as we have already said, to be commended for starting such a movement, and we believe we are safe in saying that Wofford joins in to help advance the adopted slogan: "We Want Wilson."

Rev. R. S. Truesdale

Mr. Truesdale has been in Spartanburg as pastor of Central Methodist church for four years. As is the Methodist rule, he can stay here no longer as pastor of Central church, but must go to some other place. We know that we express the sentiment of every student in college when we say that we hate to see him go. During his four years in Spartanburg he has been constantly with us and among us, and the consequence is that he has won the love and respect of every man who has known him. Everyone must love and admire him because of his qualities as a pastor, as a teacher, and as a man, but as a man we love him most of all. His bright smile and hearty handshake greeted everybody at all times, and that kind word he had for every one to whom he spoke made for him friends of all. We admire him and are loath to see him leave us, because, as has been said of him before, "he has entered our lives through genial companionship, and won our love through his love for us, touched us through his heart-to-heart preaching, and inspired us through his example of vigorous manhood, unblemished character, and overflowing heart."

The Annual

The following was handed to us by the Editor-in-Chief of the annual, which we are glad to publish and heartily endorse. We feel sure that everyone is interested in the subject, and to anyone wishing to see samples of the work of the publishing company the annual staff will be glad to show a good many annuals which they have as specimens of the company's work:

"For four years in succession now the college annual has been published. Yet it would hardly be too much to say that at no time previous to this year was it a settled fact that the annual was to be published until the college year was well under way. This uncertainty arose from conditions which were unfavorable to the annual, and which were a heavy handicap to it. The harmful results of this state of affairs must have been apparent to everyone. At first uncertain of its very publication, the students were naturally doubtful as to its final success, and could hardly be expected to back it enthusiastically. Consequent to this, each management was delayed in getting up material, so that the quality of the annual at times suffered; also, with none too much assurance of financial support, they were usually forced to make terms with publishers that would not provide for a high grade annual.

"However, conditions are now different. To give the various reasons why an annual here is necessary is useless; rather, it would be more to the point to give any which could be brought against it. But to keep up the uncertain method of previous years would be suicidal to the annual itself, and a grave injustice to the students. The annual must become an established fact in college life, to be thought of as just as much a matter of course as the coming of the spring term, when it is usually published; moreover, it must have an established standard of quality below which it shall not by any means fall, and, to assure this standard, there must be a regular, recognized system of charges distributed among the students and organizations, sufficient to guarantee the financial success of the publication.

"Experience here has indicated what has been established as a fact at many other colleges, that to get out a good annual costs comparatively little more than to get out a poor one. By an increased expense, which is hardly to be considered by the side of the advantage to be gained, and by the steady and entire support of the students, an annual may be gotten out here second to none in the State.

"The contract for *The Bohemian,* 1912, has been given to the J. P. Bell Co., of Lynchburg, Va. Everyone knowing anything of their college publications knows that this assures the very best work available. On its part the staff is going to spare no effort to make the annual for this year representative of all the best of Wofford's progress in her various lines, an annual that will be a credit to the college, and a vivid and worthy keep-sake of the college year 1911-'12.

"To do this we must have and confidently expect the heartiest cooperation and support of every man in college."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

R. T. Wilson, Editor.
A. L. Googe, Assistant Editor.

The Palmetto

The November issue of *The Palmetto* contains a number of very creditable articles. The author of the verses, "Thanksgiving," has a keen appreciation of the spirit of this holiday. A few more stanzas would have been welcome. It is seldom that moralizing is acceptable in a college magazine, but in "The Spirit of Thanksgiving" a note is struck that we like, when the author urges that our celebration of Thanksgiving should be "representative of the Americans, as reverent and God-fearing people." "Horticulture in South Carolina" is probably the strongest article in the magazine. The author shows that she is interested in her subject, and succeeds in keeping her reader's attention to the very last. "De Fust Thanksgivin'" is clearly an imitation of the Joel Chandler Harris method of story-telling, but the offense is pardonable; for dialect is usually written for its own sake, and, in this case, it is done with some degree of success.

The Collegian

The Collegian comes to our table with an exquisitely adorned covering. From outward appearance, if you please, this is about the best we have received yet. The first essay, "John C. Calhoun," is full of interest. Many new features of his life are portrayed in this article. We must commend the author on the free flow of appropriate words. "The Soldier of the Common Good" is the best eulogy on the seemingly unheard of man that we have read. A striking contrast is brought out between said man—and the man of world-wide fame. "Love's Labor Lost," mildly expressed, deserves in no sense the title which it bears. Because of lengthy sentences and abrupt

change in scenes, one loses the reality of such a story as is told. In this story, we go from New York to Georgia, and on stopping at the original scene, we find the conditions so favorable that "all the world seems full of love." There "a dove softly cooes," and we hear a "cow-bell tinkling faintly." What a part these doves play in our love-stories! Such expressions as the above could easily have been left out. Then again, the unfortunate girl in question was one of rare beauty, but she was "raised" in the country. The month of November seems to have stirred the souls of several poets. However, we should take the "optimist" point of view as regarding this time of year.

The Emory Phoenix

The Emory Phoenix is one of our valued exchanges. "A Plea for the Common Schools of Georgia" is a well written essay. The author seems to be very optimistic as to Georgia's future men and women. But then a sudden change prevails. The writer carries us into the real condition, and we find that these future men and women are not being properly cared for. From this we learn that the average teacher in Georgia gets only $30 per month for teaching, and then has to wait a year for the meagre pittance offered them. Following this, we find that a great portion of the people in Georgia are illiterate. This is a real live subject for discussion. "Dearest" is a cleverly written short story, full to the brim with real college life. But poor "Billy" had the fate of most of us—left a girl behind—and we presume that she has forgotten him ere this. "The English Poets" is a plea in behalf of Byron. This is well worked out. This magazine taken as a whole deserves credit. The stories and essays are not long, but to the mark. Every department is well gotten up—especially the editorial department.

The Limestone Star

We welcome the November issue of this magazine as the first of the year. "Twilight" shows the merits of a good poem.

The metre is fine, and the rhythm fits the subject. "South Carolina Heroes of the Revolutionary War" brings before us the numerous heroes of the bloody struggles of the Revolution. A better essay could have been written on the lives of any one of these heroes, but we prefer the grouping together of these men, and pointing out the conspicious elements in each. That is, such is best in a college magazine, where an extended study may not be permitted. "The Two Portias"—to tell the truth, we hardly know how to begin. Anyway, this essay shows the power of Shakespeare to characterize his actors with qualities which never go out of existence. From the way this essay opens, we predict a great eulogy on the life of Shakespeare. The opening sentences could be improved upon and made to show what the writer wishes to write about. After having read the "Fall of the Year," we hardly know what autumn is or what to think of it. The story entitled "C" surely does not represent the type of college girls of the present. We trust that the imagination was used freely. Finally there seems to be a lack of originality to the articles of this magazine. Let us confine ourselves to original and live questions. We hope to see the next issue, at least, up to the high standard set by its predecessors.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: *Furman Echo, Pine and Thistle, Brenau Journal, The Erskinian, Hampden-Sydney Magazine, Davidson College Magazine, The Mercerian, The Aurora, The Winthrop College Journal,* and the *University of Oklahoma Magazine.*

CLIPPINGS

WHENCE DERIVED.

Professor—"Mr. Bilton, you will kindly outline briefly the fundamental law against bigamy."

Bilton—"Yes'r, you will find it in the Bible. It says no man can serve two masters."

"Well, you see, some of my family were not able to come on account of sickness," said the citizen, regretfully, "so I have been able to bring only fifty-eight."

ELIGIBLE.

The Girl—No, I don't fall in love with every Tom, Dick and Harry I meet.

The Man—That's right. My name is Jack.

"Aren't you afraid you will catch cold on such a night as this, my boy?"

Bright Boy—"No, sir. Selling papers keeps up the circulation."

ITS COMPLEMENT.

"Pa, why does the eye have lashes?"

"Because it has a pupil, my son."

ECONOMIC FACT.

Marriage on a small salary is a real labor union.

A REASONING BEING.

He—"You weren't at the play last night?"

She—"No."

He—"Oh, you don't know what you missed."

She—"I know I don't. And as long as I don't, it doesn't make any difference, does it?"

MATHEMATICAL.

How to learn the Rule of Three—Live with your wife, your mother, and your mother-in-law.

He's a genius!

What's he ever done?

He has contrived a plan by which he has been able to harness his gas meter and make it run his sewing machine, and work the churn.

THE FIRST OFFENSE.

Tommy (who has been punished)—Mamma, did your mamma whip you when you were little?

Mother—Yes, when I was naughty.

Tommy—And did her mamma whip her when she was little?

Mother—Yes, Tommy.

Tommy—And was she whipped when she was little?

Mother—Yes.

Tommy—Well, who started it, anyway?

MORAL BOTANY.

Jimmy—"Say, papa, what kind of grass is a grass-widow?"

Papa—"Wild oats, my son."

GREEN—OH, SO GREEN!

They were out in the cutter. It was bitter cold.

She—Oh, my fingers are so cold!

He—Well, why didn't you bring a muff?

She—I did.

And he has been wondering ever since as to where she had it, and why she didn't put it to use.

GOING, GOING, GONE.

The three degrees in medical treatment—Positive, ill; comparative, pill; superlative, bill.

COLD STORAGE.

He—Where is the live chicken I brought for our party?

She—I put it in our new ice-box, to keep it fresh until it is killed tomorrow.

WHAT DID HE THINK?

My husband says he always does better work when thinking of me.

I noticed he made a very good job of beating the carpets.

OVERLOOKED HIM.

Two lawyers before a probate judge recently got into a wrangle. At last one of the disputants, losing control of his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent:

"Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to set my eyes upon."

"Order! order!" said the judge gravely. "You seem to forget that I am in the room."

AFFINITY.

To the factory girl with the banana curl,
Said the man with the Adam's apple,
"I can plainly see you're the fruit for me,"
And he led her to the chapel.

NOT A FORECASTER.

"Say, when are you going to pay me that money you owe me?"

"My dear fellow I am not a prophet."

CHANCE TO SAVE.

Ted—"Wouldn't you marry a girl who sued you for a breach of promise?"

Ned—"That would depend on whether she won the suit."

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

G. M. Crum, Editor.

AIDA QUARTEETE.

Because of serious illness on our campus the last number of the Lyceum was held at Converse College Auditorium. An exceedingly large and appreciative audience was present to hear the Aida Quartette and Mr. C. Pol Plancon. These talented musicians delighted their hearers with various selections of very high character, and every number was encored several times. The quartette rendered violin, cornet, trumpet and piano music. Mr. Plancon, who accompanied the instrumental musicians, is a baritone of marked ability.

Among the numbers of special interest was the trumpet quartette, composed of four young women, whose attractiveness and excellent playing completely captured the audience. The usual loud qualities of the trumpets were softened and subdued until the tonal effect was artistic and delicate, and the appreciation of this caused several numbers to be added to the evening's program. Both of the numbers by Mr. Plancon were well received. His second selection from Carmen proved him to be an enthusiastic singer of notable dramatic ability. The audience showed high appreciation of his work by many rounds of applause.

The Wofford Lyceum management has been most successful in obtaining a course filled with beneficial and attractive numbers of a high order. Much praise is due Prof. J. A. Gamewell for his interest and efforts in this direction.

GLEE CLUB.

For the past month or more the young men who compose the College Glee Club have been hard at work preparing their program. Under the direction of Mrs. A. G. Rembert the boys are making fine progress, and expect to be ready for an entertainment by the middle of February. After giving the per-

formance in Spartanburg, the club will begin its annual tour of the state, going from town to town, for ten days or more, looking out for the interests of Wofford, and a "good time."

From the Musical Association twelve voices were selected to represent the college on the trip. Prof. D. A. DuPre is President of the Association, R. E. Moody Vice-President, R. S. Hill Secretary-Treasurer, L. M. Rice Executive Committeeman. While on the trip the club is under the musical direction of Mrs. A. G. Rembert, and managed by R. B. McIver, who is ably assisted by G. M. Crum.

THE CLUB.

First Tenor—Rice, Moody, Anderson, Harley.
Second Tenor—Hill, Monroe, Hamer.
First Bass—McIver, Badger, Morris.
Second Bass—Crum, Sanders.

THE BOHEMIAN.

After considering several propositions, the contract for the publication of our annual has been let to the J. P. Bell Co. The photography is to be done by Mr. R. F. Peterson. The staff exercised much forethought and judgment in selecting these firms to do their work, and are planning to get out the best all-round annual yet seen at Wofford. Mr. R. L. Meriwether, Editor-in-Chief, and Mr. J. B. Kay, Business Manager, are to be commended for their faithful work thus far. From present indications it is safe to say that the prospects for the annual of 1912 are most favorable. The Senior class has assumed an individual and personal obligation to insure the financing, and in this way eliminated, in a great degree, the trouble in regard to lack of ready cash. A large subscription list means a creditable publication and one that we will gladly show to our friends.

ATHLETICS.

Thanksgiving dawned cold and clear, an ideal day for the annual football game between the Senior-Fresh and Junior-Soph teams. A fairly large crowd assembled at 10:30 o'clock

to witness this game. The boys who participated in the contest showed great spirit, and did fine work. On the side lines the interest ran high; close attention and lusty cheering rewarded the efforts of the players. Both teams played hard, fair ball, and the game was exceedingly free from wrangling. The game resulted in a victory for the Junior-Soph by a score of 5 to 0.

For the Junior-Soph, Lake starred at many points of the game. Edens for the Senior-Fresh made two very effective long run tackels preventing two touch downs.

THE LINE-UP:

Junior-Soph.		Senior-Fresh.
Carter, Carmichael	R. E.	Melvin
Patterson	R. T.	Muldrow
Bethea, J.	R. G.	High, Moody, J.
Pitts, Spigner	C.	Hazel, Hoffmeyer
Bomar, Morris	L. G.	Kay, Whitaker
Herlong	L. T.	Syfan
Lake	L. E.	Rice, Moseley, R.
Wharton, Anderson	Q.	Ellerbe
Whitlock, Stilwell	R. H.	Edens
Greene	F. B.	Glenn
Brice	L. H.	Moseley, C.

Subs—Davenport, Morrison, Morris, Fort.

Referee—Mr. Brown; Umpire—Mr. Griffith; Timekeepers—Haynes and Cudd; Head Linesman—Nickels; Time of Halves—25 minutes.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The following is a list of the society officers for the next term:

Calhoun.—President, C. E. Zimmerman; Vice-President, P. M. Hamer; First Critic, R. R. Nickels; Second Critic, B. M. Badger; Third Critic, H. R. Black; First Censor, R. M. Lawson; Second Censor, J. A. Chapman; Recording Secretary, B. M. Asbill; Corresponding Secretary, J. P. Wharton; Monthly Orator, A. S. Calvert.

Carlisle.—President, L. A. Carter; Vice-President, B. F. Cromley; First Critic, B. S. Haynes; Second Critic, R. L. Cox; Third Critic, J. O. Greene; First Censor, P. B. Yarbrough; Second Censor, J. B. Segars; Recording Secretary, W. H. Tiller; Corresponding Secretary, H. P. DuBose.

Preston.—President, W. L. All; Vice-President, H. S. Burdette; First Critic, W. L. Ouzts; Second Critic, C. B. Haynes; First Censor, H. N. Folk; Second Censor, J. C. Harmon; Third Censor, T. C. Herbert; Recording Secretary, C. R. Edwards; Corresponding Secretary, E. R. Morris.

WOFFORD-DAVIDSON DEBATE.

The regular annual debate between Wofford and Davidson was held in Charlotte on the night of December the fifth. The subject of debate was, "Resolved, That the government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is more truly democratic than that of the United States." C. B. Haynes and R. T. Wilson, of Wofford, upheld the affirmative, and Davidson the negative. Both sides put up skillful arguments, and both showed up well in rebuttal. Davidson won the decision by a vote of three to two of the judges.

SCRAPS.

D. M. Turbeville, of the class of '11, visited the campus several weeks ago. "Turbie" will always be welcomed by his many friends on the campus.

—

Deutche Buyers, writing to a lady friend for her picture, said he wanted to make his room look nice and homely (homelike).

—

Senior Willcox—I sure did "cuss out" a fellow about getting in the way at the football game today.

Fresh Epps—What did you tell him?

Willcox—I told him he was a story.

Rube Moody (seeing Converse smoke-stack)—What mill is that yonder?

—

Fresh Johnson (at football game)—Say, Mr. Timekeeper, how many halves are they going to play?

—

Barber—How do you want your hair cut, sir?
"Foxie" Wolfe—Off, please.

—

Fresh. Clinkscales—Did you go to the Senior banquet last year?
Senior Holroyd—Yes.
Fresh. Clinkscales—What did it cost you?
Holroyd—One dollar per plate.
Clinkscales—How many plates did you get?

—

Dr. Pugh (to English class)—A preposition is not a good word to end a sentence with.

—

Senior Edens—Bill, you ought to take Biology next year.
Junior Carter—I ain't going to take that.
Edens—Why?
Carter—'Cause that's what all those preachers study (theology).

—

Christmas exams. are now on, and all the boys are hard at work "cramming" for them.

—

Among those who spent Thanksgiving day at home were R. S. Hill and P. D. Huff.

—

Prof. R.—What old adage have we handed down to us from the Bible?
Raz Gray—"All's well that ends well."

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. B. Kay, Editor.

At our first regular meeting in November we had with us Mr. Montgomery, one of the assistant secretaries of the Southern Y. M. C. A. He gave us a very interesting talk on "Social Service and Missions." His purpose was to organize a mission study class on "Negro Life in the South."

Immediately after his talk, Mr. Hodges, the leader of the mission work, gave every one an opportunity to join, which resulted in getting fifty-two members.

Dr. Wallace has consented to conduct the meetings of this class, and discuss the subject with the boys. We have had several meetings and each one was intensely interesting.

This subject is one of vital importance to every Southern man; and it is up to the college men to study and try to gain a thorough knowledge of it, so that they can view it from an unprejudiced and unselfish standpoint.

On Friday, November 10th, Dr. Pugh gave a very instructive talk to the Association on the Bible. He gave a detailed account of the history of the English Bible from the days of Caedman and the venerable Bede to the time of John Wycliffe, the father of our modern Bible. This book is one that we all know too little about, and those who heard this lecture were very fortunate, for it contained some very valuable information.

We also had the pleasure of having with us this month Rev. J. W. Speake, pastor of Bethel church, and Prof. Gamewell, both of whom gave us very interesting and instructive talks, which were enjoyed by a large number of boys.

The holidays are drawing near and soon we will have passed over the first third of our scholastic year. We all feel that we

have not worked as hard as we might have; and perhaps, there are some who have not, so let's get down to real hard work and make the last few weeks such that they will help to make Christmas what it ought to be—both a pleasure to us, on our return home, and to the home folks having us there with them.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

P. B. Yarbrough, Editor.

In the preceding issue of our JOURNAL, we gave the names and locations of Wofford graduates, who have been, and are still engaged in the ministry. In this issue we continue the same.

Rev. R. E. Mood, '84.

Rev. H. S. Wannamaker.

Rev. A. W. Attaway, '85, is a local preacher in Anderson County.

Rev. W. I. Herbert, '85, is Presiding Elder of Charleston District.

Rev. J. A. Campbell, '86, is a member of S. C. Conference.

Rev. A. B. Earl, '87*.

Rev. Rogers, '87, is a member of S. C. Conference.

Rev. E. P. Taylor, '88, is a member of S. C. Conference.

Rev. R. A. Few, '80*.

Rev. J. Rush Goodloe, '89.

Rev. G. G. Harley, '89.

Rev. W. H. Hodges, '89, is a member of S. C. Conference.

Rev. W. A. Massabeau, '89, is a member of S. C. Conference.

E. D. Mouzon, '89, is a Bishop of the Southern Methodist Conference.

Rev. C. H. Clyde, '90, is a member of N. C. Conference.

Rev. T. G. Herbert, '90, is a member of S. C. Conference.

Rev. D. M. McLeod, '90, is a member of S. C. Conference.

Rev. A. J. Cauthen, '91, is Presiding Elder of Anderson District.

Rev. G. F. Clarkson, '91, is a member of S. C. Conference.

Rev. J. D. Crout, '91, is a member of S. C. Conference.

Rev. M. O. Ligon, '91*.

Rev. Peter Stokes, '91, is a member of S. C. Conference.

*Deceased.

Rev. J. H. Thacker, '91, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. R. C. Boulware, '91, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. H. J. Cauthen, '92, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. C. C. Herbert, '92, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. J. B. Holly, '92.
Rev. T. G. McLeod, '92*.
Rev. R. C. McRoy, '92*.
Rev. J. J. Riley, '92*.
Rev. W. C. Kirkland, '93, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. Henry Stokes, '93, is a member of S . C. Conference.
Rev. O. M. Abney, '94, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. W. T. Duncan, '94, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. M. L. Banks, '94, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. A. B. Harbin, '94, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. E. S. Jones, '94, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. Geo. Kirby, '94, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. W. J. Snyder, '94, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. P. B. Wells, '94, is a member of Ky. Conference.
Rev. G. C. Leonard, '95, is a member of S. C. Conference.
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Rev. A. E. Holler, '96, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. J. P. Inabinet, '97, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. R. S. Truesdale, '97, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. J. R. T. Major, '97, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. W. M. Owing, '98, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. J. R. Walker, '98, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. G. E. Edwards, '99, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. L. E. Wiggins, 1900, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. A. E. Driggers, '01, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. D. D. Jones, '01, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. N. L. Prince, '02, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. Robt. E. Sharp, '02, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. C. H. Varner, '02, is a member of Mississippi Conference.

*Deceased.

Rev. D. E. Camak, '03, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. W. C. Owen, '03, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. M. B. Stokes, '03, is a missionary in Korea.
Rev. L. D. Thompson, '03, is a member of N. C. Conference.
Rev. W. P. Way, '03, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Claud L. Smith, '04, is a missionary in Brazil.
Rev. H. L. Powell, '07, is a missionary in Cuba.
Rev. M. G. Lathan, '09, is a member of S. C. Conference.
Rev. E. P. Stabler, '09, is a member of N. C. Conference.

There are several other recent graduates who are ministerial students whose names and locations we have not space to mention here.

The Wofford College Journal

FOR

JANUARY

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—

Nineteen Twelve 141

The Old Violin's Story 142

Woodrow Wilson, Candidate for President 146

Sunset 149

What She Said 152

Nothing 153

Post Obitum 155

John C. Calhoun: the Man 156

Exploring a Volcano 158

Editorial Department 165

Exchange Department 169

Clippings 171

Local Department 174

Y. M. C. A. Department 176

Alumni Department 178

Notice to Students 181

Advertisements 182

Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

R. L. Meriwether, Editor.
J. C. Hyer, Assistant Editor.

Nineteen Twelve

D. L. Edwards, '13

Another year has come and gone.
  How fast Time flies,—as, wing on wing,
Birds take their flight, then come again!
  This time the year the seasons bring
    Is Nineteen Twelve.

Nineteen 'lev'n has come and gone,
  And Nineteen 'lev'n will ne'er come back;
We heave a sigh—'tis sad to part,
  And yet of joy there'll be no lack,
    In Nineteen Twelve.

Old Year, we hate to see you leave,
  It grieves us much to say "Adieu,"
And though the world must still move on,
  We'll have good things to say of you
    To Nineteen Twelve.

Farewell, Old Year, a long farewell!
  Welcome, New Year—bring us wealth
And happiness! Then here's a toast
  To you, Old Year; to you a health,
    O Nineteen Twelve!

The Old Violin's Story

M. B. PATRICK, '14

The light shone brilliantly through the richly curtained windows of the parlor of the Farley home, revealing a broad veranda supported by tall white columns. The night was extremely dark and the rain was falling in torrents. Fierce gusts of wind every few moments added new terror to those who were compelled to be out in the angry night.

Within the parlor, all alone, Laurie Farley sat before the cheerful fire. The troubled state of her mind was apparent, for there were fresh traces of tears on her cheeks. Suddenly, at the sound of footsteps in the hall, she arose and hastened to receive the tall, handsome young man who entered the room.

"Why, Laurie," he said, taking his seat beside her on the sofa, as a puzzled expression came over his face, "what has been troubling you, little girl? Come, your eyes have betrayed you."

Her face colored and she hesitated to speak.

"I shall have to tell you," she began, "but oh, what will you think of me now? I wish I had never known it!"

"Laurie! what on earth do you mean?" and drawing nearer, he took her trembling hand in his.

"O Harry! this has been a dreadful evening. Mamma told me a long story tonight about my early life. I am not her child. My mother died when I was a year old. My poor father could not bear up under the blow and began drinking heavily. He loved me dearly and cared for me the best he knew how. But an old aunt of mother's was afraid I was not getting the proper care, so she took me away from my father. At this he became almost distracted, and when he heard that I had been given to a stranger he began drinking more heavily than ever. One night soon afterwards he disappeared, and nobody has seen him since."

She hesitated, then with an effort went on. "So I am really a drunkard's daughter. When we were engaged I did not know this, and I beg your forgiveness."

Harry Dunbar listened closely to her story, but remained

silent until she finished speaking. Then, putting his arms gently around her, he held her trembling form in his clasp while he pressed a kiss upon her pale brow. He whispered something into her ear, and her large blue eyes, glistening with tears, rose and met his. A serene smile came over her face as she gazed into his strong, manly eyes. The angry night and the growing storm without brought no feeling of fear to this happy pair who sat in the warm parlor. But outside an old tramp, wet and shivering from the cold, was wandering down the street, longing for some place of shelter from the terrible storm. He stopped when he saw the friendly lights streaming from the windows; and catching a glimpse of the cheerful fire which was burning so invitingly, he made his way up to the front door and knocked. Mr. Farley, who had been absorbed in his paper all the while in the sitting-room, was aroused by the noise and hastened to open the door. It was a pitiful object that met his sight. An old tramp in wretched plight stood before him.

"What do you want?" Mr. Farley asked him.

"I am hungry, sir; could you give me something to eat?" he begged.

In spite of his rough appearance, his voice was gentle and pathetic. After much insistence he was prevailed upon to enter the room. Given his seat near the corner of the hearth, he stared vacantly around the room as he ravenously devoured his supper. Mr. Farley now noticed that he held a soiled bundle under his arm, which he did not even put down while eating. Curious to know what it could be that he was holding so carefully, Mr. Farley asked him, "What have you there?"

"This is the only friend in the world that I have," he replied, stroking it fondly with his rough hand. "This is my old violin."

"Won't you play some for us?" Mr. Farley asked him.

With a nod of assent he began opening the soiled old case. "This is my sweetheart," he said, as he gently stroked it again. "She never goes back on me."

Mrs. Farley knew how fond Laurie was of the violin, and

she slipped out of the room to call the couple from the parlor to come and hear the tramp play.

As they entered the room they saw him place the violin under his chin and take hold of the bow. It quivered upon the strings, and in every quiver there was melody. Every melody breathed a thought in music language—a thought sweeter than could be uttered by human lips. With a music brush he painted a picture—his own life's history.

The music stirred the very souls of his listeners as the old violin told the story, and he seemed to be living in it again. Now the music would ring out clear and loud as the violin seemed to speak at his command. Again it laughed like a child as he pictured the old log cabin on the mountain side, and one could fancy an innocent, curly-headed boy playing happily in the front yard. Then the music changed and pictured a young man and maiden swinging in the old grapevine swing down by the river. As he played on, one could fancy a tiny cottage down among the oaks and elms and a happy father returning from his work in the evening, who kissed his loving wife and stooped to lift a baby form from the floor that he might kiss it as it threw its chubby arms about his neck.

But now the bow brooded like a gentle spirit over the violin, and the music suddenly became mournful. A coffin stood on two chairs near the front door of the little cottage, and two pale hands were now folded upon a motionless breast. The violin sighed and almost seemed to weep. The old tramp was trembling and his eyes were full of tears as he lived over the scenes of the past.

Now he painted a picture of temptation and struggle. Every muscle in his wasted body seemed to quiver with the strain. His wan face grew troubled, despair gathered on his brow, as he pictured a soul dragged down to a drunkard's despair. Suddenly he stopped and stared wildly at Laurie. His pallid face was dimly flushed. Then his countenance brightened and a joyous smile hovered for a moment about his lips. He rose, his hollow eyes gleaming from beneath their shaggy brows, and

his bent form trembling from intense emotion, as with outstretched arms he staggered toward the frightened girl.

"My Mary! My angel Mary!" he exclaimed with a cry of delight, and tottering, would have fallen heavily to the floor had not Harry Dunbar, who had suddenly sprung in front of the terrified girl, partly caught him in his arms.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the old man fell forward and sank to the floor.

"My God! I'm nothing!" he murmured. And the young man lifted his apparent lifeless body and placed it on a lounge. Soon they succeeded in partly restoring him. He regained consciousness, but he evidently realized that he could not live many hours, and seemed to be anxious to tell the story of his life.

They all listened eagerly as he told his sad tale. Briefly he told of his childhood. When a young man he had married the dearest girl on earth. A little daughter was born to crown the happiness of their humble home. But one day the loving wife died and the temptation came to drown his sorrows with drink. Still he loved his baby girl and lavished all his affections upon her. One day her aunt came and took her away and gave her to a stranger. He had dreamed of nothing like this, and when he found it out a wild frenzy seized him and he raved and drank more recklessly. For eighteen long years he had wandered around, hoping to find his lost daughter.

"Laurie!" exclaimed Mrs. Farley, turning to the girl who had sat listening in breathless suspense.

"Father, Father!" she cried, as she sprang to his side and covered his pale brow with kisses.

"O, my heavens! Is it true—Laurie—my lost daughter! The image of your mother, my child! I fancied you were her angel spirit sent to take me to dwell with her." Then as he spoke, a peaceful smile came over his transfigured face, while his spirit in truth went to dwell with hers.

Never again will the bow quiver upon the strings of the old violin. And never again will it moan and brood like some evil spirit over the restless strings. The music has ceased and the sad story of a blighted life lies stilled forever in the wounded heart of the old violin.

Woodrow Wilson, Candidate for President

HENRY R. SIMS, '13

Woodrow Wilson was born in Staunton, Va., Dec. 28, 1856. His father was Joseph Ruggles Wilson, a Presbyterian minister, and his mother was Janet Woodrow, whose last name he bears. His ancestry was Scotch-Irish, with an English trace running in it. Two years after his birth his father moved to Augusta, Ga., where Woodrow received his first educational lessons. After staying twelve years in Augusta the family moved to Columbia, S. C., where his father was professor in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary. He remained in Columbia four years. Woodrow Wilson then went to Davidson College, North Carolina, for about a year, when, deciding to go to Princeton, he spent a few months in preparation at his father's home, then in Wilmington. Graduating at Princeton forty-first in a class of about one hundred and twenty, he resolved to practice law. Therefore he completed the law course of the University of Virginia, and then began practicing law in Atlanta, but was unsuccessful. He continued working, however, and was later elected president of Princeton College.

It is not proposed to give a full biography of Wilson in the preceding paragraph, but to serve only as an introduction to a study of his political career, beginning with his nomination by the Democrats of New Jersey to lead their party. Since then, by reason of his splendid campaign for that office, and his more brilliant record of achievements, his name has been mentioned prominently as the logical Democratic candidate for President. In considering this sudden change—a college professor assuming the leadership of a great party, and, perhaps, a great nation—it is needless to dwell upon his life's history. We shall, however, treat more fully the phases of his life which involve the position he has assumed.

When the Democratic machine in New Jersey decided to make a university president its candidate for governor, politicians were surprised. The venture seemed doubtful. Wilson, however, had no scruples about accepting the nomination offer-

ed him, and in a speech that drew immediate attention to himself, he declared he had accepted the nomination. His opponents thought that after making a few academic discourses on the art of government he would sit down and be exhausted, but such was not the case. His speeches were being well received, and he was talking earnestly and frankly to the voters. He was not eloquent, but his straightforwardness and earnestness brought him friends. He admitted he had been nominated by a political machine, but was glad that if elected it would be by the people. He declared himself as strongly in favor of the direct primary and election law, by which the nomination of candidates for the various offices would be taken from the party bosses, and each Democrat, each Republican, each Socialist, etc., would be able to vote for his choice as the leader of his party. By these means the corrupt power of the bosses and political machine would be ended. In speaking, he declared, "We are living under a government of party bosses who, in secret conference and for their private ends, determine what shall and what shall not be. The first, the immediate thing to do is to restore representative government."

And so he went on. He opposed high tariff, of course, and favored the income tax. He favored a "corrupt practices" law and a public utilities law. He would introduce an employer's liability bill, by which the workman would receive just and ample payment by mechanical action of the law for injuries sustained, and would not be compelled to risk his life unduly to swell the profits of the corporation. In New Jersey is stored most of the food supply for New York. By the owners holding this off the market, waiting for a favorable moment, this food sometimes becomes impure. By limiting the cold storage period to six months he insured a better food supply. The initiative and referendum, he said, he had taught for years to his classes was nonsense. Since then he had learned and declared it was the one means of preserving Democratic government. "I haven't the slightest fear of its disturbing our theory of representative government," he declared. He made the statement that, if elected, he would enter the governor's

office having made no promise, except publicly to the people. And the people of New Jersey believed—they made him Governor.

The political tricksters were not trusting his statements, but believed his boasted freedom of the bosses to be only political "thunder," but they found their mistake. The Democrats of New Jersey had been given a chance to express their choice for the United States Senate, and it had fallen upon one, Martine. But Smith, however, one of the party bosses, conceived the idea of going to the senate, and desired the position. Wilson insisted upon Martine being the candidate of the Democrats and took the stump in his favor. It was a hard fight. But the political machine was finally defeated by the erstwhile professor, and Martine was the senator from New Jersey.

Now, what would be Wilson's chance of being elected President if he were nominated by the Democrats? Fine indeed. The country has shown by recent elections that it is tired of the Republican rule—synonomous with high tariff and class privilege—and if the Democrats act wisely they can elect the next president. The Democrats received 162 votes in the electoral college last election with Bryan running—242 was the number necessary to elect. This year Bryan has endorsed Wilson, which means that he will work for him, consequently the same 162 votes will be for Wilson. Missouri is usually Democratic, and New York is also that way most of the time. These two States carry 57 votes in the college. The remaining twenty some odd votes ought to be easily secured in either Illinois, Indiana, New Jersey or Ohio, which together have 77 votes in the electoral college. Taken as a whole, Democracy's hopes have not been better in many years.

And who could better lead the Democratic party to victory than Woodrow Wilson, who, having devoted years of his life to studying the problems of our government and thereby procuring a thorough theoretical knowledge, has now shown by his acts that he can put the effects of his study into practice? At this time he appears to be the choice of the Democrats, and Virginia will probably add another President to the list of her already illustrious sons.

Sunset

BARNEY HAYNES, '12.

"Well, what is it? This is an unearthly hour to be awakened."

"Yassah, sorry, but I'se got a telegram fer yer."

"Well stop raising so much fuss and slip it under the door."

"I wonder why the devil that rattled-brained clerk couldn't keep it until breakfast," he muttered to himself as the yellow envelope appeared under the door, "just as well see it though, it might be something important after all."

He got out of bed and crossed the room lazily. With a yawn, he tore open the message.

The morning sun was just beginning to shed its ruby hues into the room. The soft, radiant light seemed only to be mockery. No touch of beauty, no living remembrance of that once living joy. It illumined the yellow sheet in his trembling hands with a laughing despair.

His face became white and drawn, his jaws set in angry denial, while again the hollow eyes devoured the message.

"Come, Archie dead.
Alecia."

"My God!" And he sank into a chair while the great sobs and convulsive heave of his shoulders told of a breaking heart. The cold icy fingers of fate had reached out and closed around a heart rich in life's many joys and stilled it forever. His only joy, only happiness, only hope—the one he loved most on earth—his boy had been taken.

He wiped the cold perspiration from his brow. "O God, why had she sent such a cruel message? Could she not have told him differently? Anything to lessen the shock." But the cold blunt fact swept away every comfort. There was no token to relieve the loneliness of his suffering. "Must he in this strange city suffer silently the loss of their boy? Did she not have a mother's tears?" His wife did not love him, he knew, but he did think she loved the boy. "Has she no heart? Can it be possible there is no mother's love?"

The woman, her grief too deep for tears, stood silently beside the tiny casket and looked with staring, stony eyes on the pale, calm face of her boy. A servant entered.

"Madame, you must come away," she pleaded in trembling tones.

For a moment her eyes were lifted from the calm little face and fastened on the girl.

"No, leave me," her voice cut like a knife. To say more was useless. With streaming eyes the maid softly closed the door.

"If—if Madame could—could cry it would make it easier," she sobbingly told the butler.

"Yes," assented the damp-eyed butler, "and I wish Master Kenton would come, 'cause Madame must see some one."

The silence in the big house made the two servants start at every noise. There was no cheery laugh now; no patter of tiny feet. The awful stillness was broken by no wee voice. Oh, what a change! Yesterday there was a rosy cheeked boy bubbling over with the joys of life, whose voice echoed through the halls in childish laughter. Now, all was stilled by that messenger, strange, mystical and unseen, who calls only once, who leaves a silent, pale form, sorrow and grief, bleeding hearts, doubts and fears. The mother clasped and unclasped her slender white fingers; she started at every footfall as some sympathetic caller approached and was turned away.

"O why doesn't he come, he loved the boy so!"

Her mind wandered over the events of the day, and then came the thought, she had lost her boy, now she would lose her husband because he would cast her aside; the boy was all he loved. And in the anguish of her soul she cried out, "O I hate this cruel world! God is unkind, unjust! He has forgotten me!"

For an instant she rested her hand on the tiny white casket, leaned over and kissed the cold marble lips. "My boy—my boy," she murmured. Still no tear could she force to dampen her silky lashes or moisten her burning eyes. Her breaking heart cried out, "I have lost all! O God, let me die!"

Yet the grim messenger who leaves only sorrow and pain, lets hearts bleed in silence, and offers no balm.

Kenton Marshall saw as he mounted the steps the crepe gently fluttering in the autumn breeze. There swept over him an almost irresistible desire to tear it away and say it was a lie—it was blinding his swollen, burning eyes. The butler admitted him and said in an awed whisper,

"Madame is in there," indicating the room.

Softly Kenton entered. Alecia looked up with reproachful eyes, and they faced each other across the little white casket for what seemed an eternity. He stooped and kissed the white, cold lips of their boy.

The woman was the first to break the silence.

"Why did you wait so long"? scarcely above a whisper.

"I came as soon as I got your message," he returned in a strange broken voice.

"What is that you have in your hand?" noticing the hand half concealed in the folds of her dress.

"One of baby's shoes," brokenly. Then with a mighty effort she drew herself together. "I have something to tell you." Her voice was firm and insistent.

Kenton looked at the tiny shoe and a great loneliness crept over him, with an infinite longing for he knew not what.

"Kenton, my heart is broken, but in its breaking there is something for which I thank God—I am glad you are free." Pressing the tiny shoe close against her cheek, she continued, "You have never loved me, now you are free—I will hinder you no longer. You go your way and I mine. One of us must go."

"I am the one, I will go," came in crisp, hard tones from the man.

He knew she had told the truth, he had never loved her, but now—yes, he knew now he loved her—he wanted her.

He loved her now even more than he ever loved their boy. He thought her selfish and proud. No, he would not tell her his love even if she was his wife. Half way to the door he

paused, a song floated up from the street, they both listened in awe.

"One tiny blue shoe for me,
One baby's wrap
And his small lace cap,
We will share in memory."

The song grew faint and died in the distance. The spell was broken, he took a step forward.

"Alecia, I love you, don't, for his sake, utterly despise me. I have been a brute. O forgive me and let's begin all over again. O, can you, Alecia? Can you?" he pleaded.

They looked into each other's eyes. The sun's last amber rays flooded the room with a soft, mellow radiance, not mocking now, but with a tender, soothing pity.

He gathered her in his arms as she murmured, "O, I do love you!"

What She Said

(*A parody on a clipping.*)

"You're all the world to me," he cried;
But in an icy tone
Th' indignant Converse girl replied,
"Your senses must be gone."

"You're all the world to me," he cried;
But (laughter in her voice)
The fair Columbia girl replied,
"Just like all other boys."

"You're all the world to me," he cried;
"Fair maiden of the South!"
But the girl from G. F. C. replied,
"O, hush your silly mouth."

"You're all the world to me," he cried;
'Twas to a Winthrop girl.
But she in accents sweet replied,
"Your brains are in a whirl."

"You're all the world to me," he cried;
"My fair, sweet Isadora."
"But I will never be your bride,"
Said the maiden from Chicora.

Right wise you were, O, pretty maids,
And this we believe with joy,
That you'd not done him thus if he
Had been a Wofford boy.

R. E. M.

Nothing

H. S. SIMS, '13.

Having nothing to write about, I shall write about nothing. I shall say nothing derogatory about nothing, but on the contrary shall praise nothing as much as possible, which amounts to nothing.

There is nothing new about nothing. Indeed nothing is the oldest thing of our imagination, as it existed before man, earth or creation. Much is written about nothing, although it is not always recognized as nothing. We see nothing in print a great deal today. Open some college magazine to the stories and editorials and there you find nothing set forth in the best of style. As a matter of fact, style and nothing go together. With the ladies nothing is made necessary by style, while with the men nothing makes style necessary. Yet the men succeed in hiding nothing, or at least they get away with nothing.

Nothing is much talked about. The ladies at their clubs talk nothing about nothing and then nothing is done. Do not think, however, that nothing is entirely harmless. After nothing has been passed around several times in the clubs and at the card parties, the ladies succeed in spreading nothing over the whole town to the great sorrow of some one. Generally speaking, nothing causes nothing good.

No word in the English language expresses as many and as various meanings as the meaningless word, nothing. It varies all the way in its meaning from that given it when the tear-

stained little boy first stands at his mother's knee, and with his heart torn with emotions answers with the word "nothing" to the anxious inquiries of his mother, until now as a young man you see a fight, ask what it was about, and receive in reply the sphinx-like "nothing;" or until you enter a soda fountain, ask what is in the room behind, get the reply, "nothing" and then find a gambling den. Between these two ages "nothing" means anything save nothing. Truly nothing has a wonderful meaning when we look beneath the surface of nothing.

Nothing is a substance. Reach your hand into the pocket or into the wallet of the average college boy, and you will find nothing. Which is convincing testimony that nothing is in abundance. A substance, however, can be photographed, and if nothing is a substance, why can it not be photographed? In this doubt we err, for nothing can be easily photographed. Take an X-ray of the brain of the average freshman and you have nothing. An X-ray is not absolutely necessary. Having shown that we can see nothing, I shall now show that we can both hear and feel nothing. At our age our ears have developed past the stage at which we hear nothing, but if you have a brother, about six years of age, and you send him off to go to sleep in the dark, he can hear nothing quicker and louder than we can hear a cannon. Screaming for aid, he will spring from the bed, look under it and see nothing. Then when you ask him what was the matter, he tells you he heard something. Ask him what, and he answer, "nothing."

Having shown that at one time in our life we could hear nothing with distinctness, I shall now show that we can touch nothing as easy. As a matter of fact nothing is with us always, and we use it in our conversation a great deal. Take for example a finely furnished room, great, big, nice, room-for-two sofa. Upon one end a girl of sixteen, just blossoming into womanhood. Enter a young man, he sits on the other end, and they talk about nothing. Gradually the space separating this couple is lessened, and finally there is nothing between them. Let the girl's brother suddenly enter and ask them what they are doing. "Nothing," answers the girl. Turning to the young

man he demands to know what he had in his arms. "Nothing," replies the young man. Thus we have the unique combination of nothing holding nothing about nothing, doing nothing and saying nothing.

Truly nothing is a wonderful word.

Post Obitum

When Death's cold grasp has come upon me,
  Seized me in his pallid hand,
Carried me far from your presence
  Into that mysterious land

Where the wandering souls departed
  Grope amidst the mighty gloom,
Seeking there if they be numbered,
  Damned to meet that awful doom,

Or evermore to be eternal
  With the one who reigns above,
Where there is no bitter sorrow,
  But all happiness and love,

Stand thou not beside my casket
  Feigning as if thou didst weep,
But aloof, I do beseech thee,
  Rather at a distance keep.

If in life you stand not near me
  As a friend, thine aid to lend,
I care not then for all your mourning,
  Neither for the tears you send.

Rather would I be forgotten
  When I've crossed the boundary line,
And left in silence, unmolested,
  'Neath some wailing, weeping pine.

H. D. H., '12.

John C. Calhoun: the Man

R. D. GUILDS, '12.

When the name of John C. Calhon is mentioned one immediately thinks of a great statesman and the principles for which he stood. The man himself and his great personality are almost entirely left out. This is true to such a degree that even those who write his biography take up mainly and emphasize most his political career. Indeed, his life, according to this standpoint, was only one long record of public service.

Calhoun's private life was marked by temperate habits and a plain mode of living. He scattered no wild oats. This is in direct contrast to what many people of even the twentieth century advocate. His manners were gentle, courteous and sympathetic. He seemed to exert a fascination over those with whom he came in contact by his personal charm and winning manners. Younger men especially were attracted by these qualities, and he always made it a point to attach himself to them. So thoroughly did he affect and even dominate those of his acquaintance that it is said if he had conversed with each man individually on any subject whatever there would have been no opposition to his views which would have remained.

Everything pointed to happiness in Calhoun's domestic life. Early in life he met the girl whom he afterwards married; and it seems that this was his first and only love. To him the most disagreeable circumstance connected with his political life was the constant separation from his wife and children. He was a devoted husband and father.

As to his religious principles, there is not much comment. But a man without personal vanity, temperate in habits, who tried to do the right at all times, even if it were to agree with the Federalists (the party which he detested above all others) when they were in the right; and lastly, one imbued with the spiritual and worshipful feeling which caused his parents to come to this country; such a man one would naturally conclude was a man of profound religious belief, as well as a great political thinker.

From both parents Calhoun inherited the analytic turn of mind and stubbornness which were characteristic traits of the Scotch-Irish. When he was merely a lad of thirteen he had a large library at his disposal. There was no one to tell him what to read, but he instinctively put the novel and other light books aside for deeper volumes, such as histories and Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," which gave him material for thought and an elaborate method of profound logic. It seems that in his intellectual life he had no youth. When he first took his seat in congress, at the age of twenty-seven, he immediately entered into profound debates with Randolph and other men of experience, proving himself the superior of many and the equal of all.

It was while serving as Vice-president that he showed his marvelous ability in searching out the fundamental cause of all those cases which came under his observation. He watched, listened, analyzed, and probed to the bottom of each governmental problem until he mastered his subject as no American has ever done before or since.

In direct contrast with many of his contemporaries Calhoun was a man of inflexible character. Many of his friends were intemperate and profligate in their private life, but Calhoun did not refuse to associate with them on this account; neither did he use this as a political weapon against them. It was a man's public life and views with which he was concerned. For thirty years Calhoun was an aspirant for the presidency, but at no time did he stoop to an ignoble act to receive the nomination —a statement that can be made of few American statesmen placed under similar circumstances.

Lastly we may consider Calhoun as a man with a mission. This mission, as he saw it, was to regain for the South by peaceful means that equality with the North which it held just after the Revolution. He tried to accomplish his purpose by Nullification, and until today the words Nullification and Calhoun are closely associated. This was the right, the proper, and the only thing to do, he thought; and he therefore took a definite stand for it in 1832. After this date everything that he

said or did was influenced by the effect it would have upon the success or failure of the theory of Nullification. He was kept from the presidency by this stand; he was ridiculed by people of his own State, as well as by those of other states; he lost some of his most valuable and highly esteemed friends by it; but notwithtanding this he held to his proposition until the very end. His last speech he was unable to deliver because of physical weakness, and just twenty-seven days before his death Senator Mason read it for him. This speech, written in his usual plain but forceful style, was upon the same question of Nullification, and it was probably the most important speech made by any Southern leader prior to the Civil war. Although too weak to deliver, his great mind was able to compose it; showing the alertness of his intellect up to the last. Calhoun tried to make a success of this one mission up to, one might say, the day of his death. He had studied the question thoroughly and believed in it with his whole mind and soul. If he had succeeded, his main purpose in life would have been accomplished.

Exploring a Volcano

What is the feeling of a live man when he receives a message from a dead man? I do not refer to any supernatural message, but have you ever been walking along the seashore and found a bottle containing a message from a sinking ship—now sunk, and its crew dead? If you have not, and I suppose you have not, you will not be able to understand my feelings on the occasion that I shall tell you of. Not that I picked up a message from a sinking ship, or anything of the sort, but a very different one from a very different source.

It was about five years ago. I had just graduated from college and during the summer preceding my earnest application to work I was taking a vacation trip. I chose to go through our own country chiefly because I had become interested in Geology during the last two years of my college course, and knew that there were many sites of geological interest that

could be seen in my own land. Various springs, geysers, falls, there are in plenty, a volcano or two, and in Colorado, Washington and one or two other States, several glaciers. I was intensely interested in seeing these freaks of nature, and seeing at the same time how much practical good my knowledge of Geology would do me. Then again I was expecting a great deal of excitement and pleasure on the trip, for there are moments of danger while climbing peaks or crossing ravines, but I never bargained for the surprise I had.

I had become interested in how a stream had cut its way through rock to its bed, such as is excellently illustrated in the deep canyons. The scenery around this place was strangely beautiful. In the distance in all directions arose mountains, some seeming to touch the sky, while others reached high into the heavens, and light clouds swung around their peaks. I had with difficulty climbed down the side of the canyon, and was reascending. When about midway, my interest was aroused by a strata of rock about three or four feet thick, which I soon saw was lava. Upon looking at the opposite side of the canyon I noticed a similar streak, parallel to this one. I then moved laterally along the cliff to see how far the lava extended, and found it to be only several hundred steps wide. While crawling along the side of the ravine, half-way up and half-way down, fearing each minute that I might lose my step, I saw a strange brownish spot in the rock, and leaned forward to examine it. But upon closer examination I found it was no rock at all, but what seemed to be a piece of cloth. With quickened interest I scraped around the rag until suddenly I found it was a roll of paper. The outer sheets were burnt and scorched to such an extent that it appeared brownish-red.

I waited until I arrived at my camp before I examined the paper. The first words that I saw were: "two miles below the surface, yet just on earth, I realized that I had broken my air tube which had been supplying me with air from above, but upon taking off my mask, I found, to my own wonderment, that there was comparatively fresh air around me—certainly enough so to breathe." It is useless for me to copy out the entire story

of what happened after this event before giving as much as could be gathered from subsequent remarks as to what had happened before this, and which had been written on the pages that were lost.

Briefly, then, it appears that Professor Will Seekit, of the University of Weeknoit, was the writer. He and a party of brother scientists had gone on a scientific expedition, a part of which consisted in the exploration of a very old and supposedly extinct volcano. And that is as much as can be gathered in the absence of an introduction. As if his message was going straight back to those for whom intended, the professor does not mention the names of his companions, the mountain, or even the location of the university. What became of his companions we know not. Search as I could through the various encyclopedias, scientific journals, etc., I found no mention of the University of Weeknoit. However, I will try to give a short story of the professor's experience, leaving out many unimportant details.

The professor was going into a mountain which was about two miles high. This explains the statement "two miles below the surface and yet just on earth." If anyone happens to know a mountain in California two miles high that has been in eruption in the last fifty or seventy-five years, let us hear from him at once. The professor, after descending two miles, found his air supply cut off, but still air enough to breathe. Whether there was a straight passage from the mouth of the volcano to where he was, we know not. "Here," the professor says, "the passage (the professor uses this word to signify the channel running from the mouth of the mountain) divided, one of them going out apparently at right angles, the other going downward at an angle of about sixty degrees. My purpose being to go as far down as possible, I took the more descending of the two," and here follows a long wail that he had not taken the other path, which he says "undoubtedly must have led to open, thus accounting for the fresh air found." We wish to warn the reader now that at times the account of the professor's travelings will appear vague, unclear and perhaps even foolish, but

bear in mind that the professor had been in total darkness nearly two weeks when he wrote down his experiences, and must have been nearly crazy. The transcribing author believes he has brought the matter into a more harmonious mass than it was given him by the professor.

The professor took the lower passage and began his descent. From this time it gradually became darker, but not until the professor saw himself entering a huge cavern, whose other sides were only dimly visible. This he observed with great joy, for he desired to explore the volcano, and this huge passage meant he had chosen the right road to the center of the volcano. By flashing his electric search light the professor reckoned the passage to be very nearly circular, about three hundred feet in circumference. Here the professor bewails that he "had not consulted his scientifical and theoretical mind before embarking his body upon the desperate venture," for as he shows by figures a passage that size could not afford passage for such a quantity of lava, rock, etc., as even a small volcano would throw up. But at any rate he fastened his rope (by what means he doesn't say) and began to lower himself.

And here we wish to lament the destruction of the early pages of the professor's records, for indeed it would have certainly contained a full account of the professor's wonderful equipment. Wonderful it must have been, if all that it was intended for was gotten from it. For as the professor explained, with ready use of many long technical words, that the further inside the earth it was correspondingly hotter, so that he had his costume so arranged, containing various chemicals, that the exterior heat would so effect the closed in chemicals as to produce a cold effect, and thus his body would be kept at moderate temperature. Very simple indeed. What a pity the professor did not name the chemicals. Truly a wonderful equipment—field glasses, compass, various scientific instruments to signify the depth, pressure and temperature. For instance at one place the professor says "by glancing upon my instrument I see that I am now about 6,000 feet below sea-level, or have descended about 16,000 feet since entering. The temper-

ature is now 193 degrees Fahrenheit." According to our memory of physics and calculations the professor then had some 100 feet to go before he would reach the ordinary boiling temperature. Thanks, however, to his chemical cooling costume he was not even sweating at 193, while we on earth nearly burn up at 90 in the shade. Perhaps the additional pressure made him less susceptible to boiling, and therefore he was further away from the boiling point than we supposed. But to again show our great loss in the destruction of the first pages of the professor's records, how does the professor manage to keep the enormous pressure, which surely develops as he goes down, from crushing him in? Perhaps the same chemicals that turns the exterior heat into internal cold also possesses the virtue of expanding under pressure. Thus the more pressure exerted against the professor the more expansion, and vice versa. Thus the professor would not be too tightly squeezed, nor on the other hand would he become too bouyant. Oh, that was a wonderful equipment possessed by the professor! Would that we had the particulars!

Let us follow the professor, however. As was stated before we began our remarks concerning his wonderful equipment, he had chosen the passage leading downwards. The professor at this moment was one mile below sea-level, and was lowering himself by the aid of a rope over the most precipitous part of his descent. Having landed, he jerked the rope down behind him and was ready to proceed. Let us see what this passage down which he had lowered himself was like. The professor describes the passage very carefully and yet vaguely, because it was dark, and he could only see within the eighteen-foot radius of his lantern. "I had now lowered myself by means of the rope about 700 feet. As far as I could see the walls were perpendicular and composed of rock. Every twenty or thirty yards a subordinate passage leads off from the main passage at angles from sixty to ninety degrees. I did not stop to examine any of these subordinate passages, however. The sides were very irregular and rugged—rocks jutting out in places several feet. These minor passages were usually about twelve to twenty feet

in height, and were perfectly open as far as my lantern could reach. All the rocks seen were well known, and up to this time I had discovered nothing new to geologists." So we find the professor with his eye open to all scientific advantages to be gained by his descent. He had now landed on what he thought just to be the bottom of the main passage, but soon found that it was only a subordinate opening in the side. The main pit yawned in utter darkness before him.

At this point the ridiculous happened. The professor had been going down, down, down, but without a thought, until as he says, "here in this adjacent passage, realizing at last the immensity of the pit before me, knowing that I was going deeper and deeper into the earth each few minutes, the question occurred to me for the first time—how shall I return? In my haste I forgot that my rope connecting me with the world was broke when I lowered myself and then jerked the rope down behind me. Up to that time I could have returned, but now how could I scale 700 feet of rock, with gaps every several yards? Impossible. O Science, you, who have lured so many, receive another victim. But I will go on, I will persist. Here in the depths of the world I will explore, and wonders hitherto unknown shall be revealed to me." All of which seems to bear out our earlier suspicions of lunacy, but who could suggest a better ending for his outburst than: "But let it be. Perhaps in His own good time, He who knows the secrets of the world will permit my escape."

Now let us follow the professor, who, knowing the situation he is in, calmly begins his investigations. First he walks down the narrow passage he is in, and sees nothing. As far as his light reaches the passage runs on, slightly enlarging itself. He walks back to the entrance and gazes down into the main pit. Nothing but darkness and space is revealed to him. "Bad enough it is," says the professor, "to be confronted by either total darkness, or empty space, but take the two together, and an inexpressible feeling overpowers one." True, indeed. The professor, however, takes an asbestos torch, and having lighted it, flings it afar into the pit, and watches it fall rapidly. Fancy

yourself at the day of creation, gazing into utter space and darkness, when suddenly the first star of the Creator flamed out through the heavens, and you feel in some degree his situation. Your star had come to stay, his was sinking rapidly from sight.

And so we see Professor Seekit in his enthusiasm for science utterly disregarding his own welfare, until realizing his situation he accepts it calmly enough and faces the unknown, prepared to gain what knowledge he could. As you picture Professor Seekit to yourself gazing into the bottomless pit into which his ball of fire is rapidly losing itself, until finally it disappears, you have to admire his courage. Truly he is a pioneer, who in days to come will rank with Columbus.

But, unfortunately, we are unable to give further time to boiling down his records. So we must relinquish the idea of a description of his strange explorations, his wanderings in the passages, his theory as to the rules governing various phenomena, and his further descent into the earth by lapses of thousands of feet until finally he arrived at his goal and saw in the far off distance the makings of a volcanic eruption.

H. R. S., '13.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

A Hint to the Wise

Some one has said, "If you work for a man, in Heaven's name work for him. If he pays you good wages that supply your bread and butter, work for him; speak well of him; stand by him and stand by the institution he represents. As long as you are a part of the institution do not condemn it." This is our sentiment exactly. Give everybody and everything all that is coming to them.

But the man or institution for which you work is to enable you to get your daily bread if you fulfill the above conditions. Then if you have carried out your part faithfully and "rendered unto Cæsar that which is his," is not the institution duty bound to pay you the good wages promised? If it is, then we have a few slight complaints to make, in the name of the stu-

dent body, upon the institution we represent and its directors.

In the first place, we ought to have a warm chapel to meet in every morning. It is not strange that as many of the boys "cut" chapel as do these cold mornings. If it were not required there would not be enough present some mornings to have the regular exercises. But we are requird to be there, both promptly and regularly, whether the weather is freezing or warm. It is true that the faculty go, and without a murmur that we know of, but that is no argument that they should do such a thing. It is simply a question of what is due those who make the institution possible.

Then we have reasons to complain of the bath arrangements at the gymnasium. 'Tis true that cold water baths are good, but things should be so that if we should want warm water we could get it. Now, lots of times the water is cold, and for no reasons whatever except neglect. We are required, though, to take "gym," and then we must bathe in cold water or not at all. We think it is due us that this fault also be remedied if we are to do all that is expected of us.

Again, sometimes we have to enter the college at a certain door in the north side. Indeed, it is the most frequented of all the other doors in the building. Just above it the tin gutter, which is supposed to shed the water from the door, is broken, and in rainy weather all the water from the gutter pours into the door, thus rendering it impassable without getting wet.

We also need more college spirit on the part of the faculty. We know of no better definition of college spirit than this from one of its members:

"Everybody behind everything all the time." There are some to whom we wish to give full credit for their loyalty to this principle, but the occasional neglect on the part of the faculty as a whole in regard to certain matters shows that the majority are lacking in real college spirit. For example, we had an intercollegiate contest at our college and the occasion was not even honored by excusing those from classes who

wanted to attend. A petition for a holiday was ignored. There have been other actions or failures to act on the part of the faculty, which have been as detrimental to college spirit as those just stated. Yet, if the students do not show college spirit, we are not doing our duty. The faculty is supposed to teach us. Then if it does not display college spirit, what is the student body expected to do?

There are other instances to which it might be well to call attention, but these are sufficient for our purpose. We do not mean to accuse any portion of the faculty of wilful disregard of our interests, for we are inclined to believe that their neglect is due largely to their absorption in their various lines of work. But nevertheless it is neglect and must be counted against them as such. Therefore, if we are expected to speak well of, and stand by the institution we represent and its directors, it is nothing but right and just that we should expect and demand "wages that will supply our bread and butter."

1912

It starts off a bad year for the Dove of Peace. She is frightened away from Tripoli by the Italians and Turks; affrighted in Germany and England by the constant sound of the tocsin; isolated from her Chinese home by the armed hosts there, and startled by the covetous look of the Russian Bear upon her nest in Persia. Even the upper air is not safe for the Dove, for there her place is taken by the warlike aeroplane.

Begin the year right, students, by deep breathing, proper exercise, sunshine, fresh air, hard studying, and writing for THE JOURNAL.

New Year resolutions are in order, but don't set the ideals of your resolutions so high that you cannot see them.

Five more long months before us. Success to everyone who honestly does his duty in every respect.

Everybody behind the baseball team this year. Start now!

'Tis leap year, but be sure you are right before you leap.

While you are working for the baseball team, do all you can in favor of football.

Keep an eye open for the good of the annual.

Write for THE JOURNAL.

Campaign year.

Wilson for President.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

R. T. Wilson, Editor.
A. L. Googe, Assistant Editor.

Only a few of the exchanges reached us before the holidays, so we have read only a small number. However, those on hand showed a distinct advance beyond the previous ones—that is, taking them as a whole.

Chicora Almacen

Among the early magazines to reach our table was the *Chicora Almacen.* There could be some improvement in the material of this issue, but really it gave delightful reading during the holidays. We first glanced at "Falstaff," and while reading this a vivid picture of the old fellow loomed up before us. Along with his image came his wit and humor. Next we read an essay on "The Woman Question in Tennyson." In this the sequence at times does not follow clearly. These two essays, along with "Prince Henry," are well written. But why not turn your attention away from the daily studies of many of your readers? "The Passing of Matthac" has a fitting style and method of saying things according to setting of story. Some new thought about things which so vitally touch the world at large are always in place. "Rebecca from College" is true to life. Such is often the case. A boy or girl returns to the old home and their naturalness seems so unnatural to the students of the old school. "Chicora" shows only college spirit, but even this is sadly lacking in many colleges. The other poems are the product of the happy thoughts of Christmas. This issue makes an eager place on our table for the following.

Erskinian

Most of our readers no doubt are well pleased with the covering of this magazine, but somehow it does not appeal to us.

But we cannot say as much for the interior. The latter counts, however. There is a system to the arrangement of the material which we admire. In the literary department we are in the midst of Southern spirit strong and secure. "Sidney Lanier" and "Our Heritage" are fine eulogies to the South and her products. "Public Sentiment" shows deep thought, and the language clothes it very fittingly. Such essays are inspiring, dealing not with special phases but with general subjects which invite everyone's approval or disapproval. The editorial as well as the exchange departments are conducted by wide-awake men. Oftentimes the entire magazine is summed up by the former departments—certainly, to casual readers. "Voices" could have been entitled "A Fairy Tale." Such short sentences, such a thing as little coals of fire talking—but this was only the sad or happy recollections of an old man covered with winter's age. This is only the heritage of many an old man as he gazes into the fire and recalls his past experiences. This and "Alabama No. Twelve" are extremely fitting, since they are true conditions told not in a bombastic, sophisticated, stilted style, but in plain, every-day words. Would that college men and women could free themselves from the idea that their thoughts are too deep to be told in plain, common language! This phase is also seen in the poems. This magazine deserves credit in this respect alone—that it tells things in a plain and terse way.

Winthrop College Journal

In size the *Winthrop College Journal* is certainly not wanting. Let us see about the quality. "Dick: A Christmas Story" is a social question. Such questions are not often dealt with in college journals, but they are preferable to light love stories. In this a ragged orphan boy catches the true Christmas spirit and gives his life for the service of a wealthy little girl. The "Adventures of a Maid Errant" will be commented on later. Good so far. The "Development of the Latin Drama" shows by the subject that the Latin language still has a grip on some

few. This language in this commercial age is losing its interest to many students, but wrongly so. We notice that one writer is about to monopolize the space in this journal. We are well pleased, but it seems that the co-workers for this magazine should not be. "Fluttering Leaves" and "Evening" are written in verse which we prefer to the four-line verse. The editorial department shows improvement, a departure from so much local affairs into heavier and more interesting subjects.

Davidson College Magazine

The first poem in this magazine grips one's interest, and casts a reverence for the later reading. The verse is an imitation of "Thanatopsis," and a better could not have been formed. "The Value of our Hardships" is the outpouring of an optimist. We cannot keep from recommending the use of the interrogation for effect in this article. In this year of turmoil we recommend this article to anyone who is "sore" with present conditions. "The Infernal Cigarette" deserves a place in the infernal regions. (The cigarette, we mean.) We would have been too modest to have called a cigarette "a little white devil" or nothing but a "hog" wanting to see mother or sister smoke one. But the author is right. Call "a spade a spade" or a cigarette a big "white devil." We are well pleased with every phase of this magazine. Here's hoping even better yet.

CLIPPINGS

DEEP THOUGHT HERE.

If a man were as cheap as almost any woman can make him feel, no woman could resist him merely as a bargain.

A GENTLE HINT.

Helen (shyly)—John, you should join the army.

John (very bashful)—Why, d-dearest?

Helen (softly)—To learn what arms are for, John.

THE REAL PUZZLE.

Father (impressively)—Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you, my boy?

Irreverent Son—I'd stay here. The question is, what would become of you?

OVERHEARD.

Freshman—Say, Bean, my girl says she wants one of my pictures. What do you think of that?

Senior—I think she has darn poor taste.

Ella—That young farmer tried to kiss me, saying he had never kissed a girl before.

Stella—What did you tell him?

Ella—That I was no agricultural experiment station.

TICKLISH.

"How many ribs have you?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know, ma'am," giggled Sallie. "I am so awfully ticklish I could never count 'em."

HEARTFELT.

The Kid (after his first cigar)—Gee! I wish Wickersham had killed dat terbacker trust!

KNOW WHEN TO QUIT.

Jack—She has refused me four times. What should I do?

Bob—Stop while your luck is with you.

EMPHATIC.

"Speaking of etiquette, did you send the dollar for those advertised instructions on 'What to do at table'?"

"Yes."

"And what did you get?"

"A slip with one word printed on it, 'Eat.'"

AD HOMINEM.

"Walking is the best exercise in the world, Miss Phoebe."

"Indeed it is, Mr. Lingerlong. Why don't you do more of it?"

CASTLE IN THE AIR.

Gladys Roxton—And the duke is so brave, papa! Why, he declares he intends to become an aviator!

Papa—H'm! He does, eh? Wants to visit his castle, I suppose.

WHERE IT BEGAN.

Eve—See here, Adam! I've been the making of you. Some women would have taken every rib you had.

TO A FLIRT.

The breezes love the butterflies;
  The butterflies, the rose;
And I love you, and you love—
  No one among us knows.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

G. M. Crum, Editor.

THE HUSSARS.

The third number of the Lyceum was the Hussars, a brass choir. Their program consisted of a number of beautiful military maneuvers, numerous "up-to-date" songs and choruses, and a number of rollicking spirited college glee songs. They were beautifully costumed to add the significance of the different types of music, which ranged from the most popular glees to the grand opera choruses.

The idea that a Lyceum entertainment should do something more than entertain, that it should leave behind something more than a recollection of rollicking song, was carried out in this entertainment, and every one present enjoyed it very much.

LELAND POWERS.

The fourth number of the Lyceum was a recital, "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," by Leland Powers. These recitals are always enjoyed, as they represent the best of the drama in the purest form, free from all unwholesomeness and false theatric atmosphere. They are absorbing, cleansing and inspiring—a recreation unequaled.

The art of Leland Powers is that of a master. His knowledge of life is abundant, his humor true humor, and his pathos true pathos.

FIRE BUG ON CAMPUS.

Several days ago the alarm of fire was sent in from the corner of North Church and College streets, and when the students turned out to see the fire they found "old K. A." in flames. But before the hose could be connected the flames were extinguished through the heroic work and daring spirit

of Felder and Padgett, who formed a bucket brigade on short notice.

SCRAPS.

Most of the boys are back at work with renewed energy after having spent the holidays at home.

—

Mr. C. T. Easterling has returned to college to take up his work in the Junior class. We are mighty glad to have Tom back at school again.

—

Mr. R. R. Nickels spent the holidays at Ninety-Six (via Greenwood).

—

Soph. Greneker (to automobilist from Greenville)—"Say, is the road kalsomined (macadamized) all the way to Greenville?"

—

Stillwell—"Bill, I sure did have a time with a girl last summer."

Carter—"What did you do?"

Stillwell—"I kissed her."

—

Height of Imagination.—To go to an exam. under Dr. Wallace without cracking your book and imagine you are going to pass.

—

C. B. Haynes (at Wofford-Davidson debate)—"Boys, I feel like a whistle on a peanut stand."

—

Bill Carter—"I don't see how 'well' can be compared, because if a man is well he can't be any 'weller.' "

—

William Smith said he had all his clothes marked with diabolical ink.

—

Why it Rained So Long.—Milt Crum went up town without Johnny Bethea.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. B. Kay, Editor.

MR. HOUNSEL ADDRESSES Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Hounsel on the night of December 14. Mr. Hounsel's subject was "The Missionary Movement," and having already been to the foreign field himself, he was able to give us a message right from the heart of those heathens.

To show that the efforts so far have not been in vain, Mr. Hounsel traced the progress of the movement since its beginning, touching on some of the great men that have sacrificed their lives to this cause. He pictured to us the terrible conditions in these countries, thus showing how absolutely inadequate the heathen religions are for the salvation of a human soul.

Finally he came to the question, "Is it worth while?" Then he told exactly what the whole movement stood for, and left with us a new and exalted idea of this great missionary movement.

After a two weeks' holiday joyously spent at home with friends and relatives, we are all back again to take up our work for another term. Let us include in our New Year's resolutions better attendance to the Y. M. C. A., for through this organization there is much good derived, and the success of it depends largely upon the interest and enthusiasm of every student. Our vice-president has in view a life work course consisting of lectures from professional and practical business men. If he succeeds in getting this course it will indeed prove beneficial, since every one of us expects soon to enter some vocation, and therefore feels the need of such advice.

With the New Year we shall be pleased to have all those who have not allied themselves with the Y. M. C. A. become

members. The attendance was good before the holidays, but we feel that it was not what it should have been, and hope that with the spirit of the New Year there will be an increase in the number.

All things are possible to him who believes, they are less difficult to him who hopes, they are easy to him who loves, and simple to any who do all three.—Dante.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

P. B. Yarbrough, Editor.

Within this and the next issue of our Journal I shall give a brief account of Wofford graduates who have engaged in the legal profession.

1856

The class of '56 had but one member—Mr. Samuel Dibble, of Orangeburg. Mr. Dibble taught school in his native county a few years after graduating. He read law while engaged in teaching, and became the leading attorney at the Orangeburg Bar. Elected to Congress, he served his district and State faithfully for ten years. A few years ago Wofford conferred upon her scholarly son the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

1869

Col. H. H. Newton has been for a number of years the Nestor of the Bennettsville Bar. Col. Newton was a member of the class of '69. He has enjoyed a lucrative practice and has accumulated a considerable fortune. He is a leader in church affairs as well as in every enterprise that looks to the building up of his county and State.

1870

John R. Abney, of 1870, is a successful lawyer in the city of New York. Tradition has it that in his college days Mr. Abney was an orator of no mean ability.

J. Walter Gray, of '70, has practiced law in Greenville, S. C., since leaving college.

1871

J. Wash Boyd, of '71, settled in St. Joseph, Missouri, where he has practiced law with great success.

J. C. Wallace, of '71, entered the legal profession also, and has practiced at Union, S. C., his home town.

1872

L. K. Clyde, of '72, is a lawyer in Greenville, S. C.

C. A. Woods, of '72, practiced law successfully at Marion, S. C. A few years ago he was elevated to the Supreme Bench. Associate Justice Woods is considered one of the most scholarly lawyers, and one of the ablest jurists our State has ever produced.

1873

J. E. Webster, of '73, is practicing law in Gaffney. Mr. Webster was an unusually strong debater in his college days.

1874

R. K. Carson, of '74, is one of the leading attorneys at the Spartanburg Bar.

J. H. Forney, of the same class, went to California, where in a few years he became Judge Forney.

C. B. Sessions, another member of the same class, is practicing law in Birmingham, Ala.

1875

The class of 1875 furnished two circuit judges for the State. Judge G. W. Gage still serves the commonwealth with great ability. Judge Charles Glover Dantzler, the peerless gentleman of Orangeburg, died after a few years of distinguished service as judge.

E. W. Martin, of the same class, is a prominent lawyer in Atlanta, Ga.

1876

The class of '76 gave to the world six lawyers: G. W. Brown, of Darlington; W. L. Glaze, of Orangeburg; E. A. McBee, of Greenville; George E. Prince, of Anderson; T. C. Robinson, of Pickens, and T. A. Sondley, of Asheville, N. C. Of these, Robinson died a few years ago, and McBee suffered a stroke of paralysis from which he has never fully recovered. The others are still active in their profession, Brown and Glaze being among the ablest lawyers at their respective bars, while Prince is judge of the eleventh circuit, and Sondley is considered one of the strongest lawyers in North Carolina. Judge George E. Prince has made quite a reputation for impartial rulings and clear insight into the law.

1877

Of the class of '77, Klugh, Sessions and Stuckey were the lawyers. J. C. Klugh was elevated to the Bench a dozen years ago, and served with distinguished ability until his death, which occurred a few months ago. J. R. Sessions is practicing law in Alabama, and A. B. Stuckey is practicing at Sumter, S. C.

1878

D. O. Herbert, W. M. Jones, W. W. Lee and T. M. Raysor are the lawyers of the class of '78. Colonel Herbert is at Orangeburg, Mr. Jones at Spartanburg, Mr. Lee at Knoxville, Tenn., and Mr. Raysor at Orangeburg. These are all strong lawyers and useful citizens.

1879

I. W. Bomar, of Orangeburg, and J. L. Glenn, of Chester, hold up the legal end of the class of '79. Mr. Glenn is now Chairman of Wofford's Board of Trustees.

1880

A. B. Calvert, of '80, practiced law a few years in Spartanburg, but is now president of Drayton Mills and the Bank of Spartanburg. These institutions demand so much of his attention that he has no time for the law. H. M. Wilcox and T. I. Rogers, of Florence, and Bennettsville, respectively, are successful lawyers. Mr. Rogers has represented his county in the State Senate.

1882

J. T. Green, of '82, is practicing law at Lancaster, and E. O. Woods is at Darlington.

The Wofford College Journal

FOR

FEBRUARY

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—

Winter 181

"Elize" 182

Democracy or Socialism? 187

An Ode on King Winter 192

A Pair of Bills 193

The Panama Canal 197

"Negroism" 199

To Converse 201

A Twentieth Century Pirate 202

Editorial Department 214

Exchange Department 218

Clippings 220

Local Department 223

Y. M. C. A. Department 229

Alumni Department 231

Notice to Students 235

Advertisements 236

Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

R. L. Meriwether, Editor.
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Winter

King Winter, with his hoary hands,
Has bound the earth with icy bands
    Covered with dazzling canopy.
Along each level, widespread lea
Stand forth the burdened bush and tree,
    Laden with snowy panoply.

The biting wind which fiercely blows,
Scattering flakes where'er it goes,
    Has cased the fence with yielding white:
Gliding through azure overhead,
The brilliant sun, with warmth all dead,
    Like from a glass, reflects its light.

The birds, who search in vain for food,
See not evidence of the good
    Nature which reigns supreme o'er all.
Yet by them is a lesson taught
Even to men who have not thought
    Of God, whose power does not pall.

W. H. S., '14.

"Elize"

BY A. W. AYERS., '12

It was a fine evening for a lawn party. This particular lawn was lit up just about enough to inspire confidential chats. George McDonald stood looking on, amused by the confused babble of voices. It was a reception to college boys; here were dignified seniors going from one friend to another; wise sophomores introducing trembling freshmen; juniors, in their quiet way, sought out the fairest of the opposite sex. George was a junior and was looking for a pretty face; finally he saw one; he soon found some one who knew her.

"Yes," said the friend, "that's Elize Byres; I'll introduce you."

They met and she began: "Oh, Mr. McDonald, aren't you a senior?"

"No, a junior."

"Well, I saw your picture in the annual last year and I thought sure you were a senior this year."

"Why, do you live in the city? I don't remember seeing you before."

"Yes, I live here. I've seen you very often; I have been wanting to meet you for a long time."

Now incidentally she had never seen nor heard of him before. But his well-built figure, smiling face, and deep, black eyes inspired her to this little bit of flattery. George was not a sport, and at first took these things to heart, not understanding the ways of a woman. No pretty eyes had ever looked so steadily at him before, and no pretty mouth had ever said such pretty things to him. He was growing very much interested when they were interrupted and another boy was introduced. He did not get a chance to see her again that evening.

But that was not the last meeting. Soon after, he began visiting her; he seemed always to be welcomed; he was surprised and delighted, for he never before made a good impression on a girl; he had come up to college from a poor country home and was consequently unused to the ways of the city and society. However, three years had made a great difference.

And it was not long before he understood Elize. When she gently handed him "taffy" he called her attention to it and asked her to stop. He was very frank to acknowledge his shortcomings. She was charmed with his frankness and originality, and from that she came to admire him. She liked his tall, shapely form, and, as she said to one of her chums, "He had the cutest way of telling jokes." At bottom his nature was attractive, though at first acquaintance one was not impressed either by his features, which were not especially handsome, nor by his ways, for he still lacked that polish characteristic of those used to society.

On closer acquaintance she liked him. But not so with him; the more he found out about her, the less he admired her. That she was beautiful he did not deny. But she was extravagant, and attended parties, theatres, and balls beyond all reason.

She sometimes attended the college of her home town, but only occasionally, for she had been going for three years and was not yet a full sopohomore. Not that she was dull; on the contrary, she really had a brilliant mind. Probably her mother was to blame for the failure at college. The mother, now sixty-one years old, was a child of the Old South with all her prejudiced ideas of culture. For her daughter to maintain a popular place in society was the aim in her eyes, the sole end of education. So when there was a choice between a dance and a lesson, the lesson suffered. "Why," the old lady would say to her husband, Colonel Byres, "our daughter will never have to work for a living. There is no use to force her to all that useless study." So Elize was spoiled and petted.

One night George had called to see her and was preparing to leave. It was ten-thirty-five. He had just been making her confess some of her faults.

He asked her, "So all you care for is popularity, is it not?"

"No, I am tired of it. If I knew one boy who was really sincere, I would cut out the others."

"Why, Elize, you say that, but you really do not mean it, it would cause a revolution in your life. I never would believe that you would give up society for hard study in college."

"You don't know me, I would."

He was standing near her at the mantel looking down into her eyes and she up into his; he thought he saw sincerity there. He bade her good night, and on his way home he thought over to himself, "She is pretty, but she is not my ideal; she is only nineteen and may become my ideal. I wonder if she is sincere? Considering her ways in the past there is small chance that she will change. I'll wait."

But now other forces set to work. It was not long before the two aristocratic old Southern parents were aware that their youngest daughter was liking "that college boy, George McDonald." So Colonel Byres set to work to get some facts about this young fellow. He found that George stood well in his studies but was not especially popular, nor had he ever received any honors at the institution. He came from poor parents and was being educated on a scholarship. That was enough for the prejudiced old colonel. "He came from no family, he shall not go with my daughter. She shall marry a man who is able to maintain her in the society in which she was born to move." The mother came to the same conclusion. Elize was informed that she must cease going with George McDonald. She pretended not to mind it, but she bled inwardly at the demands. She resolved to see him again at any cost. The next date he asked for she granted, hoping that her parents would not know who called.

As usual she met him at the door that evening. But her mother was not too far away; she recognized his rich, open voice, and hastened to look up the old colonel. At the news he was furious. After a short debate the two entered the parlor, unbidden, unwelcomed.

Elize was stunned. George not yet knowing the trouble, rose and pleasantly addressed the old couple. But he was taken aback by the expression on the stern face of the colonel. The latter had been accustomed to command; he drew himself up to his full stature.

"Young man, you were asked to discontinue your attentions to my daughter."

"Sir—er—this is my first of it."

The old man was now in a rage. "Go! and never put your

foot on my door-step again." With this the colonel left the room.

George was stung to the quick. His lips trembled to give answer. With difficulty he restrained himself. Elize was crushed. She spoke nothing, but sank back on the sofa and sobbed. Her mother came and comforted her. George, perplexed, so sudden was it all, gazed silently on mother and daughter. Soon the mother looked up.

"Young man," said the kindly old lady, "go and forget her."

Elize, sobbing, muttered from under her arms, "No, mother! no, no! don't!"

There was a peculiar conflict going on in George's breast. One moment he thought he loved her better than any girl on earth, then when he recalled that she had deceived him into such a position, he spurned her, still he never moved.

Firm, yet tender, the old lady said, "Mr. McDonald, go. We cannot permit this match. I will take her abroad; she will forget."

George slowly went out without saying a word. Fresh sobs came from the girl on the sofa. He left with the sobs still ringing in his ears, and with a heart very, very heavy. On his way home he thought, "Does she really care so much for me?"

A few days after the friends of the Byres family were surprised by the announcement that the family were preparing to travel in Europe. George thought he could not bear to see Elize go away. He called her up at once. She answered the telephone. He asked her when they would leave. "One week from tomorrow," she answered. They agreed to write; he would get a girl to address his letters to her.

George was at the depot that morning when the party was to go off. He saw Elize looking rather sad, but he was very careful not to be seen by the elder couple. Elize finally caught sight of him, their eyes met, a long look, a smile, and good-bye!

It was very difficult to get mail to the traveling party as they rambled through Europe. Sometimes for a month or more Elize would not get a letter, then at her next stop she would find three or four waiting at their hotel. The parents never interfered with her mail further than to glance at the hand-

writing occasionally. Elize trembled lest they should wish to do more. But the confident old couple suspected nothing, and she continued to have her pleasure.

Elize became delighted in viewing and studying Westminster Abbey and other places of historic interest which George had so loved to talk about. She could not converse with the people on the Continent! Forced to give up human companions to a certain extent, she was companion to curious old monasteries and museums; she pondered at the tombs of kings and poets; she studied history at first hand. The girl who once had never a serious thought was now thinking. The quiet, the dignity, the solemnity of all she saw entered into and modified her life. The old colonel likewise was so delighted at the sight of old battlefields, and the magnificient German army, that a year and seven months slipped by before he realized it. Mrs. Byres noted the change in her daughter and fancied that she had forgotten "that boy."

But George, what did he think? He longed with his whole soul for this dear girl. Would she ever return? He now loved her without doubt; he told her so. Her heart fluttered as she read that letter. And so, under United States and foreign stamps, they plighted their love and their vows.

George was a senior, June came and he graduated. On the first of July he started to work in the office of a railroad company.

Meantime Mrs. Byres thought it high time they were returning home. However, she wished to know the attitude of her daughter toward that "upstart of a college boy." She began cautiously sounding Elize. The girl, who had become more serious, calmly said, "Why, mother, I love him more than ever. I will never marry any but him."

"Why, child, the boy doesn't love you!" exclaimed the astonished one.

"Yes he does. I've received letters from him nearly every week since we left America."

In despair she carried the matter to the abstracted old colonel. They concluded it was a hopeless case. "All right," said he, "let her have her way then." They talked it over with

Elize; she showed them a few of his letters, stating in one that he was working for the Southern Railroad Company, at one hundred dollars a month.

"Get ready," said Mr. Byres, "we will sail for America next week, you may have him." That very day Elize slipped out of the hotel alone and sent George a cablegram, telling him the news.

Four weeks later they were at home again in the sunny South. George called, and how different! Elize was now a simple, charming, quiet, sincere creature; the colonel, jolly, hospitable, hearty; Mrs. Byres was the kind, dignified, sweet old lady she always was to "her equals."

Democracy or Socialism?

In the last twenty-five years there has been an unparalleled growth in the spirit of democracy. With this growth in the spirit of democracy, necessarily, there has been evolved a change in the spirit of government. Not long ago people thought it was not God's will for the masses to be educated, and only a few years ago people said that the government had nothing to do with the hours which employees should labor. Many illustrations could be given showing the growth of new ideas. In the last five years both our State and our National government have instituted many reforms, but nevertheless, as seen in the returns from the last elections, there is evidently a widespread discontent with existing affairs.

In the North and the West this dissatisfaction with existing conditions has been shown most strongly and this dissatisfaction was manifested not only with national, but even with state and municipal government.

Municipal elections all over the country have been surprising. In Philadelphia, where a corrupt Republican ring had been in power for years, Rudolph Blankenburg, an out-and-out reformer, was elected over George H. Earle, Jr., the candidate of the Republican machine. "Corrupt and contented" is no longer an epithet which can be applied to Philadelphia. In New York city, Charles F. Murphy, the Tammany boss, came near

losing his own county ticket. Milwaukee early expressed her disgust with corrupt politics by electing a Socialist mayor and city council. That city's experience with Socialism has brought no disasters, and voters elsewhere are beginning to believe that it is better to turn to this party, which, despite its faults, is not a tool of privilege, than to support the demagogues of the other two great political organizations.

In the election for state officers in the North there likewise has been manifested a spirit of discontent. In Ohio, Harmon was elected governor, showing the dissatisfaction there with the Republican party as now led. The reelection of Governor Foss in Massachusetts must be interpreted as a disapproval of the "standpat" attitude of the Republican leaders and their machine in that state. Maryland repudiated the methods and policy of the Democratic machine and elected a Republican governor.

In the West there has likewise been observed a change in the political horizon. Again in municipal, in state and in national elections the methods of the corrupt politicians were repudiated. San Francisco drove the labor union forces from power. Salt Lake City, in Utah, adopted the commission form of government, and in many of the smaller cities of the West this form of city government has been instituted. It was thought, on account of the natural conservatism of her inhabitants, that the Republican administration, under which New Mexico was admitted to statehood, would be endorsed. But through the coalition of Democrats and Progressive Republicans the regular Republican gubernatorial candidate was defeated. The people would not endorse the Republican leadership and their policy of rendering the state constitution difficult to be amended.

In the North and West there has been manifested dissatisfaction in all the branches of government; but in the South, where there is only one great political party, dissatisfaction has not been quite so obvious. In the city, however, there has been some discontent. In the last two years a number of the smaller Southern cities have abolished the old form of city government, and instituted therefor the commission plan. It

seems that in the South there has been but little corruption. There, the people have simply concluded that the old system of municipal government was inefficient. As stated above the dissatisfaction in the South is mainly in regard to city affairs.

The election of a Democratic governor in Kentucky is to be construed merely as a return of that state to the Democratic fold after paying tribute to the popularity of Augustus Willson, who had happened to be the Republican candidate.

As shown by the recent congressional elections, there has occurred a remarkable change in the political aspect. The result of this change has been the election of many new men, a majority of whom are deadly enemies to the doctrine of standpatism. We are not hearing much nowadays from those optimists who, heretofore, have argued that we should not be alarmed; that politicians are no worse than they were years ago, but that the corruption which hitherto has been hidden is merely being brought to light. Now that there is a social consciousness of the present conditions the voter will no longer be silent. The nation is beiginning to realize that we have room in American politics neither for the demagogue nor politician. There is no place for the demagogue because the people have learned that one of his chief characteristics is to make promises which he knows he can not execute. Neither is there room for the politician, one of whose chief characteristics is to play politics "to try to put his opponent in a hole." The demagogue and the politician are two classes against whom we must be on guard.

There are two other classes that we must guard against; first, the extremely conservative; and secondly, the ultra-radical. Great care must be exercised. If our legislators prove themselves to be of the former class and fail to secure the demanded remedial legislation the people may change and elect men who favor a course too radical for the good of the country. On the other hand, if too many reform measures are passed it will not be for the nation's good; because with every reform measure passed some portion of the voting population is necessarily alienated. It is easily seen, therefore, that the course to be pursued lies between the conservative and the radical.

The recent Democratic congress passed a number of bills which suffered veto at the hands of the executive. What will be the result of the President's action no one knows. Will the American people be satisfied or will they be exasperated? This is not the cry of an alarmist, it is the cry of American citizens. The voice of their votes has spoken their dissatisfaction in municipal, in state, and even in national politics. The cities with their large quota of our total population have spoken most strongly. The success of the Socialist mayor and city council at Milwaukee has taken away the dread from the name of Socialism. In Schenectady we have a recent example of another change to Socialism. In Wisconsin, through the aid of the city of Milwaukee's vote, the Socialists sent twelve men to the state legislature. This little band of men so organized themselves that they are proving to be the balance of power in the Wisconsin legislature. Such strong, earnest, practical men are these men, who have entered politics not for political honor but for political good—such men can not long remain without great influence.

While the average man is concerned but little with political affairs, the Socialist is enthusiastic. The average man shapes his political views as a few leaders dictate, and cares but little as to where campaign money comes from, and less as to how it is spent. The Socialist on the other hand is deeply interested. He not only knows his party's doctrines, but preaches them. He contributes his hard-earned twenty-five cents per month and desires to know how his mite has been expended. As one writer says, the motto of the Socialist is: "Who pays the piper may call the tune."

But perhaps the reader does not know what this Socialism means. Probably a few sentences will clarify our ideas. In the city where Socialism has made its greatest gains the trend has been toward State Socialism, not Pure Socialism. Pure Socialism contends that "Labor alone produces and has the right to the thing produced." State Socialism, however, denies the above hypothesis and insists that the "fundamental law of society is the protection of the weak against the strong." There is not a city in the United States which has not tended

toward collectivism. But we are apt to forget that a city is tending toward Socialism when it operates its ferries, owns its docks, erects its museums and libraries and establishes its play grounds. Yet such policies are the tenets of State Socialism.

With these conditions in our country—these elements of discontent which have just begun to show themselves in city, state and national government, we need great statesmen to guide our policy. What the cities have done and are doing, we must conclude, will soon be our nation's policy; for the majority of our total population is within the bounds of the city. We can not afford to sit idly saying: "People do not really believe in Socialist doctrines. In a short while things will be running in old channels. The city is merely registering a protest against corruption." Need for action is all the more urgent in view of the fact that where Socialism has been tried no disasters have ensued, and when the name of Socialism is robbed of its terror voters will more readily vote the Socialist ticket.

Heretofore Socialism has been ignored, ridiculed, denounced —but it has proved its vitality. The time is far off, if it is ever coming, when Pure Socialism—whose leading tenet is that "Labor alone produces and has the right to the thing produced"—shall mould the policy of our government. The danger to be guarded against is State Socialism; for if State Socialism proves successful the next thing to expect is Pure Socialism, whose policy is simply more radical. "Time alone can show whether we are on the eve of an individualistic reaction, or whether the present collective tendency is destined to grow stronger and more widespread, until it commits a policy of governmental activity hitherto undreamed of, and only possible of realization through the repudiation of public debt, and the confiscation of public property." When we read such statements as the above in our most conservative magazines and periodicals, is it not time to reflect and then to do all in our power to bring affairs back to their normal state, or at least to help check ultra-radical tendencies?

C. H. W., '12.

An Ode on King Winter

(*Written during the cold snap.*)

I.

The poets can sing of their beautiful snow,
Of how pretty it looks, when the merry winds blow;
Of good old Jack Frost, the Storm King, an' all,
Of wee, fluffy snow-birds, an' the flying snow-ball;
But when 'bout this weather, I'm asked to tell,
In my private opinion, it's particular H——.

II.

The winter's alright, (when with cool drinks an' fan,
We longingly think of a nice, cool, snow-man;)
An' of how nice t'would seem, if winter it were,
With a nice warm fire, or surplus of fur;
But, when to that Aladdin, his wish has befell,
He'll readily agree, that cold weather is H——.

III.

For females and book-worms, that weather might do,
Who think it's so pretty the whole season thro';
For studyin' an' workin' it's all mighty fine,
But for us that are "loafers," it ain't in our line;
So ask some good "loafer," who you think aught could tell,
An' he'll say, no doubt, that such weather is H——.

IV.

The snow's mighty pretty, when it's just comin' down,
Or we wake up, an' find it coverin' the town;
But when the thaw comes, and the ice starts to melt
We lose all the joy that we previously felt;
For havin' to go to classes at the tap of a bell,
Really and truly, this weather is H——.

V.

But I guess that's the way with all of us "muts,"
When we've got a good thing, we don't know what's what;
We're always a-wishin' for something what's better,
But the ice keeps on meltin' and we get all the wetter;
However, notwithstanding, it's all very well,
But you'll have to admit that cold weather is H——.

ANON Y. MUS, '13.

A Pair of Bills

J. C. HYER, '13

The results of the game had just arrived. The 'Varsity eleven had wiped out the long-standing strain of defeat, and were coming home with victory shining on each forehead. Truly it was a time of great rejoicing on the campus. From the "frat" houses, shouts and songs of hilarious joy went up, and a "big night tonight" was universally voted.

From one of the chapter houses, arm in arm, came two boys, singing the latest musical-comedy hit, and intent on joining the crowd, who had started a bon-fire in the main square of the little town. Both were very handsomely attired in the latest cuts and most expensive patterns. At a glance one could surmise that they were the sons of rich parents who furnished the "fuel" for their numerous "flames." Both were very jubilant, each having cleared a fair sized bank-roll on the game, and were ready to "hit it up" till morning on the many amusements which the night held in store.

The taller and more striking of the two, Bill Wellman, son of a prominent steel magnate, suggested that they take a short cut through a dark lane and come out on the square. They accordingly turned down the lane and started discussing plans for the night and other things of mutual interest. They were approaching a very dark spot when they perceived, about fifteen or twenty yards ahead of them, two persons who were not quite as friendly as they. One was reaching for something over his head with both hands, while his companion was hurriedly examining his pockets, at the same time pointing a wicked-looking weapon in his direction, the cause of the cloud-seeking. The two boys took the situation in at a glance, and stealthily approached the highwayman from the rear. Then with a quick rush they hurled themselves upon him. The hammer of the empty gun fell harmlessly, and the burglar found himself overpowered by the two young athletes. In the meantime the little old professor, for such was the victim, was dancing nervously around and replacing his old silver watch and meager purse to their accustomed places. It chanced that

a policeman was standing under an arc-light some distance away, and the cries brought him to the scene. That individual, feeling his own importance, came up and relieved the boys of their prisoner.

"Yis, an' it's yerself that's been doin' all this stalin' around here lately. I've got ye, and it's a feather in me bonnet, I'm thinkin'," proudly spoke Officer Flannigan.

The burglar, whose famous alias, among many others, was "Bill," pricked up his ears at the knowledge of a "gentleman of his profession" operating in that section, but he kept strangely quiet, as this would cover up pretty well his deeds and misdeeds of the past month or so, which had been exceedingly prosperous. He soon found himself in the local lock-up bewailing his fate at being caught "by a Irish Mick in a one-horse town."

In the meantime the boys had assisted the professor to collect the books, umbrella, and various other accoutrements which he had dropped, and started him safely home. Before going on his way rejoicing, however, he had very impressively said: "Young gentlemen—ah—I shall not readily forget your timely services, so bravely rendered. I perceive in you two the making of great and brave men—ah—and shall do all I can to help you out. Mr. Wellman, I—ah—I shall look over your examination paper again, and—ah—I will see if in my haste I overlooked something. I must be hurrying on—ah—gentlemen, as Mrs. Dodge will worry about me. Good-night, gentlemen, good-night."

The boys held their hands to their mouths until the old man had turned the corner, and then they awakened the sleepers of that section with loud peals of uncontrollable laughter.

"Some 'bully,' old man; watch me 'shoot' him on Botany next exam. We are some heroes, we are," said Bill, as they started for the square.

And now comes the other side of the affair. They paraded and sang around the bon-fire with the crowd until enthusiasm and fuel had died out, and then the crowd repaired to a little shop, vulgarly known to the temperance cranks as a "blind tiger." It was, however, a "good sort of hanging-out place,

where Jim didn't mind opening the beer bottles for the fellows" (and likewise did not mind selling the same bottles). Here the air was full of tobacco smoke and the songs of the boys, who had opened their mouths and loosened their tongues with some of Jim's "refreshments."

The two boys became separated and about the next thing Bill remembered, or rather did not remember, was strolling down the main street singing, "I'm a Member of the Midnight Crew" with all the vim of his musical make-up, and playing his own accompaniment with a stick on the picket-fence of a peacefully sleeping citizen.

Finally he beheld a member of the town's police force on the corner, dozing against the lamp-post. Walking as straight as "the fluid which made Milwaukee famous" would let him, he strode up and tapped the minion of the law on the shoulder and blandly asked if he thought "the recall of judges would—hic—affect the price of washing powder and bone collar buttons." The blue-coat, thus interrupted, looked him over and decided to "show these yere young college varmints that they couldn't ennoy respectable folks all times of the night," and he marched Bill off to the station-house. Bill was about "all in" when the cell was reached, and fell upon the bunk in a sound sleep as soon as he hit it. But the cell had another inmate, and herein lies the story. The knight of the road, Bill No. 2, had likewise procured the cell for the night's rest, and he strenuously objected to share it with a "common drunk." The cop laughed, and left the two to fix it as best they could.

Bill No. 2 had given up the sleep idea long ago, and was debating how to get out. He had no money, or he would not have tried to deprive Professor Dodge of the 16c., which was about all he ever carried at one time. He was to meet his pal in the next town the following day, so he set his mind to work on how to get out.

He looked contemptuously over at the "pifflicated" young collegian, when a gasp escaped him.

"Great guns, that's one of the young ducks that got me in here; if it hadn't been for him I'd be on that freight, miles

away from this sawed-off town. He's a gentleman, alright, alright, fine clothes lacked a lot this time, I should guess." And then the big idea struck him. He was the same build as this young fellow, and the policeman had hardly recognized him, so why not change clothes and get loose in the morning, as this young fellow would do. Laboriously stripping the costly articles of apparel from his cell-mate's insenible form, he rigged himself out in a very approvable style before the little glass which he carried. He did not put the shoes on, as they were rather tight fits, and there were yet some hours before anyone would be stirring. So. pulling the blanket up around the sleeping youth's chin, he stretched out on the cement floor and slept the sleep of the peaceful.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly in at the window. He jumped up and hastily prepared things for the coming of the officer. Presently he heard steps in the corridor, and pulling on the tight shoes, he was ready when the key turned in the lock, and he was commanded to come out.

With his head bowed and taking a last look at his sleeping namesake, he followed the officer to the room where the court was being carried on. The man behind the desk looked him over pityingly and said: "Ain't you ashamed of yourself? A decent, or rather supposed to be decent, young fellow, having to sleep all night in a cell with a burglar. What would your father and mother say if they could see you now? I decided to let you stay in your cell all night and see if it wouldn't serve as a damper to some of you college boys' 'nights,' as you call them. I have entered another name on the blotter, as I feel for your poor father and mother, whom I see, from the inscription in your watch, to be people of some prominence. But if you ever are caught here again they'll certainly know about it. Here's your watch and money, $94.85 in all, and your diamond fraternity pin. Now, go home and keep away from here. Next."

Muttering his thanks, the "penitent" dropped the articles into his pockets and left the station-house. Hopping on a train which was crossing at the next corner and fingering the bank roll, a smile of complete satisfaction came over the face

of Bill No. 2 as he watched the town slowly fade away in the distance. But suddenly a look of mingled disappointment and amusement stole over his face, and he muttered to himself aloud, "Gee, I'd like to see that other fellow when they wake him up!"

The Panama Canal

BY J. S. WOLFE, '15

The construction of the Panama canal is one of the most stupenduous undertakings ever conceived by man. As everyone knows, the Isthmus of Panama is a narrow strip of land connecting the continents of North and South America.

Formerly this territory belonged to the Republic of Colombia, but after the canal rights were purchased from the French company by the United States its people seceded from Colombia, and set up an independent government known as the Republic of Panama. The United States now owns the strip of land through which the canal and its adjuncts are constructed. Heretofore all commerce between the peoples residing on the Atlantic and Pacific shores had to pass through the Straits of Magellan and around stormy Cape Horn. The distance, to say nothing of the perils, of this passage has always limited such commerce to valuable cargoes.

For many years it has been the dream of numerous engineers to construct the Panama canal. Some have advocated the Panama route, while others have as warmly insisted that Nicarauga was the only practical route. The Nicarauga route is much longer than the other, but possesses the advantage of having deep water lakes and rivers along a considerable portion of the distance, which could be utilized without excavation for the passage of ships; but after careful consideration the engineers employed by the United States adopted the Panama route, and proceeded to purchase the rights from the French company.

The distance from ocean to ocean of the Panama canal is about thirty-five miles. There is considerable difference in the water levels between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, and

the tides rise much higher in the Atlantic than in the Pacific ocean; but in the construction of the canal this has been provided against by a system of locks. The Andes mountains traverse the Isthmus of Panama from north to south, and in the course of construction it has become necessary to remove enormous quantities of earth and rock. Immense quantities of steel and concrete have been used for the waterways and gates.

Our government will construct powerful forts and defenses at both ends, so that in time of war the canal may be controlled by us, both for the protection of our naval forces and commerce generally.

When the old canal was purchased from the French company, the whole territory was a hot bed of disease, but, thanks to our modern methods of sanitation, it has been made as healthy as any other section of our country.

When completed the greatest advantage of all to be gained will come to commerce. The canal will be open in a few years and the ships of the world will turn their prows in that direction. Great cities will build up on the southern and southeastern coasts of the United States. The great and rich countries of Chile, Colombia, and Peru, now dormant, will be opened to the world for exploitation and development. Rich cargoes will speed from Europe and the United States to Australia and the South Sea Islands. The Pacific coast of the United States, Mexico and Canada will be brought into elbow touch with the eastern part of the United States.

Great as all of this development will be, it will be as nothing compared with the immense commerce that will turn from all of the rest of the world toward the Orient, the future mart of all manufacturing countries.

Whenever we speak of the Panama canal, let us not forget the immortal Ferdinand De Lesseps, the brilliant and intrepid engineer who first put in motion this gigantic undertaking, and who failed of accomplishment through no fault of his own, but on account of stress of circumstances over which he had no control.

The benefits of this canal are too numerous to mention. Our

own Charleston, in but a few years after its completion, will rise from its present sleeping condition to one of the richest and most prosperous cities of the country. The whole South will be benefited, and each sussessive generation, yet unborn, will rise as the times go by to think with reverence of the great De Lesseps.

"Negroism"

C. S. R., '13.

Invincible Cupid, ruler of the passions, thine is the honor. Never could mortal man have expressed such thoughts without thy aid. Thoughts that gush spontaneously from the heart, released only by thy golden darts.

It was this way. Aunt Maria, an old ante-bellum negress, my nurse, and to a great extent my companion in youth, had a daughter of her own to bring up also. This daughter, Maggie, was the trouble of her old age. Maggie's great fault was her beauty. She had a peculiar way of fascinating the boys, and "cortin'" (as Aunt Maria called it) began to take the place of work. I remember well the way Aunt Maria would whip her. But time has passed since then. Aunt Maria died years ago, and nothing remains but the old log cabin in which she lived, and it is almost gone.

As I was going to say, I happened to have been passing this old cabin one night, just a few weeks ago. Just before I came to the little old house it began to rain. It was raining real hard by the time I reached the cabin, so I went in. As it continued to rain, I made a fire in the old, dilapidated clay chimney. In pulling up a piece of wood, one end of which was buried in the ground near the chimney, I discovered a worn hole which looked like one made by some burrowing animal. I became curious and with a stick explored the hole. I found a tin can full of old love letters. I began to read. I was back in my youth with Aunt Maria and Maggie. I had before me the inspired thoughts, the irresistible emotions.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

"July 3st, 1900.

Dear and Dearest one once more in life it do aford me with the greatest of love and gratitudes to Receive yours Dear an lovering letter, and my Dear sweetheart While i Was thinking about you i thought that i Would requence you a few lines and Miss Maggie i am trusting in the lord that When They a Pear Before you they Will find you getting as they Leave me My Dear i am getting along very nicely indeed in health, but not in mine My mine is some thing like carried a Way just on the regards of it seemes to me like that if i could of stayed with you longer on Sunday Would of Ben satisfied. My Dear i have a love for you that grows an it seemes to me like the more my love grows the more i Want to see you and so my Dear i Would like very much for you all to be to our Children day on that day Dear i am going to Look for you Because i Would like very much to Be With you on that day an so i am going to look until it Want Be no youse and i can dont. My Dear you said that your love has take some rest upon me every sence you first see me but my Dear i don't think so, but i Will tell you I have so much for you until i can't help from think about you always. Dear if i don't get to see you on the third Sunday i Will tryen Come to your home on the second Sunday Shore. But i hope that you is'n going to Do like you Did before When i Was With you last Sunday. You wouldn' go home but i Was to your home any how. an i in joyed my self very highly but if you was there it Would of ben Betered, but i am going to try you agan. hope that time Will Be more er successful. O Yes my Dear I do think a great eal of you god no it, and i Want you to no it My Dear Darling i have great love for you so i think i Will Remain for this time By saying good By Dear good By.

"I Am Yours Truly and Loving Boy David Bryant.

"at home to Day, hope that this Will find you at home.

"Excuse all mistakes. Love them out.

"Excuse Black Paper Because I Was in a hast Wrote on a Black Book.

"If you have the love for me like i have for you Why some day you Will be mine someday.

"Dear you is to sweet to live. You must not Work in much hot sun Because you may melt away. Answer soon. Love one. D. Bryant.

"To Miss Maggie

Darling girl."

To Converse

O Converse, fair as
  The lily white;
A modest creature
  To my sight.

Your step is so light,
  Your figure so neat.
What makes you so pretty,
  What so sweet?

Every move so light,
  And so elastic,
Reminds the boys of
  Light fantastic.

Your hair so abundant,
  And pretty and fair.
Is it really your own?
  Does it always stay there?

Every move full of grace,
  You approach as a dream,
Like a fairy frolicking
  On a bright sunbeam.

A peach you are,
  So real, so sweet.
You look quite good
  Enough to eat. A FRESHMAN.

A Twentieth Century Pirate

HUGO S. SIMS, '13.

Immediately after the opening of the Panama Canal the world engaged in a gigantic struggle for the trade of the Orient. England, Germany and the United States were the three leading competitors, although France, and to a smaller extent Brazil, were also making strenuous efforts for its capture. New Orleans, Charleston and Savannah became ports of world-wide importance, and Beaufort, between Charleston and Savannah, was rapidly growing.

Charleston, however, was the great surprise. Dormant for a century, her resources had been underestimated, but when the critical time came its growth in maritime commerce distanced that of her larger rival, New Orleans. European vessels touched her wharves on their way to the West to make the final preparations for their journey through the canal to the Hawaiian Islands. With this growth there came a corresponding growth of the kindred trades, and her newspapers grew to be among the best and most influential of the country. I was city editor of The Times, although I spent most of my time on special features. Therefore when the Karl der Grosse, a tramp steamer flying the German flag, limped into port about noontime with a tale of piracy on the high seas I was immediately given the assignment.

On my way to the East front I found that the news had become generally known and that many people were on their way to the battery to see something of this strange ship. I succeeded in obtaining a launch, and attempted to get aboard the vessel, but without success. Still I cruised around in the hope of landing some talkative tar, and of finding out the truth through him. After an unsuccessful hour I returned ashore and decided to go to the German consul's office to get his story of the affair. Arriving there I found a great crowd gathered, and on presenting myself was informed that the consul and the ship's captain were engaged for the afternoon. By diligent inquiry of the outside throng I gathered the following scraps:

It appeared that two German tramps, the Karl der Grosse

and the Brandenburg, had left Savannah for New York. They had passed St. Helena Sound when they sighted a motor boat apparently adrift. They noted that the boat was so drifting that it would pass between them. At this point the wireless began to be used, and the amazed captains read the astonishing demand that each should put $5,000 in gold in a boat and set it adrift. It was further asserted in the message that if the request was not complied with the vessels would be sunk. Thinking that it was only a practical joke, the captains were inclined to treat it as such. As soon as their intention was apparent the little boat swung around, and a torpedo struck the side of the Brandenburg with a terrific explosion. The Brandenburg sank immediately and the captain of the Karl der Grosse paid the toll, fearing lest he meet the same fate. The pirate next demanded that the wireless of the Karl der Grosse be destroyed. This was done and the little boat headed itself towards St. Helena Island and soon was lost from sight.

For two days the United States government appeared dazed, but driven to action by the protests of the German consul she ordered the torpedo destroyers, Aylwin and Townes, to leave Charleston and cruise around St. Helena. For a week there was quiet and the world turned again to every day affairs. Yet the pirate was to become suddenly active. One day he appeared and bantered with the officers of the torpedo boat destroyers, daring them to destroy him. He declared that if they attacked, followed or even threatened him he would teach them their trade. He was answered by an attempted manoevure of the Aylwin, who tried to cut off his retreat by getting between him and St. Helena. The pirate, however, was game and accepted the issue. A torpedo struck the sides of the Aylwin and the way to St. Helena was again unobstructed. Rescue boats were put out by the Townes and some of the crew were saved. Before the Townes could prepare to attack the pirate, however, the strange vessel had disappeared; almost as if it had been swalloed up in the waves.

On this story The Times was scooped. Our rival issued an extra with the story of the loss of the United States vessel. Glaring headlines told how the little craft of the pirate had

been swamped by the sinking Aylwin. The Times office was in tears. Our story we had fondly named the first news of the pirate's arrival, and here our competitor had it. Barnes, the editor, cursed and swore, then swore and cursed. The whole force worked in a dazed, half-mad condition, and even the machinery itself seemed to mock us with its sullenness.

"Here's your scoop," growled the proof-reader sarcastically, as he handed me a proof of an article on the pirate intended for the afternoon's feature. But our competitor had killed that beyond resurrection.

"Dump it in the pi-box," I returned disgustedly, while the whole staff grinned. I was only mortal and that morning I had recounted to them the splendid story in embryo and had also told them—like a fool—of an expected salary raise on it. They laughed and I damned.

At this moment the wireless operator entered and handed me a message, saying that he had just picked it up. That was all he knew except that it was sent pretty strong. The message read:

"German ships beware. U. S. can not save. Ask the Aylwin. Other countries' vessels safe. Attention paid to German—terms $5,000 in gold. Have it ready. ALSACE."

"Get ready to go to press," I yelled. "First page feature, Pirate declares war on German. Run my feature, three column scare under big horse."

Thirty minutes later the big presses were dropping out the papers. On the front page lines extending across the page read, "Pirate a Submarine. Clarion's Extra Fake. Defies the United States and Germany. England Warned." Underneath was my dead feature with a scarce head, explaining what I thought the pirate was, etc. It was purely hypothetical, but it was read for facts and The Times had again scooped her rival.

The next day ten German ships were overhauled and the toll collected. Then the president of the United States ordered the armored cruisers Washington, Tennessee, North Carolina and Montana to leave the Charleston yard and escort every German vessel past St. Helena Island. This did no good. The first time it was tried by the Washington and a

German freighter the pirate made rings around the Washington in speed and so terrified the German captain that he paid the toll for peace.

About an hour later the Montana and the North Carolina attempted to carry a ship through, and when they saw the pirate fired at him continuously. But he was too small and by dodging in and around the warships he demanded his toll and when it wasn't given he launched a torpedo and another German vessel was sunk, while the armored cruisers vainly tried to protect it.

A few hours later these three cruisers were joined by the Tennessee and the four tried to carry three ships through by putting them in the center of the armored squadron. When the pirate appeared he signaled the cruisers to stand aside and let him collect his tolls. Broadsides from the cruisers was what he received in reply. Thirty minutes later the Montana and the Tennessee were sinking, each struck by a torpedo, and the pirate had collected three tolls.

The idea of battleship protection was then abandoned and the government put out several hundred launches to watch the waters around St. Helena for signs of the pirate. For three days this seemed effective, but on the fourth every German ship was stopped, although the pirate was not once seen by the watchers. Almost every ship that was held up was given a message about Alsace, Lorraine, Ledaw and other Prussian victories being avenged.

Thinking that the pirate was probably inspired by France or by patriotic motives, the government scattered five hundred detectives on his trail. One discovery seemed important. Two detectives had discovered that a wealthy Frenchman was living about ten miles inland from St. Helena. His house was a palace, and his courtyard a dream. An artificial lake had been constructed near the house and the Frenchman lived the life of a king. He was not known very well by the other inhabitants and seemed to have few friends. He was openly boastful of the pirate and it was also noted that he had very strong anti-German sentiments. The detectives said that two men had been noticed to come out of the house many times, yet they

were never seen to return to the house. Even when the detectives concentrated their efforts on the Frenchman, nothing could be found against him. He apparently lived an exemplary life.

As the vessels were still being stopped, the governor of South Carolina, at the instigation of the president, requested that 25,000 national troops occupy Beaufort, and portions of Charleston and Colleton counties. Every stream was watched and the deep ones were either mined or dammed. The pirate, however, continued to collect his tolls.

Suddenly the pirate raised his toll to $10,000 and continued to collect it or sink the ship. The captain of the German Deutschland, however, matched his wits with those of the pirate and won. He had a cargo for Savannah, and instead of going there as the pirate expected, he put in at Charleston and shipped his cargo to Savannah by rail. The pirate soon discovered this trick and began to go out to sea to meet his prey. Often he would remain in the open sea for the whole day collecting his toll from every ship flying the German flag.

The captain of the Deutschland again outwitted the priate on his return voyage. He arranged to leave Charleston at the same time that another German vessel left Savannah. He would swing to the north and the other ship would lead the pirate as far south as possible. As expected, the pirate took after the Savannah ship when it appeared and during the ensuing chase the Deutschland got away. When the captain reached Germany he was a popular hero. This aroused the ire of the pirate and he sent forth his second wireless to the world, saying that the German hero, if he cared for the ship he sailed in, would stay in Germany. He further said that any ship having the captain aboard would be sunk without an opportunity to pay the toll. The Times again scooped the Clarion on this piece of news. Already my fame as a journalist was being spread abroad.

News came from Germany that the Deutschland was to attempt another voyage, and that she ought to arrive in Charleston in eight days. On the eighth day there was intense excitement. The Times had invited many prominent men to be its

guest that afternoon in order to hear the earliest news of the Deutschland by wireless. When the time came there were seated in the room of the wireless operator the German ambassador, the American Secretary of State, and others of note. It had been arranged that two other ships would leave Charleston and Savannah at the time of the arrival of the Deutschland. It was intended that these two would get away while the pirate tackled the Deutschland, which had determined to resist his approach with force.

Our surprise was intense, therefore, when the Oylmpia, after steaming from Savannah, sent a wireless saying that the pirate had intercepted her and collected his toll. Our next surprise was a message from the Liverpool, which had sailed from Charleston, saying that the pirate had also stopped her. The great surprise being, however, in the fact that both messages named approximately the same time. Our only conclusion was that there were two pirates. This was strikingly confirmed about an hour later as we sat around the table discussing the strange occurrence. The German ambassador was silent on all the questions discussed, however, and nervously watched the operator. Suddenly the operator lifted his hand, we paused, and the message from the Deutschland came:

"Sinking—two pi . . . ."

The message was interrupted by a stream of wireless words, which successfully prevented any further reading. As soon as it was clearly understood that the Deutschland had been attacked and sunk, the ambassador rose, and taking a portfolio of papers from the side pocket of his coat, handed them to the Secretary of State. The party had hardly reached their destinations before the newsboys of The Times were racing down the streets, yelling:

"Extra! Extra! Two Pirates! Deutschland Sunk! Extra!" and their voices trailed down the streets, lost in the buzz that followed. An hour later they ran the same course again with our second extra, which proclaimed in flaring headlines "Germany Issues Ultimatum. Ambassador Threatens War." Underneath was the account of the scene between the ambassador and our secretary. The ultimatum gave thirty days for the

capture of the pirate, at the end of which time the ambassador was instructed to request their passports if the ultimatum had not been complied with.

The next morning the president issued an address to his nation and the world. In it he declared that every possible effort was being made to capture the pirate. He also ordered the Texas and the New York, our latest battleships, which were equipped with 14-in. guns, to assist in the protection of the German vessels and if possible to destroy the pirates. He stated plainly that any action of the German ambassador preparatory to his departure would be considered a declaration of war, and that the United States would act accordingly. The United States, he said, offered to arbitrate the question, but the arbitrament must become known before the German government took further action. Statements were invited from the leading powers, and if any European government wished to aid in destroying the pirate, the United States, the president declared, would welcome their efforts. He reassured them, however, that action would soon follow.

Several days later England, Russia and France proposed to Germany that each of the four countries should send two battleships over to see how things were, and to assist where possible. They declared, however, that if the German government should see fit to refuse this joint action and attempt offensive measures against the United States, they would be constrained to act as the ally of the American government. On the twenty-fifth day after its ultimatum had been issued the German government accepted the note of the three neutral powers, and informed their ambassador at Washington to this effect.

The secret service men had by this time made important discoveries. The weathy Frenchman living near St. Helena had been continuously shadowed, yet nothing had been found implicating him enough to cause his arrest. It was found that he was a subscriber to many papers, magazines and technical journals, most of them dealing with ships and shipping. The Charleston and Savannah papers were also taken, and it was presumed that they were taken in order to learn when ships were expected to arrive or depart.

As a test the detectives had one of the Savannah dailies to cut out that feature in order to see whether the Frenchman would continue to take it. As soon as the feature was stopped a letter was received from the Frenchman saying that the paper was of no more importance to him and requesting that they discontinue his copy.

Another experiment was tried. It was arranged that all the newspapers omit a certain vessel from their list of departing vessels. As expected, this ship escaped, showing that the pirates were depending on the local papers for the time of departing vessels.

The strongest piece of evidence against him, however, was that on the day of the attack on the Deutschland he went to his lake for a swim and didn't show up again until the next morning when he went into the lake for another swim. He invariably took a swim on the same days that the pirate was out, and invariably failed to come out of the lake. So it was decided to search his house during his absence. He was shadowed until he went to the lake and then after waiting an hour for his re-appearance the detectives went to his home and rang the bell. Imagine their surprise when the Frenchman himself opened the door and asked their business. Announcing to him their purpose, they arrested him, charging him with piracy on the high seas. He appeared very calm, and when asked by the detectives how he was in his house when they saw him go into the lake, he courteously responded that if they would follow him he would show them. They did so and he led them to the basement of his home. There he opened a door, revealing a narrow passage, which he informed them led to a dressing room near the lake. They were taken there by the Frenchman and saw that there had been cut out a small bay for the lake and that on the shore of this stood the dressing room. All of this was underground. Returning to the house, they told the man to get ready to accompany them, as they felt it their duty to hold him in custody while the matter was fully examined.

Several days after the arrest of the Frenchman a lone pirate was reported at sea. The authorities still held their suspect, for

they argued that the fact that only one pirate appeared strengthened their side, as it tended to uphold the theory that the Frenchman was one of the pirates. But the next day brought news of the activities of the two pirates in co-operation and left no ground for the further retention of the supposed pirate. He was accordingly released. He returned to his home and was now doubly watched. The swims continued as usual.

The city of New Orleans here took a hand in the game. Through its chamber of commerce it issued a statement to the world advising all ships to cut Charleston and Savannah and to do their stopping in the pirate-proof city of New Orleans. In return the officials at Charleston and Savannah declared that the cost of making the longer voyage to New Orleans would more than offset the pirate's toll. They denied the New Orleans statement that the pirate would soon make all vessels pay toll. After the discussion had waxed strong the pirate spoke through his wireless to the effect that no other tolls would be levied, but that any ship changing its harbor base from either Charleston or Savannah to New Orleans would be levied upon as salvaged ships. If the money was not promptly paid the ship would be sunk.

Thinking, however, that the wireless mandate could not be enforced, many vessels changed their ports. The world was rudely surprised one morning to find out that the two pirates had left St. Helena for the Gulf of Mexico in order to enforce their ordinance. The first day four ships were sunk and the rest paid. The next day two went under and the others came across with the gold. The pirates remained in the Gulf for a week, collecting a salvage from every ship that had changed its base. At the end of this time the trade of Charleston and Savannah had become normal.

The government, however, had made splendid use of the respite gained by the operations in the Gulf. Engineers and divers worked night and day mining the approaches to St. Helena. Submarine torpedoes were largely relied upon, though the surface of the water was dotted with torpedoes. The government hoped that the pirates would hit a mine in

their rapid speeding through the waters, and nothing else could be expected when one thought of the innumerable torpedoes scattered in the waters.

It had been reported that the pirates' ammunition had given out, and this was later confirmed when it became known that a German ship had been unmolested after refusing to pay the salvage. The government therefore, stationed a chain of battleships along the coast from Florida to St. Helena. As soon as the pirates came within the range of the big guns of the first ship the firing commenced and continued until they had passed the clumsy battleship, which was furiously sputtering in a vain effort to keep up with the fast flying pirates. By this time the second battleship was in range and the fight went on.

This singular fight was continued until the pirates had passed Savannah and were pushing deathlessly ahead for safety from the pursuing dreadnaughts. At this moment the North Atlantic Squadron, which had just arrived from the north in answer to an urgent call, took up the fight and chased the pirates up to the torpedo zone, as the mined waters were called. Here the expected happened. The pirate hastening through the waters did not see the torpedoes until too late. A tremenduous explosion was heard, the waters lifted themselves in the air, and a pirate craft vanished forever. The other pirate succeeded in escaping safely.

The world at large was profoundly thankful for the piece of good news concerning the pirate. For months it had patiently waited, and at last the United States appeared to be getting the upper hand. One pirate sunk; the other bottled up, although nobody knew exactly how or where. Congratulations were sent the United States government by foreign powers and all withdrew their battleships save Germany. She appeared to seek a subterfuge with which to embroil the United States into a war. The true reason was that the label on many products, which had read "Made in Germany," was rapidly becoming "Made in the United States." Therefore, it was suspected that her real motive in keeping her ships near St. Helena was to get a scrap if possible.

She got one, but not in the way expected. Several days

after the explosion of the pirate boat two pirates re-appeared and sank both of the German battleships. They then made a rush for their refuge in order to escape the United States battleships, which were coming to the Germen's aid. Again, however, an explosion was heard and the leading pirate was hurled to destruction. The second pirate, afraid to trust himself in the mined waters, turned away from the shore and heading for the open sea soon outdistanced the battleships.

Nothing more was heard or seen of him for some time, but a faint wireless came saying that the pirate would like to have a conference with the commanding officer, if a truce would be arranged. He asked if the admiral in command had the power to make terms with him, and after being answered in the affirmative, he came on board the dreadnaught Texas, the flagship of the admiral. The pirate surrendered unconditionally, but was guaranteed his life in return for the secret of his boat. The pirate was the Frenchman.

The Frenchman was tried in the Federal court at Charleston and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. Before leaving for Atlanta, where he was to serve his term, he submitted to an interview, in which he answered the following questions:

"What connection with your work did your frequent swims in the lake have?"

"That," he replied, "was an essential part of the scheme. You noticed the three large drains at the lower end of the lake, no doubt. Each is divided into three sections and the middle section is about eight feet in length. The middle drain's centre joint is of peculiar construction. In my swims I go down into this one; an obstruction stops me at the centre joint. I pull a lever that is sticking up before me. This drops the end of the first joint to a second position and the water is then drained off, leaving me high and dry in the second joint. The diverted water runs under me and rejoins the drain at the third joint; thus both ends of the drain are flowing, yet the centre is dry.

"I next open a false door on the side of the joint in which I am, and descend a long ladder. Here is a narrow subterranean passage. I follow this and soon arrive at the banks of a river, entirely underground and not now known by geologists

or geographers. On the banks of this river are numerous small generators, run by the swift flowing waters, and generating the current with which the storage batteries in my boats were charged. It was a simple matter to take my submarine to the ocean by following the stream."

"What were the principles on which your boats were operated?" I asked.

"See the United States navy department," he returned meaningly.

"How many submarines did you have?" was my next question.

"At the beginning I had one," he replied, "but built two others. The last one was destroyed on her first trip out, you know."

"Your motive?" I suggested.

"If I had one besides my love of excitement it was the fact that from my boyhood the words so often spoken by Thiers in his interview with Bismark, 'mais c'est un indignité' rang in my ears. To avenge that hero of my prostrate nation I made war on the Germans. I hope that histories, if they mention this episode, will call it 'Thier's Revenge,' for he—he was my father."

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Mr. Bryan

The pleasure of being in the presence of Hon. W. J. Bryan for an hour, and of shaking his hand at its close, will not soon be forgotten by those of us who were so fortunate as to have that opportunity some time ago. His greatness was never before so plainly made evident to us as it was that night as we sat and listened to him for those valuable moments. And his greatness grows larger every day. Yet, he is but a plain, gentle, earnest, honest man, whom no one, however humble, would hesitate to approach; but who nevertheless commands respect and reverence from all.

Although Mr. Bryan has been several times defeated in his plans, yet he never ceases to urge them and labor for the good of his country and people. This was shown very forcibly in his speech here, and it is shown no less forcibly by his daily

deeds and actions. He ever has the people and their welfare in mind.

Of all the men our great country has produced there has not been one more worthy to be her chief executive than is Mr Bryan. He surely has the qualities of a real president and indeed he ought to be. But his honor is none the less, for the whole country—the whole world even—looks upon him and says, with truth, "This is a man."

Baseball

The following is from the captain of the baseball team. It gives us great pleasure to publish this article in this department, and we sincerely hope that every student will read it carefully and assume the hopeful and enthusiastic attitude which our captain shows. Surely with such men on our team and with the backing we owe to them, we shall be as successful this year as he predicts for us:

"Spring and baseball will soon be here, so let us see what are the prospects for a winning team. Seven of the old men are back and a whole lot of material seems to have been developed in the upper classes since last year. Besides this there is some likely looking material in the freshman class, which with a little seasoning ought to show varsity form.

"Now, all we want is the support of the student body. This can be given in three ways: first, by paying the assessment to hire the coach, which, by the way, is due and sorely needed, as it will enable the club to start off the season without having to borrow money; second, by every man coming out who can play ball and trying for the team; and third, and most important of all, is the boosting by the students instead of knocking a man when he is a little off color.

"We hope that practice will have been begun already by the time this piece is published. We want every man to come out regularly and on time, as it is only in this way that the coach and captain can get a line on each one's playing.

"The schedule has not been completed yet, but on the whole it is favorable to our chances for winning the 'rag,' for we have six of the ten championship games on our home grounds.

"So with the student body boosting, the club playing good, consistent baseball, and a little luck breaking with us, we will win the championship of the State for old Wofford in 1912."

The State Medals

During April the 18th and 19th the College Press Association of this State will hold its annual convention here at Wofford. The constitution, giving the object and rules of the Association, was published in the November issue of this journal, and therefore should be in the hands of every student in college. In this constitution you will find that three valuable medals will be awarded at this convention, one for a story, one for a poem and one for an essay. Students of twelve institutions will be contestants for these medals, so you see to win one will be quite an honor.

Now the object of this editorial is to make an appeal to all the readers of THE JOURNAL to try for these prizes. As the convention will be here it is nothing but meet that a Wofford student should win at least one of these medals. You will have until the middle of March to submit your material and so we make an earnest appeal to every man in college to put forth new efforts in this kind of work, and let's "cop" one of the prizes, at least, for Wofford this year.

Another Legacy for Wofford

We are indebted to the Southern Christian Advocate of January 25th for the following:

"Wofford has just received another legacy. This time it is $1,000 from the estate of the late John W. Humbert. Mr. Humbert graduated at Wofford in 1859, and by this legacy he joins hands with his class-mate, the Rev. A. J. Stafford, in forwarding the great causes for which their alma mater stands. Moreover, both of them in life, as men and Christian ministers, met their duties and performed their tasks in the spirit of the best ideals of the college. When they died they were far from being what is called "men of means;" but it was characteristic of them that they wanted at least a part of the little they left to help continue the great work of heir alma mater.

"The legacies of Miss Julia Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Jordan, Mr. John W. Truesdale, Miss Mary Armstrong, the Rev. A. J. Stafford, and the Rev. J. W. Humbert coming in such close succession must be significant of the purpose of many friends of Wofford and of religious education, and there are doubtless others throughout the State who, in a large or small way, are making provision to give their money an immortal life of beneficent service."

Editorialettes

Two centuries ago the Catawba Indians owned this State. Today our governor recommends that they shall not even receive a pension from the people who usurped their nation. This alone, says a Virginia paper, is enough to explain why a South Carolina citizen hangs his head in silence and declines to discuss public affairs of his State.

In behalf of the annual staff we will venture to say that they have just sent to press an annual that bids fair to be a credit to its directors, to the student body, to Wofford and to all concerned.

The Terpsichoreans seem to be "down in the mouth" about something. Heard one say that *they* were going to put dancing on the same basis as the oratorical contests. Maybe that's the reason.

The interest of the students in basketball this season is great. We are glad to see this, and we are looking for great things from our 'Varsity five.

We are very anxious to see whom Mr. Bryan is going to favor for the presidency this year. We are in hopes that he will endorse Wofford's choice.

Every man in college is eligible to try for all the medals given by the College Press Association. So try for one anyway.

Have your dues to the Athletic Association ready for the collectors when they call, and keep up your baseball spirit all the same.

Wilson is looming larger every day.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

R. T. Wilson, Editor.
A. L. Googe, Assistant Editor.

The Record

The January issue of *The Record* is prophetic of a prosperous year for this young magazine. We realize the lack of real good stories, but at the same time we realize the difficulties confronting the first attempts at story writing. The members of the Fitting School should profit by the example of the class which got out this issue. Now to the material. "After Work—Rest" is really a poem and not solely verse. The metre is perfect and the thought brings repose to those who brood over unpleasant memories. "I Can Do Anything" is unreal, and is not told in the best possible manner. However, such unreal happenings are permissible—if an imprint to try small and real things with a better determination is stamped upon the reader. "My Song to the Moon" is good light reading. "Isaac's First Rabbit Hunt" also is well told, but cannot be reckoned as deep thought and good material for a college magazine. Yet we like the development of the plot and especially the climax. The writer at least has the art of good story-telling. The Editorial and Y. M. C. A. Departments are well edited. We are sorry to find that an Exchange Department is lacking.

The Journal

The first essay, "The Censorship of the Press," forcibly advances one to a logical conclusion. This essay is clear and forcible. General statements are made only by proof of same, and the author states in one paragraph what he wishes to show in the next. Here the true merits of an essay are found. The first poem, "A Fragment Made Whole," is a good one Truly each verse makes a fragment of a "whole" good poem. "Courage" is the best treatment of an abstract idea that we have read in any college magazine. In the hands of such an

author that indefinable abstraction stands out simple and clear. Short sentences add much to force and clearness. "June Brides" is almost beyond our criticism. However, we should like to know what inspired such writing these cold, bleak days? Such reading inter-mingled between good essays is certainly commendable. "Oratory and its Place in College" deserves a first class superlative adjective—but we can't find one to suit. This essay strikes a note which should be heeded by every college man. In fact, the essays in this issue are far beyond the average. But where are the short stories? If there were several short stories equal to the poems and essays we should quickly commit ourselves to say that this is the best magazine that has yet come to our table. Also every department is well edited. Next issue, have short stories, and challenge any magazine for merit.

Aurora This magazine comes from Georgia and is especially welcome to our table. Previous issues, however, have caused this great welcome, and this issue is not up to the usual. The poems are not to be considered as good ones, but they compare favorably with the usual poems in our magazines. It seems that every college is lacking in poets who can write poetry as well as verse. "Review of Knickerbocker's History" is interesting, but long sentences containing inconsistent phrases mar the clearness and force. This would have been a much better essay had some sentences been made into three or four. "Her Last Game" does not ever grasp a clear hold on the reader—and the ending is rather hazy. However, this shows the interest that is being taken in basket ball. "A Shop Girl's Christmas Eve" we hope is overdrawn. Granted not, however, the language used is not altogether appropriate in a literary translation of high merit. What we mean is that too much "slang" is used. Also the paragraphs are not closely linked with each other. "Old Fashioned Roses" is the best literary production in the magazine.

Feeling a lack of general strength and ability in this issue, we began to wonder why such was the case. Turning to the

authors, we find that by far the most of them were Freshmen and Sopohomores. What has become of the upper classmen? We shall expect a better magazine for the month of February.

We acknowledge the following magazines: *Furman Echo, Mercerian, Aurora, The Journal, The Record, Emory Phoenix* and *The Bessie Tift Journal.*

CLIPPINGS

NOT FOR HIS.

Rich Man—Would you love my daughter just as much if she had no money?

Suitor—Why certainly!

Rich Man—That's sufficient. I don't want any idiots in this family.

A PERSONAL.

Wanted—A housekeeping man by a business woman. Object matrimony.

INEXPRESSIVE.

"I am thinking of going to Europe on a vacation."

"You are! I didn't know you had that much money."

"I haven't, but you see it doesn't cost anything to think of going."

REASSURING.

He—"Good night, dear. We must not kiss or you would take my cold."

She—"Never mind—I can pass it on."

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

Maud—"Jack is telling it around that you are worth your weight in gold."

Ethel—"The foolish boy. Who is he telling it to?"

Maud—"His creditors."

"Why did you come to college anyway? You are not studying," said the professor.

"Well," said Willie, "I hardly know exactly myself. Mother says it is to fit me for the presidency, Uncle Bill says to sow my wild oats; Sis says to get a chum for her to marry, and pa says to bankrupt the family."

HE AGREED.

She—"I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living."

He (absent-mindedly)—"Yes, my lamb."

NO IMPROVEMENTS FOR HIM.

Johnny—"They're makin' shingles out o' cement nowadays."

Dickey—"I don't mind that so much, but if maw ever gets a pair o' cement slippers I'm going to run away."

THAT DECEPTIVE.

She—"You deceived me when I married you."

He—"I did more than that. I deceived myself."

COULDN'T SAY.

"Ma, am I a descendant of a monkey?" asked the little boy.

"I don't know," replied the mother. "I never knew any of your father's folks."

Storekeeper—"I want a boy to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

Boy—"What becomes of me when the door slams?"

PREMATURE.

The Fair Purchaser—"Your eggs are very small today, Mr. Jones."

Mr. Jones—"Yes'm, they are; but I'm sure I don't know the reason."

The Fair Purchaser—"Oh, I expect you took them out of the nest too soon."

REASONABLE RESTRAINT.

Jones—"Is it necessary for you to send your daughter to Europe to complete her musical education?"

Brown—"Yes—I can't stand the infernal racket here any longer."

LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

Little Nell—"What's a widower?"

Little Bess—"Why, a widower is the husband of a widow, I suppose."

NEVER FAIL.

"Do you think women would improve politics?"

"I will say this for them, if they ever start an investigation they'll find out something."

GREENNESS ACCOUNTED FOR.

Marks—That new member seems pretty green for a man who claims to be a college graduate.

Parks—Probably it was an agricultural college.

MOTHER.

Listen! Can you not still hear
How she taught you your first prayer?
O, the voice that was so dear,
And the hopes that were so fair!
Ask yourself what she would say
If she guessed or if she knew—
Listen! Listen! Through her tears
Still she calls across the years—
Calls forgivingly to you.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

G. M. Crum, Editor.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The regular preliminary oratorical contest will be held in the college chapel on the evening of the twenty-second of February. Each of the three literary societies has elected two speakers, making six in all, from which number one will be elected to represent Wofford at the State Inter-Collegiate contest at Greenwood in April.

All of the speakers have chosen live, present-day subjects and the occasion is being looked forward to with no little interest. Judging from the ability of the speakers there is no reason why Wofford should not win again this year, making us victorious seven out of fourteen times. Of course with such a past record as this we couldn't afford to feel bad over a defeat.

The speakers for the evening of the 22nd are:

Calhoun Society—R. B. McIver and L. C. Wannamaker; Carlisle Society—R. L. Cox and G. H. Hodges; Preston Society—R. T. Wilson and R. D. Guilds.

LYCEUM.

Besides the regular numbers the lyceum management favored us with two extras—Col. William Jennings Bryan and Prof. Olin Wannamaker.

It was certainly a privilege for the people of Spartanburg, and especially for the students of the college, to hear such a man as Mr. Bryan—"the world's greatest citizen." He spoke on the reform movement and his lecture was divided into three parts: moral reform, intellectual reform and the application of it, and the science of popular government. Not only was Mr. Bryan's subject one of intense interest, but his style of delivery held the attention of his appreciative audience throughout his address.

The regular number of the lyceum course was Judge George

D. Alden, of Boston. His lecture was entitled: "The Powder and the Match," which, as he said, had nothing to do with his subject. His real subject was "National Health." His wit and humor kept his large and enthusiastic audience on the alert, his message held them tense and eager until he had finished.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The literary societies have elected officers for the last term for the purpose of getting their names in the Annual. They resulted as follows:

Calhoun—President, R. B. McIver; vice-president, R. R. Nickels; first critic, P. M. Hamer; second critic, J. L. Wilcox; third critic, J. E. Bethea; first censor, G. M. Crum; second censor, Bobo Burnett; recording secretary, L. N. Watson; corresponding secretary, L. F. Whitlock.

Carlisle—President, B. S. Haynes; vice-president, P. B. Yarbrough; first critic, R. L. Cox; second critic, B. F. Cromley; third critic, A. L. Googe; first censor, L. A. Carter; second censor, J. I. Robinson; recording secretary, J. B. Paysinger; corresponding secretary, M. K. Fort.

Preston—President, F. C. Beach; vice-president, W. L. Ouzts; first critic, R. D. Guilds; second critic, C. H. Witt; first censor, A. W. Ayers; second censor, W. J. Moss; third censor, Hook; recording secretary, F. S. Blair; corresponding secretary, L. J. Cauthen.

The speakers for the different class exhibitions have all been elected, and are as follows:

Freshmen Speakers—Calhoun Society, H. M. Smith and R. C. Rice; Carlisle Society, H. T. Thrower and R. Syfon; Preston Society, J. C. Kearse and W. B. Stuckey.

Sophomore Speakers—P. D. Huff, R. Fairey, J. C. Herbert, L. M. Moyer, M. K. Fort, and C. C. Garris.

Junior Debaters—Calhoun Society, C. T. Easterling and J. C. Hyer; Carlisle Society, W. F. Herlong and J. G. Kelley; Preston Society, Madder and H. R. Sims.

Senior Commencement Speakers—R. T. Wilson, L. C. Wannamaker, C. B. Haynes, R. L. Meriwether, R. L. Cox, C. H. Witt.

BASKET BALL TRIP.

"Birds of a feather flock together," and so did the members of the Wofford College Basket Ball team early Monday evening, January 29th. That night was the date scheduled to play Newberry. However, part of the crowd left here Saturday; Hazel going to Newberry, Wilson to Laurens, and DeShields to Lanford Station. Moody, Anderson, Herlong and Prof. Keaton were left behind to come early Monday morning.

Those that spent Sunday at home report a pleasant time. But an unlucky fate met several of the said party. Leaving Spartanburg Saturday, while the weather was warm and pleasant, overcoats seemed a nuisance, so they were left on the racks. So were overshoes and umbrellas. Early Monday morning the rain was falling heavily, icicles were touching the ground from bending trees, and all nature seemed to be in the hands of the ice king. Baxter knew not what to do, as he had no paraphernalia to meet such weather. However, while on his way to Newberry, a happy thought seized upon him. He saw an umbrella and gently picked it up. He started out of the coach in which said incident occurred, but was halted by a fair lady. Due apologies were rendered to the latter. What else followed, we are unable to say, but when we reached Newberry a police was summoned to pull him off the train. Since then dreamy eyes, a far off look, and solicitude have been Baxter's sole possessions. He became so infatuated that while coming back the conductor took the ticket from his hat and he chased same even into the "colored" car and there took a seat. So much for him.

The other members of the team went to Newberry via Alston. We found them in Newberry awaiting us. By four o'clock Monday evening we were together and enjoying life with the boys of Newberry. The weather was too bad to expect a large crowd for the game. Eight o'clock found the two teams lined up for the game. When the second half ended —catching our breath, we learned that we had been defeated. But what of that! We knew that the losing team always has sympathy bestowed upon them, so the "sympathetic corner" in

several Newberry homes was found. But several members of the team received too much sympathy—or there must have been a sweet stream, for sympathy was drunk in until late hours.

All in all we were treated nicely, both by the students and by the town at large. Everyone agreed that it was better "to have gone and lost than never to have gone at all." What the people of Newberry thought of us we are unable to conjecture. But draw your conclusion from this: "Nut" went to Newberry Saturday, and after having seen *him,* messenger boys were hurried to the college, and overdue persuasion only kept them from cancelling the game for Monday night.

Early Tuesday morning we started for Spartanburg by way of Greenwood, and on this trip poor Frank showed symptoms of a disease which is destined to break up the team. He will flirt if it is with a telegraph post. Actually he was trying to flirt with a lady of middle age, showing at the same time great ease and unscrupulousness.

At first Anderson and Moody were somewhat timid, but soon caught the true spirit exhibited by Herlong. Unfortunately though, they began flirting with the wrong person. They were going nicely when a man caught and fondly held the hand of the flirtee. At once Moody became terrified and asked Anderson if they were married. "Certainly," says Anderson, "don't you see him holding her hand?"

"Charlie" also was over modest until almost the end of the trip. But the "little caps" of a certain college caught his eye and modesty was replaced by "nerve." Something strange happened to him though, because after "having seen" the young girls of the town, he came back with hair straight and looking like a Kentucky mule. The truth is he accidentally met "father," and "father" did not show conduciveness to geniality. Thereafter he slept very quietly until the noise of Spartanburg awoke him.

At present the team is safe at home awaiting the next trip. For on such trips fun and frivolity have their place as well as the duties that confront us in behalf of the college. Again we say that we are sorry for having lost the game to New-

berry, but memories of the trip and the thoughts of a future game console us.

R. W.

SCRAPS.

Dr. Snyder (to Googe)—"What are the natural sciences?"
Googe—"Latin."

—

William Smith—"Have you read 'Freckles?'"
Huff—"No, mine are brown."

—

Senior (to Deutche Byers)—"The ladies all said I was the best dancer up there last night."
Byers—"Is that so? They told me the same thing. They must have been scattering sarcasm around."

—

Wanted to know—Why Soph. Huff was mistaken for Joe Whot.

—

Wanted to know—Why Senior Ellerbe got scared of his picture.

—

Wanted to know—By Witt, why that Winthrop girl gave his card back to him.

—

The following incident happened while at the Asheville Hotel:
Waitress—"How do you want your eggs?"
Keaton—"Fellers, I believe I want mine cooked; how about you all?"
Steele—"Same here."

—

Jim K.—"Boys, let's go to the moving picture show."
Rufie—"What for?"

—

A fire occurred at Walker Cottage Sunday morning, Jan. 28, burning a small hole in the roof, but none of the students suffered any loss.

On account of such disagreeable weather for the past month, the work on the dormitory has not been progressing very rapidly, but the foundation is laid and there is no doubt that it will be finished in about four months.

—

Rev. H. Grady Hardin, of the class of '11, was a visitor to the campus several days ago. "Colonel" will always receive a hearty welcome on Wofford campus.

—

Mr. E. C. Edwards spent several days on the campus with his son, D. L. Edwards, of the Junior class.

—

All of the material for the annual is about ready to go to press, and from the reports of the Editor-in-Chief and the Business Manager it promises to be one of the best the students have ever gotten out. Their subscription list numbers 260, which shows the interest the students are taking in it.

—

In just a few days baseball practice will begin. We are all looking forward to having an unusually good team this year and there is no doubt that under the management of Coach McCarthy and Captain Walker our team will show up as good as any other in the State. Let's keep up interest and enthusiasm and encourage the players. Don't knock!

—

The Glee Club will take its annual tour over the State about the first week in April. The club this year is fully as good as it has ever been and they promise to give an interesting program of snappy songs and college glees. Mr. C. B. Haynes has been chosen reader for this year and there is no doubt that Mr. Haynes will delight his audiences with his excellent selections.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. B. Kay, Editor.

DR. WALLER'S TALK.

At our first regular meeting in January Dr. Waller gave us a very interesting talk on Temperance, dealing with it purely from a scientific standpoint. He spoke of the way in which this subject will be handled in the future; that is, by appealing to one from the standpoint of self-preservation, rather than from that of ruined homes and fatherless children. Dr. Waller is peculiarly fitted to treat this subject on account of his knowledge of the human organism, and therefore pictured to us very vividly the ways in which the mind and heart are affected by intemperance.

GRADY HARDIN ADDRESSES Y. M. C. A.

On Jan. 19 we had the pleasure of hearing H. Grady Hardin, of the class of 1911, who gave us a forceful, and let us hope a helpful talk on "Drifting." He upheld to us the purposeful life, and in contrast showed us the results of a life, not that of a deliberately wicked man, but of one who has no high purpose for which to strive, and who consequently drifts farther and farther away from the truest and noblest life. There are too many of these easy going, sociable, careless natures on our campus who are so easily led away by the temptations of college life. But there is another and a brighter side, and we look up with admiration to those like Grady Hardin, in whom a noble character has been built up by four years of college life. We are always glad to listen to one who, having recently passed our way, can so appreciate with us the dangers, the temptations and also the successes of life on a college campus.

"OUR NEW PASTOR."

On the night of Jan. 26, we were glad to listen to an address on "Personal Influence for Christianity" by our new pastor, Dr. R. E. Stackhouse. This is the first time that Dr. Stack-

house has been to our Y. M. C. A. meetings, but we hope that he will visit us often henceforth, and make himself our constant friend and adviser. Taking his text from the story of John and Andrew, his brother, Dr. Stackhouse showed us the value of personal work in the saving of men's souls. It is not only the preacher but the layman as well who brings men to Christ. The influence of a noble Christian character is a force for good, stronger than many sermons.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

P. B. Yarbrough, Editor.

In this issue we continue to mention Wofford alumni who are engaged in the legal profession.

1883

The class of 1883 produced one lawyer, Mr. E. O. Wood, of Darlington, S. C.

1884

Class of '84 gave J. J. Burnett and M. H. Moore to the legal fraternity. Mr. Burnett was for two terms Master in Equity for Spartanburg County. He is now serving his first term as Judge of Probate.

Mr. Moore was several years dean of law department of the South Carolina University, which he held at the time of his death a few years ago. He enjoyed an enviable reputation for legal ability and broad scholarship.

1885

'85 furnished but one lawyer, Howard B. Carlisle, of Spartanburg. Mr. Carlisle ranks among the strongest lawyers in the State, and at present represents his county in the State senate. He is one of the leaders of that honorable body of law-makers, and has been spoken of in the press as a suitable person for gubernatorial honors.

1888

Class of '88 furnished one lawyer, Mr. J. J. Gentry, of Spartanburg. Mr. Gentry was several years Judge of Probate for his county. Declining re-election after splendid service as a public officer, he entered the ministry and is now taking a course in theology at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky.

1889

The class of '89 boasts of several preachers, one college president, one college professor, and one United States senator, but no lawyers.

1890

Of the class of '90, Jones Fuller practices law at Greenwood, J. W. Nash at Spartanburg, and C. W. Stoll at Kingstree. Messrs. Fuller and Stoll are bankers also. Mr. Nash is one of the leading lawyers at the Spartanburg bar, and has represented his county in the legislature.

1891

'91 gave W. S. Hall, Jr., to the world. Mr. Hall is a practicing attorney at Gaffney, and represents Cherokee County in the State senate.

1892

The large class of '92 is represented at the bar by Mr. A. H. Moss, of Orangeburg. (Unus, sed leo.)

1894

And the class of '94, by Mr. H. L. Bomar, of Spartanburg. Not only is Mr. Bomar a prominent and successful lawyer, but he is largely interested in many of the business enterprises of the city.

1895

The class of '95 graduated 34 men. Of these A. H. Dagnall is practicing law at Anderson, J. P. Hollis at Rock Hill, S. H. McGhee at Greenwood, W. F. Stackhouse and M. C. Woods at Marion, and J. F. Lyon is serving his third term as Attorney General of the State. Mr. Stackhouse is a member of the board of trustees of Wofford College. Dr. Hollis enjoys the distinction of being the only member of this class to take the Ph. D. degree. He spent four years of work at Johns Hopkins University.

1897

W. M. Connor, Jr., of the class '97, is District Attorney for the U. S. government in the Philippine Islands. Just at this time Mr. Connor is visiting friends in Charleston, S. C., being off duty on leave of absence for five months.

W. Boyd Evans, of the same class, is practicing law in Columbia, and P. H. Stoll is Solicitor for his district.

1898

R. A. Hannon, of the class of '98, is practicing law in Spartanburg, and J. K. Owens at Bennettsville. Mr. Owens will be in the campaign this summer for Solicitor.

1901

J. B. Gibson is the only lawyer of 1901. Mr. Gibson is making a name for himself and his alma mater at Dillon. He is associated in his profession with Hon. Knox Livingston.

1902

B. H. Brown, S. T. Lanham and T. Frank Watkins are the lawyers of class of 1902. Mr. Watkins is prominent at the Anderson bar, and Messrs. Brown and Lanham are in Spartanburg. Mr. Brown is at present a representative in the legislature, and Mr. Lanham is Master in Equity for his county.

1903

L. M. Cantrell, L. Q. Crum, S. M. Dawkins and J. C. Redmon are the lawyers of 1903. Mr. Cantrell is in Spartanburg. Mr. Crum, though a lawyer, is teaching in Columbia, and Mr. Redmon is Probate Judge of Calhoun County.

1904

J. P. Lane and E. L. All are the legal lights furnished by the class of 1904. Mr. Lane is at the Dillon bar. Mr. All took his law course at the University of Virginia and made the highest record in a class of 200. He is associated with a prominent law firm in Birmingham, Ala.

1905

J. W. Boyd, James Kilgo, J. G. Stabler and C. P. Wofford are the lawyers of 1905. Mr. Boyd is now a representative from his county in the legislature. Mr. Kilgo is located at Darlington, Mr. Wofford at Spartanburg, and Mr. Stabler at St. Matthews.

1906

Of 1906, F. A. McLeod is a law student in the S. C. University, W. C. Moore is practicing at Dillon, M. B. Pierce in New York, and Roy Webster in Gaffney.

1907

O. G. Calhoun, of the class of '07, has finished his law course at Columbia University, N. Y., M. C. Foster is now at the S. C. University, and S. L. Prince holds a chair in Lander College, but will begin the practice of his profession after the session. S. W. Taylor is studying law in Washington, D. C.

1908

J. L. Dukes, of the class of '08, is beginning the practice of law in Orangeburg, and L. K. Jennings is now studying law at the S. C. University. S. A. Nettles is practicing in Greenville, and his brother, J. L. Nettles, is practicing in Columbia. S. A. and J. L. Nettles took their law course at Harvard University, both graduating with distinction. Each of these brothers won several medals while at Wofford.

1909

R. B. Stackhouse and A. E. Tinsley, of 1909, are now studying law at Vanderbilt University.

NOTICE TO ALL STUDENTS

Some business men say that it is useless to advertise in the JOURNAL, that the students pay no attention to the Ads. It is not hard to remember who patronizes us, so lets patronize *only those* who patronize us. By this, the future staffs will have an easier time getting out the JOURNAL.

	Page.
Adkins, M. R., Meats	vi
Bagwell, J. E., Grocer	iv
Band & White, Printers	xvii
Bank of Spartanburg	vi
Beacham Hardware Co.	vi
Bell's Drug Store	ii
Bernhardt's Photo Studio	v
Biber, A. W., Jeweler	vii
Bomar & Crigler, Gents Furnishings	ii
Brill Electric Co.	v
Cannon & Fetzer, Clothing	viii
Central Drug Co.	x
Central National Bank	iv
Chapman, the Grocer	vii
Correll, A. B., Jeweler	x
Creighton Clothing Co.,	xi
Crescent Pharmacy	xi
DuPre Book Store	xv
Eastman Business College	ix
Eureka Cigar Store	ii
Fairyland Theatre	xii
Felkel, F. W., Insurance	xi
First National Bank	i
Gaillard, Dr. Chas. R., Eye-Sight Specialist	vii
Greenewald's, Clothiers	iii
Heinitish's Drug Store	viii
Holmes & Johnson, Druggists	iii
Irwin & Floyd, Druggists	xii
Law, A. M., & Co., Insurance	vii
Lemmond's Barber Shop	vi
Ligon's Drug Store	v
Littlejohn's Barber Shop	v
Lowe Shoe Co.	x
Magic Theatre	iii
Majestic Theatre	vii
Merriam, G. & C. Co.	xiii
Nickels, W. J., Tailor	xiii
New York Restaurant	iv
Oakman's Drug Store	x
Olympia Cafe	ii
Price's Clothing Store	vi
Queen, J. R., Barber	vi
Red Star Shoe Shop	viii
Spartan Hardware Co.	vi
Spartan Optical Parlors	x
Spartanburg Printing Co.	vii
Spartanburg Ry., G. & E. Co.	xii
Smith-Copeland Shoe Co.	i
Spigel Bros., Jewelers	vi
Turner's Cigar Store	xiv
University College of Medicine	xx
Walker, John A., Shoes	xii
Waterman Fountain Pen	xviii
Wofford College	xvi
Wofford College Fitting School	xvi
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co.	xiv

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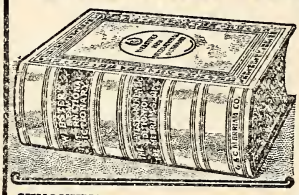

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Vol. 23

March, Nineteen Twelve

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—

Spring 35

His Call 36

China of Tomorrow 39

The Mammoth Cave 43

The Lover's Prayer 46

Ezra Hawkins' Machine 47

Earth Genesis 49

The Baseball Star 54

Editorial Department 60

Exchange Department 64

Clippings 65

Local Department 68

Y. M. C. A. Department 74

Alumni Department 76

Notice to Students 78

Advertisements 79

Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

R. L. Meriwether, Editor.
J. C. Hyer, Assistant Editor.

Spring

When February's setting rays
Do dimmer and still dimmer grow;
When Winter's short and chilly days,
In which come sleet and feath'ry snow,
Do constantly decrease in length,
And Winter's grasp is shorn of strength;
When birds make music all day long,
And fill each nook and glade with song;
When I can hear the buzz of bees,
And ev'ry robin sings of you;
When blossoms peep from all the trees,
And meads are decked with violets blue:
Then February hies away,
And Winter can not longer stay,
For March doth hurriedly appear,
And happy, joyous Spring is here!

D. L. E., '13.

His Call

A group of medical students at one of the great universities were gathered together one evening on the porch of the boarding house. The evening meal had just been finished, and with cigars, cigarettes, and pipes lit, all settled themselves comfortably in their chairs and engaged in the small talk and "ragging" so loved by college boys. Two of the number, chums and room-mates, were discussing a question brought up in a class that day. The friendly argument was waxing hot and furious when one of them, a hot-tempered young fellow, suddenly demanded:

"How in the mischief did you ever happen to study medicine?"

The other only grinned amiably and refused to reply or to engage in any further argument. The dispute had attracted the attention of the rest of the boys, and their conversation had ceased while they listened with great enjoyment to the battle between the two.

Finally the angry one sank, fuming and growling, into the chair out of which he had risen in his excitement; and when his grumbling and the answering chuckles of his opponent had subsided, some one said:

"Say, fellows, that question of Jim's reminds me of the fact that I never have heard a single one of us explain why he happened to study medicine. Suppose we each tell our reasons."

This met with the interested approval of the rest, and in a moment they were busy telling each other all about it. Some had good reasons and some had none. Nearly all of them owed their choice of career to some relation or friend who was a physician; a few had chosen their profession for pure love of it. Each had told his reason and the subject was about to be dropped when a tall young man, somewhat older than the rest, came up and joined them. He was instantly greeted with a command to tell his reason for studying medicine. At first he hesitated, but when they insisted he seated himself on the railing and began:

"Well, I suppose I'd better begin at the beginning and tell

how I happened to see what I saw and then tell what I saw. You boys don't know it, but up to two years before I came to college I was a brakeman on the L. & N. Railroad; fact is, I had never done much but railroad ever since I finished at the grammar school.

"One night I was going through the yards at Birmingham on my way home, tired out after an eighteen-hour shift, and cursing myself, my work, and everything in general, when I heard the blast of a switch engine's whistle, the groaning of the brakes as it came to a stop, and then, clear and shrill on the night air, came the pitiful cry of a hurt child. I dropped my dinner pail and ran back to where the engine stood. When I came up the crew and a few stragglers like myself were gathered around something a little to one side of the track. I shouldered my way into the middle of the bunch and then stopped short, turned sick at the sight. There on the ground lay a little negro boy, all twisted and shattered, with his face covered with the blood that came pouring from a cut on his head. The crowd, all old, hardened railroad men, didn't attempt to help him at all, beyond sending a brakeman to telephone for an ambulance, for they all took it for granted that he was dead, and 'he wasn't nothing but a little nigger anyhow.'

"Like the rest, I made no move at first, but suddenly the little fellow's eyes opened and he began to cry, calling for somebody to bring some water. I knelt down and put my arm around his shoulders. When the water came I washed the blood off his face and forced a few drops of water down his throat.

"I saw his lips moving, and bending down, I caught the words, 'Mister, I'm hurt pow'rful bad. I was gwine fer some beer for my mammy. She's down there in the hollow. Mister, I 'spec' you better send for her. I'm goner die, and she oughter come kiss me.'

"Then, still in a broken whisper, he gave me his name, and I sent a negro fireman hurrying off to find the boy's mother. For a few minutes after he left the boy lay still, his eyes closed,

while we busied ourselves trying to stop the blood from the gash on his head. I don't suppose it had been more than five minutes since we had sent for his mother, though it seemed like an hour, when the little chap roused up and began to mutter feebly. Again putting my ear down to his mouth I heard him say:

"'She ain't gon'ter git here in time, and I wants her to kiss me fo' I dies!'

"Then, opening his eyes, 'Mister, mammy ain't here to kiss me, and you'se mighty good. Mister, do you reckon you can kiss me for my mammy? Please, mister!'

"I couldn't stand it, fellows, and with the tears rolling down my cheeks I stooped and kissed him, and with a little sigh of content and a 'Thank you, mister,' he closed his eyes, sank back and died just as the ambulance came rushing up. The doctor said that if he had come five minutes sooner he could have easily saved the child's life. He had barely finished the examination when I heard the cries of the boy's mother as she came hurrying up. I had had enough, and I couldn't stand to hear her crying, so I turned, and with my eyes blinded with tears, went stumbling through the yards. When I reached home I went to bed and tried to sleep, but the sight of the poor little negro kept coming up before me. Suddenly I remembered the doctor's words, 'If I had come five minutes sooner I could have saved his life.' Then the thought came to me that in another case he might be in time to save a life. I would have given my right arm to have saved that boy's life, but I didn't know how. If I were a doctor, I thought, I might some day save a life, however poor and humble. And then there came to me the determination to study medicine, and the very next day I began to lay my plans. It has been a hard fight, fellows, for I didn't have any money, and very little education, but I have won out so far. I finish in June, but I know that even then the fight is just begun. The thought of that little fellow, though, and the life that was lost through ignorance has kept me at it, and I thank God for it that one night six years ago

I gave a kiss to a poor, wounded negro. Some day I may have a chance to do more for some one else."

The speaker's voice, grown husky with emotion, ceased, and one by one, without a word, or with at best a muttered, "Good-night," the boys strode off to their rooms, each one thinking of the brakeman's story, and wondering if his own motives were as worthy of the profession he had chosen. L. M. R., '12.

China of Tomorrow

ROBT. L. COX, '12

For the past few years the attention of the world has been directed to changes taking place in the Orient; but for the last eighteen months the greater part of this wide attention has been centered on China. Never before has the world witnessed the efforts of so great a people to work out their own destiny unmolested; never before has the world seen such far-reaching transitions in so vast an empire. We of today are watching the transformation of the oldest and most conservative civilization in the world into a modern state.

For ages immemorial China has successfully isolated herself from the outside world, and her people have devoted themselves to the arts of peace and to the building up of their own civilization. From the lofty seat of her ancient civilization, she has witnessed the decline and fall of Egypt, she has seen Rome rise, flourish and pass away; and through the lapse of centuries, during which the white man has slowly but surely evolved his present state of enlightenment, China has been a silent spectator. And today she is a nation, but a nation wide awake—a people who no longer face the past, but are turned intent towards the future and the vast possibilities which it holds.

But China did not break down her surrounding barrier voluntarily; it was the aggressive Englishman who so persistently knocked at her closed doors that she at last yielded entrance. Yet scores of years of limited commercial contact with the West made little perceptible impression upon the blunt nerves of the Chinese. But to the profound observer there was a slow

and steady awakening which, gathering momentum with the passing decades, would some time result in deep-seated changes in the confining social order. Trustfully confiding in that social system under which vast populations for untold centuries had found order and security, the Chinese were slow to change for a new regime. As is characteristic of the Chinese race-mind, they move slowly and conservatively. "Hard are they to move, but once in motion they have momentum." "Change the ideas of the Chinese and their policy will change."

But for the darkest night there is always the coming dawn. It was the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5 that first taught the Chinese the true meaning of Western science and civilization. For the first time, the curtain was lifted and China got a broader view of the outside world. She looked with astonishment at the invincible power and military splendor of Japan, whose people, only forty years before, had been as backward as her own. China was now aroused to the point of realizing her own impotency and utter helplessness; and for the first time she doubted the principles of a civilization more than four thousand years old.

The cloud of superstition was no sooner raised than the Chinese began the slow but sure advance towards the new light. Literally thousands of Chinese youth flocked to Japan, America, and Europe for the purpose of studying Western learning and Western methods of government. Statesmen and officials toured the world in the study of political economy. And that great woman, the Empress Dowager, stimulated by the awakening of her people, gave out a series of far-reaching royal mandates the like of which the world has seldom seen. In quick succession came the edicts which were to modernize the Chinese army and make it an efficient fighting force. With one stroke of the pen, she abolished the old system of classical education and decreed a national educational system, including all grades in which Western as well as Chinese branches were to be taught. Already the people have caught the spirit of the new education, and tens of thousands of schools and colleges have been established over the entire Empire, and hundreds of

thousands of Chinese youth are imbibing the new knowledge and the freedom which it teaches.

Then came that dramatic struggle against the deeply rooted opium evil. Once aroused, the Imperial Government was ready to forego $44,000,000 of annual revenue in order to eradicate the great national curse. In 1906, the Empress Dowager decreed that the cultivation and sale of opium should cease throughout the Empire within ten years. "The gigantic moral conflict has raged over a territory comparable in size to the United States," the struggle has been fierce and not without bloodshed, but the patient, persistent Chinese have come out victorious. Already the cultivation and consumption of opium have been reduced fifty per cent., and their total extermination is in sight.

Again, yielding to the popular demand for a larger share in administration, the Imperial Government provided for a national constitution and for a representative national assembly. And encouraged by such royal concessions, the Chinese people were fired with a bold determination to wrest from an imperial despotism the right to direct their own affairs and to work out their own destiny as a free people. Royal mandates and edicts could not keep pace with the march of progress and the popular demand for representative government. And with courageous and unselfish leaders, the Revolutionary party has rapidly increased in prestige and in power until today it dominates the situation in a great country seething with revolution. Already the republican mass has hurled its power into the face of a dynasty seated three hundred years on a despotic throne. The ruling princes have bowed to the all-powerful will of the people, and have yielded to the popular demand that the Manchu Dynasty abdicate the throne and that a republican form of government be established.

What is the future of China? It is as boundless as the possibilities of the Orient! What Japan is today is only a prophecy of what China will be tomorrow. Those marvelous changes in Korea during the past five years are only an indication of what the current of modern civilization is doing for

China—an Empire forty times as large as Korea. First of all, China is laying the foundation of her new career on the education of her youth. The old examination cells are being torn away, and modern schools are being erected in their places. And through training in Western learning, the rising generation is being prepared to grasp the new industrial and political situation which is now being so splendidly initiated. Instead of allowng the coming generations to be sapped by the opium habit, China is preparing them for useful and efficient citizenship in the new social order. And when time and advancing knowledge shall put to flight ancient customs and superstitions, woman will be raised to her normal position of dignity and influence, and with the liberation of womanhood will come the final emancipation of Chinese society.

The political progress in China has been no less remarkable than her educational advancement. If the political achievements of the Empire for the past five years were written in terms of blood, they would fill one of the darkest pages of the world's history. But the yellow man seeks his ends through diplomacy rather than bloodshed; he acts upon his decisions and not on his impulses. Five years ago China bowed in unquestioned obedience to an imperial despotism; today the Manchu Dynasty is a thing of the past. Five years ago the people had no voice in their own government, but today China has a national assembly and a national constitution. Within five years China has acquired what it took Europe more than a century to accomplish.

In the not distant future old China will have worked out and applied the principles of liberty, for her people are already practiced in the essentials of local self-government. And when modern science and industrial revolution, going hand in hand with the political changes, shall bind the nation together with a network of telephones, telegraphs and railways, a strong, sympathetic central government, fostering the interests of the whole country, will be the necessary outcome of the present revolution.

The industrial future of China is no less promising; and per-

haps this phase of Chinese development will affect Europe and America most. Will China become the manufacturing center of the world? Will the products of Chinese factories push Western goods out of the Oriental markets? Certainly the West faces no greater problems than these. And when we remember that China's boundless fields of coal, iron and copper are yet untouched, that her vast water power is yet unharnessed; and that her countless millions, though willing to work for a wage of two to ten cents a day, are especially adapted to the work of exploitation and the routine duty of factory work, we are forced to the conclusion that the industrial awakening of China will profoundly affect the economic system of the West.

There have been various conjectures as to the outcome of the Chinese Revolution and as to the ability of the Chinese to maintain a republican form of government. What this future government shall be called is of little importance. The fact which is forced upon us is that China is awake and at work, and that great possibilities await her. For when science and Christianity shall have accomplished their legitimate results, and the fields of purple and crimson poppy—the symbol of a nation's ruin—shall have been replaced by fields of cotton to clothe the naked thousands, and by plantations of corn and wheat to feed the hungry millions; and when the banner of the Cross shall have been planted by the side of the banner of the Dragon and the Chinese shall learn that "a man is a man" with boundless possibilities, then it will be that the nations of the world must reckon with four hundred millions of people whether they be Empire or whether they be Republic.

The Mammoth Cave

J. I. ROBINSON, '14

At Glasgow, Kentucky, we boarded the antediluvian little train that makes the trip out to Mammoth Cave.

We registered at the desk, paid three dollars each for admission and the services of two guides for the party, bought bandanna handkerchiefs for our heads and Mammoth sticks of

candy for—well, for souvenirs; and proceeded to put on Cave costume. For the men it was overalls and blouses, and the women divided skirts.

Next, we went out through the back garden gate and down a steeply shelving hillside, some twenty-five feet, into a sort of hollow, or ravine. Our dusky guides—one in front and the other in the rear—supplied us with lanterns having no globes, and we weirdly walked in subterraneous darkness, up and down, around and about, until, if the guides had suddenly left us, there might well have been inscribed over the mouth of the Cave the words, "All who enter here leave hope behind." But the guides did not leave us. Every little while they would flirt a blazing ball of oil-soaked waste up and out into a branching corridor, lighting up its arched limestone roof; and again a fiery missile would be whirled down into a well of terrifying depth right beside or underneath our path, while we stood grasping a gaspipe railing and wondering at the fortitude of the men who first ventured into the fearsome place. Frequently the guide would whisk a flame up into the space, and we would see great splits in the rocks above us, which they called vaults and chambers.

While there was a great deal of clambering over rock, and some crouching, the most of the six or eight-mile walk was not very bad. A great deal of it was through dry earth and sand; some of it alongside streams which, at certain seasons, overflow, filling up all the space through which we traveled, and depositing slimy mud everywhere. We walked over a great deal of this, and for a considerable distance our path lay over a very narrow board walk, with a high clay wall on one side and the muddy stream underneath us at the other side. Finally we came to Echo River, the famous underground stream, some three hundred and sixty feet below the surface of the earth. There we took two flat boats, with a guide in each, and headed up stream. The guides stood in the bows of the boats and pulled us along by taking hold of irregular places in the rocky roof. The effect was much what one would imagine it to be if he were afloat in a boat inside a gigantic drain about

half full of water, that had been built of brick or concrete. No trees, no plants, no living things; no trickle, gurgle, nor sound of anything except what we ourselves made. Realizing that we were more than three hundred feet under the earth, it was impressive to look around and see the ghostly companion boat rounding a turn behind us, and nothing but black darkness ahead of us. Then we decided to test the aptness of the name. We sang hymns and college songs and at the end of each line we waited as the echo came rolling back to us from th rocky walls, multiplied in volume and depth of tone. There were some excellent voices in the party, and the effect was very pleasing.

Those who have never been in this cave might understand the nature of it better if they could imagine the earth as a body, with subterranean rivers and their branches as the veins and arteries. Mammoth Cave is simply such a circulatory system drained, except in the lowest levels, where the circulating fluid is still to be seen partly filling the channels. Along these empty arteries is much rock, which has fallen from the roof; here and there are great vaults, usually with corresponding wells below, caused possibly by the constant dropping of water through countless ages at a spot where the limestone is softer than at other places. There are the skeletons of rapids, cascades, and waterfalls, and in parts of the cave where there is moisture, stalactites and stalagmites have been formed from the deposits left by the eternally dripping water. On the route we took, we saw little of these curious formations, and it surprised us all to find that these formations were not white, as we had imagined them to be, but of a gray or dull brown, a sort of muddy color for the most part.

Finally we made our way by a short cut to the entrance. The short cut is called "The Corkscrew," and it certainly is well named. After the long walk which we had taken, it pulled severely on our reserve forces.

On the way out, we came to a "room," wonderful in that it contained not a pillar of stone to uphold its vast roof. There four men, in opposite corners of the great space, set off Roman

candles and other fireworks as an indication of the tremendous size of the "room," and, of course, as a mark of their especial pleasure in escorting so distinguished a company.

Leaving the Cave, we said good-bye to "Henry" and "Bob," our courteous colored guides, hied us away over the melting snow to the hotel and a change of garments, in good time for the ride on the ante-bellum relic out to the junction. The hotel at the junction and at the Cave, the guides, and Mr. L. F. Charlet, the manager of the Cave, were in every way satisfactory. In fact, the whole trip is one of the most agreeable I have ever taken. The only objectionable feature is the indesribably absurd outfit, called a locomotive and cars, which makes the trip from the junction to the Cave. And even that is so grotesque that in the humor of the situation one forgets the discomforts.

The Lover's Prayer

The golden dream—it was sweet,
And yet it seems to me not meet
  Such dreams should end. Better far
That love go smooth through all the ages,
And speak itself in all the pages,
  Than hearts of young and old to mar.

Pray bless that one, I ask, tonight,
And may her life be free from blight,
  And happy always onward flow;
She little knows the pain she made,
  To Thou, alone, belongs the aid
  To make my life again to go.

Guard her, I ask, from all life's harm,
From worldly pains give her a balm,
  That she may know the joys of life;
And then for me I ask but few,
That daily I some good might do,
  And then at last to leave the strife.

Help me, I pray, conceal my pain,
So she, my heart though snapped in twain,
  Will always think I'm happy too;
Let her always remember me
By what I tried always to be,
  A friend of hers—both kind and true.

Let her forget my foolish ways,
But think of all the happy days
  That we have spent in time now past;
Not think of all the things I said
That seemed to her to be so bad,
  But rather let the good things last.

Good-bye, dear girl, it all is o'er,
I'll think of you the same no more,
  As you no more will think of me.
Remember now, whate'er I do,
That I to you always was true,
  As you always were true to me.

H. R. S., '13.

Ezra Hawkins' Machine

"Wall sir! by gosh, you jest ought to see Ezra Hawkins' new fangled machine whut he's got now," Squire Bosmore chuckled, and spat on the stove that served, now that the stewing summer had come, as a match scratch. "Beats me how Ezra can be so tuck up with so many fool idees. Now, it wus jest last summer that a little pale cigarette smoker from town sold him that new fool mower and hit wan't worth shucks."

The little crowd in Hank Weatherly's cross-roads store were filling their respective places and chewing tobacco as usual.

"That fool moter bicycle of his'n got me, but this is the durndest thing I ever seed," continued the Squire.

"Wall, whut is hit, Ab?" inquired Hank. "Pears ter me like Ezra gits more fool notions in his head than any man hereabouts, anyhow."

"This here is some of his own make-up, invented hit hisself.

Why, you oughter been over ter his farm with me t'other day. He told me all about hit, and says he's goin' to git rich offen it. Showed me how it worked; worked all right, but hit's a durn heap o' trouble," continued the Squire.

"Whut the heck is hit, Ab?" persisted Hank. "You seed it; tell us about the all-fired thing; I don't see no cause for you bein' er mental tightwad 'bout hit."

"Now, you wouldn't believe hit, but the fool thing's to strap on to a cow," answered Ab.

"Ter strap on a cow!" ejaculated Hank. "Does he hitch it to the cow?"

"Now, Hank, I call that a dang fool question," muttered Ab, contemptuously. "Guess, though, might's well tell you about hit, seein' as you all be too cussed lazy to go see fer yourselves. 'Yes, sir,' Ezra says to me when I wus over there day before yisterday, 'Ab,' says he, 'come out to the barn; I want to show you the greatest machine ever invented.'

"Wall, I went out to the barn with him, and he haltered a cow and axed me ter hold her. Wall, he got out a little thing that looked like a water bucket, with three straps on to hit, and a little stop cock right at the bottom on each side of hit. 'Now,' says I, 'Ezra, what in thunder is that?'

"Wall, he looked at me sort o' scornful like and says to me, 'Now, Ab, you jest hold the cow and wait 'till I git this thing rigged up, and I'll show you the greatest thing you ever seed. The trouble with you folks 'round here is you don't use your brains enough ter keep the moths outen 'em. Now, you see, you jest put one of the cow's teats in each one of these holes and fasten this strap over her back. This is ter hold it up.' Of course I knowed that, but I thought as how I would keep my mouth shet and I mought learn somethin' after all.

" 'Then,' says he, 'you fasten each one of these straps ter her hind legs, like this, and all is ready fer business. Now, I'll take her and lead her 'round the lot a bit,' and we walked around a little, leading the cow, Ezra talking all the time so fast I didn't have er chanst ter git a word in edge ways.

" 'This,' says he, 'is the most modern thing in the world, Ab.

Got wireless telegraphy beat, and flying machines ain't nowhere. You see the cow in walking 'round the pasture keeps the machine running. Yes, sir, I am going ter be a rich man some er these days.'

"Then we took the cow back to the barn and Ezra handed me the rope, went in the barn and brung two pails. He come 'round on one side and opened one o' the cocks and says, 'Now, you see, Ab, this machine milks and separates the cream all at the same time. You take the cream out on this side.' Then he went on t'other side of the cow and says, 'The skimmed milk comes out on this side of the machine.'

"Wall, sir, I looked at the stuff in both o' them pails, and dog-gone my picture if it wont so. I tell you, boys, hit do beat all. You jest strap the thing on the cow in the morning and turn her out to pasture, and all you have to do is ter wait 'round the lot that evenin' and when she comes up the milking is already done and the cream separated," finished Ab.

"Now, look 'er here, Ab, whut benefit will this thing be at night?" demanded Hank.

"Wall, Ezra says he has jest about got a revolvin' hay stack figgered out so's to keep the cows walkin'," returned Ab.

"Look 'er here, Ab, if you wont a member o' the church I would tell you what you wus on mighty thin earth"—

Ab broke in with, "Now, look 'er here, Hank, if you don't believe hit ask Ezra; there he comes." B. H., '12.

Earth Genesis

The question as to the origin of our Earth has been an interesting one to all nations and has given rise to many varied theories. Still we, in the light of modern science, are unable to do more than speculate and formulate hypotheses. From the Earth's strata the geologist can read its history for long periods previous to the present, but earlier than that the record becomes more and more indistinct until complete obscurity is reached. Beneath the stratified series lie rocks so crumpled and metamorphosed that only with the greatest difficulty can their history be read, while below this is the interior rock of the earth,

the nature of which can only be determined by volcanic extrusions, transmission of seismic tremors, gravity and other dynamic phenomena.

Our data is so limited and so imperfectly understood that as yet we cannot know for certain the genesis of our Earth. Until this can satisfactorily be determined we must content ourselves with hypotheses. Of these quite a number have been formulated, but the two most plausible and most popular are the Laplacian or "Nebula Hypothesis" and the Planetesimal Hypothesis. It is the nearly unanimous opinion of astronomers that our solar system was evolved in some way from some form of nebula. These two theories are alike in that they both postulate a nebula as the mother mass of our system, but in the composition of the nebula and the process of evolution they differ widely.

The Laplacian Hypothesis in its most accepted form assumes that the matter of our solar system was once a highly heated gaseous nebula extending beyond the orbit of Neptune and rotating in the same direction as our present system. The gradual loss of heat by radiation caused contraction, and thus an increase in the rapidity of rotation. This continued until the centrifugal force of the equatorial portion equaled the centripital pull of gravity, when contraction of this portion ceased, and the remainder continuing to shrink, it was left behind as a ring. This process continued until additional rings to the number of our planets were formed. These rings parted at their weakest points and collected into spheroids which were still hot and gaseous. In most cases these in turn detached rings which formed smaller spheroids. The first set of rings formed our planets, the secondary rings the satellites, while the great central sphere formed our sun.

Thus was our earth and moon formed, being still in a hot gaseous condition until by radiation the temperature of liquifaction of the more refractory matter was reached, when a liquid neucleus formed. As cooling went on, more and more condensation took place until the chief rock substance concentrated into a molten globe with the more volatile matter envel-

oping it as a vast hot atmosphere. The next step was the solidification of the liquid mass either from the centre because of pressure or from the surface on account of cooling. Very probably both processes occurred until the Earth reached its present condition of complete solidity or solid center and crust with a semi-fused mass between.

This in brief is the Laplacian Hypothesis, in favor of which stand the unquestioned facts that the interior of the earth is hot, that molten rock has been expelled from it within known geologic ages, and that the earliest known rocks are igneous or of igneous origin. Also the Earth is in the form of an oblate spheroid flattened at the poles, the form that a liquid body would take in rotating. From astronomy we find in favor of it that all the planets revolve around the sun, and the satellites around the planets in nearly the same plane. The planets all rotate on their axes and revove round the sun in the same direction, those farther away slowly—those nearest, more rapidly.

Against this theory have been raised serious objections chiefly of a dynamic character. It is a firmly established law of mechanics that the force of momentum of any freely rotating or revolving system, like the nebula in question, remains constant, whatever changes the system may undergo. Now, Moulton has shown that if our solar system be converted into a gaseous spheroid of the size and density postulated by Laplace, and if the whole moment of momentum now possessed by the solar system be given to it, it would not have a rate of rotation sufficient to detach matter from its equator, and would not acquire such a rate until it had concentrated well within the orbit of our inmost planet.

If we reverse the method and give to the nebula sufficient speed of rotation to develop the rings according to the hypothesis, we find that the moment of momentum of the nebula when Neptune was formed must have been two hundred times as great as at present; in the Jovian stage one hundred and forty times as great; in the Earth stage, eighteen hundred times as great; and in the Mercurial stage, eleven hundred times as

great. Accordingly, if the law of moment of momentum be true, and we know that it is, this alone is enough to prove the Laplacian Hypothesis false.

For a long while the "Nebula Hypothesis" was generally accepted as true, but recently Professor Chamberlain has formulated a more plausible one, the "Planetesimal Hypothesis," which is the very opposite of the former in essential principles. According to this, the parent nebula of one solar system was formed of innumerable small bodies revolving about a central gaseous mass much as the planets do today. The evolution of our system consisted in the aggregation of these many small bodies into a few large ones; that is, in a change from a planetesimal to a planetary system. This was accomplished by the gathering of the planetesimals into larger masses as their orbits crossed in their inevitable shiftings. Thus the Earth was formed by the slow ingathering of the small cold particles which formed the earth-moon ring or zone. The atmosphere and the ocean formed slowly from gases expelled from the Earth's interior by pressure of gravity, there being no atmosphere or ocean until the Earth's gravitational attraction was competent to retain the expelled gases upon its surface.

Gravitational compressions, as in the sun, would cause the interior heat of the Earth and would even be great enough to fuse rocks so as to cause volcanic eruptions, the remains of which can still be seen. This heat would also be great enough to change all elastic rocks from the earliest ocean to perfectly metamorphosed and igneous rock. Any solid revolving sphere covered with water would assume an oblate form, for the waters gathering around the equatorial portions, sediments would be washed down from the poles and the sphere would become oblate. Thus those phenomena of the Earth which seemed to strengthen the Laplacian Hypothesis may just as well be accounted for by the Planetesimal.

This hypothesis also postulates no change in the system of dynamics, for each planetesimal would revolve about the central sun in the same manner and under the same laws as the planets do now. There is no difficulty presented by the law of

moment of momentum, for we can without injury to this hypothesis conceive of the nebula then having the same moment of momentum that our solar system now has.

The evidence of nebulae also seems to prove the Planetesimal Hypothesis, as the most plausible nebulae are divided by astronomers into two classes according to their spectrum. The first class is characterized by bright spectral lines, showing that the matter of these nebulae is in a free molecular condition, and therefore probably gaseous. These, then, according to Laplace's hypothesis, should be the kind of nebulae from which our solar system and eventually our Earth was evolved, but a very serious difficulty presents itself. By spectrum analysis their composition is found to be chiefly of hydrogen, helium, an unknown element named nebulium, a few traces of other non-metals but no trace of any metal has been detected. Their constitution, then, does not fit them for the parentage of our earth, in which metals are abundant, while helium and hydrogen are subordinate elements and nebulium unknown.

The second class of nebulae are those that give a continuous spectra, showing that their chief luminous matter is in a liquid or solid state. As the liquid condition is limited to a narrow range of temperature and varies for different materials, these nebulae may be treated as solid in a finely divided or planetesimal condition shown by the fact that in spite of their great volume they intercept very little light. Of this class of nebulae, by far the greater number are of special form so that we can safely infer that this represents some prevalent form in celestial dynamics. Conspicuous in these nebulae are numerous nebulous knots with smaller particles forming a haze about them, all of which revolve about a central mass. These knots are probably planets in process of formation, while the haze or misty portions are the innumerable planetesimals not yet gathered into the larger masses.

Thus, we see that this hypothesis as advanced by Chamberlain has every aspect of plausibility about it, and while we cannot say without hesitation that in all respects it is correct, still in all probability it is essentially the explanation of our Earth's genesis.

P. M. H., '12.

The Baseball Star

L. A. MOYER, '14

Canton College campus was all aglow with excitement. Beneath the branches of great oak trees, the shade of which seemed to give a refreshing coolness to the hot summer day, various groups of boys had gathered and were talking excitedly of the approaching game. Can Canton win? This was the question that was asked again and again—and the answer was doubtful, for Moss, Canton's star pitcher, was out of the game with a sprained wrist.

For years there had existed between the baseball teams of Canton and Willis Colleges a keen, yet friendly rivalry. This rivalry had been made the keener, perhaps, by the fact that the two teams were almost evenly matched. Indeed, the last four games had resulted in an even break, and the final game, the deciding game of the season, was to be played tomorrow. Little wonder was it that the students were so wrought up. Canton was reputed to have the best team in Tennessee, while the Willis boys were known as the "cream of Kentucky" college baseball players.

The *Canton Morning News* carried the following headlines, under which a two-column write-up was given the team: "Championship Baseball Game. Tomorrow, Willis and Canton Colleges Clash in a Struggle for the Collegiate Baseball Championship of Two States. This Promises to be the Game of the Season."

Taking advantage of the odds offered on the Willis team by the supporters of that college, many bets were made by sporting men and professional gamblers, great throngs of whom had been attracted to the city by the unusual character of the game to be played. Because of Moss' injury the betting favored Willis, odds being offered at three to two.

Harry Brand, captain and second baseman of the Canton team, had just fifty dollars in his pocket as he strolled down town to greet the Willis boys, who were to arrive in the city that afternoon. Brand was a popular boy and was admired

by all. He was working his way through college, and fifty dollars was a large sum to him. In fact, it was just enough to keep him in college the three remaining weeks which were required for his diploma. However, after these three weeks he would be well fixed financially. For, having been offered a handsome salary by the Chicago Nationals, he had accepted, and his contract called for him to report immediately at the close of the present college session. As he walked briskly toward the station, he was pointed out by all the street urchins interested in the great American game as the man who would make Canton famous in baseball history. He was their idol, and at the various games played during the season many were the tiny heads thrust between openings in the enclosure that they might catch a glimpse of this great baseball player.

Brand arrived at the station, and after greeting the Willis boys accompanied them to the Canton Inn, the most fashionable hotel in the city. In the lobby were many sporting men who were betting on the game in "any old way," as they boastingly said. Brand's excellent playing was mentioned, and immediately there arose a person who offered to bet one hundred to fifty dollars that the player mentioned would make an error in tomorrow's game. Brand overheard the remark. What good use he could make of one hundred dollars! How greatly would it lighten the burdens of his three remaining weeks in college! These and other thoughts flashed through his mind. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, he said, "Sir, I'll take you up on that." The bet was made.

Never before had such a crowd gathered to witness a baseball game in Canton. Both the grandstand and bleachers were filled to overflowing, and still the great crowd remained inadequately and uncomfortably seated. Many of the spectators thronged out on the field and had to be content with seats on the grass. Pennants were flying everywhere, and the air was rent by the wild yells of college boys. Everyone had been instructed to root for the home team, and each seemed to be warming up—doing full credit to a lusty pair of lungs. The Willis students also occasionally reminded the crowd of their

presence. All around were heard yells, fragments of college songs, and dulcet sounds of various musical instruments such as tin pans and cow bells. Everything was in a pandemonium.

Harry Brand stood idly watching his men warm up. He seemed to take no interest in the excited bustle around him. He was usually the life of the team, and it troubled his teammates not a little to see him in such a silent and thoughtful mood. Could they but have read his thoughts, however, they would have found little cause for their anxiety. As he stood thus in the midst of this pandemonium looking dreamily into the distance, like a beautiful picture the events of last evening passed before his mind. He was again in the richly furnished parlor of the Lindsey mansion; and seated beside him was Eloise, the only girl that he had ever really cared for. There was something indefinable about her character that attracted Harry. Although a perfect model of purity and childlike innocence she was, as most modern girls, in a way coquettish. This combination of two entirely different qualities added greatly to her personality. Thus Harry admired her for her intellect and purity of character; and he loved her because of her childlike innocence and coquetry.

He smiled as he remembered how deeply hurt she had seemed to be when he told her that he had bet on today's game —the first bet of his life. Try as he would he could not tell whether her great sorrow was real or affected. He lost no time, however, in playing the part of a true penitent, and promising never to make another bet.

"Play ball!" shouted the umpire. Harry's reverie was disturbed. He came to himself, and the beautiful vision vanished. He realized that the game was to commence immediately.

The Canton boys trotted to their fielding positions. The Willis boys seated themselves on the players' bench while the first batter stepped up to the plate. The ball, after having been thrown around the in-field a few times, was thrown to the pitcher, and the game was ready to begin.

"Play ball!" The ball was put into play, and a deafening

roar arose from the assembled multitude as Freeman fanned the first and then the second batter in rapid succession. The next batter was retired on a long fly to left field. Canton came to bat, but could do nothing whatever with Beaumont, Willis' star twirler. Not a ball was knocked out of the infield.

The game progressed rapidly, and at the end of the fifth inning not a man had crossed the rubber. Surely this was a great battle—a clash between giants! At the beginning of the eighth neither side had scored. The immense score board in right field displayed only two rows of "zeros."

Although Freeman had shown the Willis boys that he was no novice when it came to pitching, still the strain was beginning to tell on him. Could he hold out?

Canton came to bat in their half of the eighth. The first two men were retired on long flies. Harry Brand then took his position at the plate. The crowd yelled for him to put one over the fence. Brand only smiled.

"Strike one," shouted the umpire, as one of Beaumont's famous fade-away balls glided gracefully over the plate. The next ball pitched was bunted down third base line, and as the throw to first was wild the runner sped past first base, second, and on toward third. Having recovered the ball, the first baseman was about to throw to third when Harry stopped midway between the two bases. The first baseman was puzzled. He knew not where to throw the ball. Brand made a feint dash for second, and the ball was thrown in that direction. Too late the first baseman saw his mistake. Brand was speeding towards third. The ball was thrown to third just as the fleet-footed runner rounded that sack and made a dash for home. Luckily for Canton, the third baseman fumbled, and before he could recover the ball Brand, amid the cheering of the thousands present, crossed the rubber with the first run of the game.

The ninth inning began with the score one to nothing in Canton's favor. The Willis boys, however, were not discouraged in the least. They seemed determined to score. Beaumont, the first man up, met the ball squarely on the nose, and

by a daring slide he managed to stretch a single into a double. The next batsman sacrificed him to third. The crowd began to feel uneasy. And this uneasiness was by no means diminished when Freeman walked the next two men, thereby putting himself in a rather deep hole. He was evidently losing his nerve, notwithstanding the words of encouragement shouted to him by his team-mates. A silence, almost painful, settled over the vast throng as Brown, the best "hitter" of either team, walked up to the plate. Things looked dark for Canton. The stillness was broken only by the strains of "Hang Beaumont on a sour apple tree," sung by the supporters of Willis College.

"Strike one," shouted the umpire as Brown coolly ignored the first one. Again the sphere came whizzing toward the rubber. Crack! The ball bent up, up—almost out of sight. Brand, who was playing deep second, ran back about fifteen yards and stood waiting for the ball. It seemed as if it would never come down. The runners "hugged" the bases, for they knew Brand to be a sure fielder. A thought flashed through Brand's mind. The runners were expecting him to catch the ball and were playing close. By dropping it they would be forced to advance a base. He could then, by quickly recovering the ball and throwing to Davis, who was covering second, retire one runner. Davis could complete the double play by throwing either to third base or home plate. But by doing this Brand would be given an error, and he knew what this meant —the loss of one hundred and fifty dollars as well as the loss of a perfect fielding percentage for the season. Should he do it? He must lose either his capital or his honor—which should it be? The ball fell into his hands and—he dropped it. Quickly recovering the ball, he tossed it to Davis, who, quick as a flash, threw to third.

The game was over. Canton had won. The players made a dash for the dressing rooms 'mid the cheering of the vast throng. That evening at a meeting of the Canton College Baseball Association the baseball trophy cup, valued at five hundred dollars, was awarded to Harry Brand, the star of the team. The vote was unanimous in his favor.

Harry Brand left the meeting of the baseball association and walked briskly in the direction of the Lindsey mansion. Bathed in the moonlight of the cloudless night, the stately old house was extremely picturesque. To Harry it was a beautiful sight, made more beautiful as he caught sight of Eloise walking down the path to meet him. "Three cheers for Canton, and a thousand for Harry!" she merrily called to him as he neared the gate. "Harry, you seem happy tonight. The fact that you lost your bet does not seem to worry you in the least. I heard all about the play you made, and I think that it was just grand."

"Thanks, but please don't mention that bet again. Why should I not be the happiest man in Canton? You know *we* report to Chicago three weeks from today. That was settled last evening."

Wofford College Journal

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Exams

At last we have reached the end of our second term's work and are in the midst of exams again. The midnight lights in the students' rooms are signs of real work going on, which probably should have been done before. They are also signs of cramming, which is the greatest evil of examinations. In order to remember anything we have to associate it with other things in our mind. Therefore what we learn in a short while and just for a certain occasion does not have time to form many associations with other things in the mind, and consequently are soon forgotten.

Some plan should be adopted whereby frequent reviews could be made , and thus by constant and continuous application engrave, as it were, upon our brains those things we learn. If cramming were as beneficial in securing knowledge as per-

sistent and thorough reviews, it would be by far the better mode of learning, for we would have more time to do other things and also more time to study.

But it is beyond a doubt a bad mode of study, and why it is retained as it is in so many of our leading institutions we cannot quite see. We hope to see in the near future our old system of examinations done away with and a method of "constant and continuous application" adopted in its stead.

Help a Poor Fellow

Boys, help us in our search for something to publish. Write something yourself, is the best way. When you have a thought on a subject, write it down, and when you have another in that same line, write it down, and then try to get them together in good form. Such work is infinitely good for you and we are always in great need of contributions. It makes no difference what you write, hand it to us and let us take a look at it. Whatever makes you feel good, bad, proud, mean, or any other way, write it down and "submit it to our 24-karat wisdom and see our matted locks part and stand on end with gratitude which will pour from every pore like moisture from dew-besprinkled earth."

Help us out, fellows!

Said About "T. R." and "Woodrow"

The following are short clippings from editorial departments of several prominent newspapers of the State. They were said in consequence of Mr. Roosevelt's statement that he would run for the Presidency again this year if he should be nominated:

—

Ananias! Ananias! Ananias!

—

Died at Oyster Bay, aged 7 years: Will Knott Run. TRequiescat in Pace.

—

Woodrow Wilson might as well get busy on his inaugural address.

Senator Rayner speaks of Roosevelt's spleen. Spleen! Gall, man, gall!

—

Mr. Roosevelt reminds us of Julius Cæsar—he's so different.

—

Colonel Roosevelt's ambition would make Julius Cæsar look like a hookworm.

—

Sic him, Teddy! Sic him, Taft! Hooray for Wilson!

—

Booker Washington may dine in the White House again. Who knows?

—

The irresponsible humorist of Oyster Bay added a tail to the last letter of the G. O. P.

—

"Wonder what poor old George Washington would think of it?" asks the *Greenville Piedmont*. But the point is, what does old Uncle Sam think of it?

—

At a late hour last night the news had not been broken to George Washington.

—

Roosevelt's candidacy advances Wilson from the hope of the party to the hope of the country.

—

It is possible that the call for Roosevelt is but the echo of one crying from the hilltop at Oyster Bay.

—

Every schoolmaster knows how to teach the three R's. And Schoolmaster Wilson knows how to teach a certain one of them.

—

Roosevelt's declaration means Woodrow Wilson or Bust—that is, unless the party wants to put up Harmon and see Parker's fate repeated.

—

Woodrow Wilson touched the expiring body of Democracy,

and the old lady sprang to her feet, shook her corkscrew curls, hamstrung her harem-skirt, and hiked for Washington.

—

If Roosevelt gets the nomination, Woodrow Wilson will be the next President of the United States.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

R. T. Wilson, Editor.
A. L. Googe, Assistant Editor.

The Carolinian This issue is above the average. "When the Fire's Burned Out" is a well-told, well-balanced story, and holds the interest throughout. It is the sort of story that was possible many decades ago, but surely such is not the case in any Carolina town of today! Stories like this are preferable to artificial love stories written only for the high-sounding phrases and for the purpose of holding the reader's attention for a few moments. "Our Mother Tongue" is beyond our criticism. Such profound thought, and the language embodying the same, need as their critic a person who knows more about the adaptability of words to thought than we. "Unforgotten Days" has a tone which must come from memories of school days gone by; we, at present, are only meditating upon the days which are yet to come. This is a well-written poem, and the alliteration—listen: "Let Life Lisp Love's Lyrical Lays." "The Land of Yesterday" has a pleasing rhythm and is to be reckoned as more than verse. This issue has a great many pieces, making it impossible to criticize in our meek way every separate article, but we are compelled to mention "Where Angry Waters Dash Over the Crag" as being a beautiful and interesting description of Niagara Falls. All in all, a good magazine.

Furman Echo This issue greets us with a pleasant look. The material is well-written, but we are sorry to find a fourth of the literary department given over to a student of several years ago. The writing of this article is beyond criticism, but the rest of the department seems to be overshadowed by it. We approve editing such material along with material written by the college students, but in so doing, let us not fail to get live, up-to-date

essays from college men, if possible. We find a tendency among our magazines, when material is scarce, to reach into the archives of the past, and finding some prize-winning essay or speech, print such a one in the magazine. Now as to the other material: "The Humpback" is as good a story as any magazine can offer. The plot is new, and the language well chosen—save in a few instances when the author soars among the "star-studded skies." It is a real good story and contains a spirit of optimism. "Oh, Give Me a Souvenir Photograph" was surely put in the literary department, as in *The Echo,* through mistake.

The Criterion

The Criterion could have well been called a "Valentine" issue. Most of the stories and poems deal with Valentine Day. But let us see the essay first. There is only one essay, but the merit of this one goes far to atone for the lack. What gives a peculiar attraction to this essay? First, it is written on a live issue; second, it depicts true conditions of child labor; third, it is written in a forceful manner. An essay on some historical character is not to be compared with an essay on some live, vital question which concerns us all in this age of industrialism. Short paragraphs, and sentences as an index to paragraphs, are forcefully used. We find one fault with this essay: the evils are pictured, but we feel that a sufficient remedy was not proposed. The short stories are of different merit, but each imbued with Valentine spirit. "A Valentine Story" and "Edith's Valentine" are the two best stories. The poems are not good, but "My Valentine" is written in a pleasing metre.

CLIPPINGS

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

She—I can't cook, but we could hire somebody to do that.

He—And I can't make money, but we could hire somebody to do that.

ANSWERED.

"You, there, in the overalls," shouted the cross-examining lawyer, "how much are you paid for telling lies?"

"Less than you are," retorted the witness, "or you'd be in overalls, too."

OUR THRILLING RACING DRAMA.

Act I—Five men break a horse.

Act II.—They enter the horse in a race.

Act III.—The horse breaks five men.

A SAD MEETING.

"I think we met at this café last winter; your overcoat is very familiar to me."

"But I didn't own it then."

"No; but I did."

ON THE Q. T.

"See here, you old rascal, why didn't you tell me this horse was lame before I bought him?"

"Wal, the fellow that sold him to me didn't say nothin' about it, so I thought it was a secret."

UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

Teacher (disgustedly)—My boy, my boy, where is your intuition?

Boy—I ain't got any. I'm only here a few days, and I didn't know what I had to git.

JOHNNY'S SURMISE.

"But, pa," whimpered Johnny, "ma's spanked me already for bein' sassy to her."

"Well, I'm going to wallop you for it, too," retorted his father. "And do you know why?"

"Well," said Johnny, resolved to get the greatest amount of satisfaction out of a hopeless state of affairs, "I guess it's becuz what's sass for the goose is sass for the gander."

Whereupon pa laid it on just a trifle harder.

IT'S HARD TO TELL.

Dolly—She married a very old man, didn't she? I understood he had one foot in the grave.

Polly—That's what she thought, too; but he still continues to buy his shoes by the pair.

MAN'S SPHERE.

"Where," asked the female suffrage orator, "would man be today were it not for woman?" She paused a moment and looked round the hall. "I repeat," she said, "where would man be today were if not for woman?"

"He'd be in the Garden of Eden eating strawberries," answered a voice from the gallery.

HER VIEW.

The Brother—She's got lovable eyes, kissable lips, huggable shape, and holdable hands.

His Sister—Yes, and she's got removable hair, adjustable hips, colorable brows, and a transferable complexion.

ETERNITY.

Eternity is but a single sand
In God's great hour-glass of eternities,
Which (having sifted through) He doth reverse
To measure yet another hour of his.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

G. M. Crum, Editor.

WOFFORD'S REPRESENTATIVE AT GREENWOOD.

Mr. R. T. Wilson, of the Senior class, was chosen to represent Wofford at Greenwood in the State Oratorical Contest. Mr. Wilson has represented Wofford in public speaking on several occasions, and will without a doubt do his duty towards us in the contest which is to take place in April. His speech was carefully prepared and forcibly delivered. It is about our time to win first place again, and from the quality of the speeches at the preliminary here, the college that beats us will be "going some."

Mr. L. C. Wannamaker, of Cheraw, came second. He also had a well-prepared speech, and delivered it in his usual attractive style.

Every one of the speakers are to be congratulated, not only on what they said, but how they said it. They all dealt on economic subjects which, as Dr. Pell said, "shows that there is a teacher of Economics at Wofford."

The speakers and their subjects were as follows:

L. A. Carter . . . . . Presiding Officer

R. B. McIver (Calhoun) . . . . . Chatham County, Ga.
"The Discovery of the Individual"

R. L. Cox (Carlisle) . . . . . Columbus County, N. C.
"China of Tomorrow"

R. D. Guilds (Preston) . . . . . Berkeley County, S. C.
"The Rights and Wrongs of Unionism"

L. C. Wannamaker (Calhoun) . . . . Chesterfield County, S. C.
"Humanizing the Conditions of Labor"

G. H. Hodges (Carlisle) . . . . . Orangeburg County, S. C.
"The Inefficiency of the Educational System in South Carolina"

R. T. Wilson (Preston) . . . . . Laurens County, S. C.
"Future Democracy in South Carolina"

WOFFORD-CAROLINA BASKETBALL GAME.

On Thursday afternoon, February 29th, in the gymnasium, Wofford defeated Carolina in the snappiest game of the season, the final score being 26 to 20. During the first half Wofford had Carolina completely outclassed, scoring 18 points to Carolina's 4. Carolina's playing was greatly improved during the second half, and it seemed as if she would overcome Wofford's big lead, but Wofford strengthened her defense and by scoring 8 more points cinched the game.

The game was intensely interesting throughout, and abounded in features.

The line-up was as follows:

Wofford.		*Carolina.*
Wilson, Steele	R. F.	Reeves, Poole
Hazel	L. F.	Hannahan
Anderson	C.	Rhea
Herlong	R. G.	Danner, Stoney
DeShields	L. G.	Fitzmaurice

A FEW LINES OF BASEBALL DOPE.

There is sure enough something doing out on Wofford's athletic field these sunshiny afternoons, in the shape of a bunch of "young Americans" trying out for the 'Varsity baseball team.

All the aspirants for the various positions are coming around in fine form, but there are a few who seem to have a little "edge" on their competitors. Here's some "dope" on those who seem to have that aforesaid cutlery quality:

We have two of last year's pitchers back—Stackhouse and Stilwell.

"Stack" still has everything and then some, and all we want him to do is just to keep the pace he set last year.

Stilwell is showing good form and rapidly getting in fix. We all know he's got the goods, and it's up to him to do "stunts" this spring.

Mosely, who pitched three or four games on the 'Varsity in '10, is trying for the team again this year. His excellent work in the box this fall practically won the championship for the Seniors. His work shows a material improvement, and he shows up well.

Frye, a big Freshman, is out, and looms up mighty large. There was some system to his pitching in the class games, and it is evident that he has the making of a box artist in that big frame of his.

"Pud" Glenn will very likely do the receiving for the boys this year. He is just the same, only a whole lot better, and is pegging like a big leaguer.

Hazel is trying for second catcher, and has it on anybody else so far. "Nut" is a hard worker, and incidentally a fast outfielder.

Cross is making a pretty good showing for one of the receivers, and may improve a good deal.

Hugh Black, a third year man, is covering the initial sack in old-time form, and seems to lead his competitors in nearly every baseball qualification.

Harley is no mean first sacker, and even if he doesn't make first, he's a good man for the outfield.

Walser Edens, a fourth year man, is romping on the "keystone" sack. He doesn't seem to have much competition, so he will likely make his old job at second.

"Hans Wagner" Steele has his old job at short nailed down. He's scooping them up and throwing them at the same time in the same old graceful way.

Rice Nickels, a third year man, is hanging out down at third. Rice is a big, husky fellow, with almost as much confidence as Dr. ————. He takes 'em all in, just as nonchalantly as though he were playing ping-pong on the dining-room table. Simms is making a pretty showing for the same position.

It is hard to make even an approximate guess at what the outfield will be, there are so many good men trying for it.

Bob Walker, captain, will play center, but there are still two vacancies. Tom Humphries, who played some last year, is a

good man. Mack Asbill also looks good. "Bubber" Green seems to have a good deal more speed than formerly, and is hitting pretty well. He's pretty apt to land a berth somewhere on the team. Claude Carmichael is a good man, and should be in the race. "Skeet" Hamilton is making a fair sized riffle and it wouldn't surprise anybody if he were to get on.

"Coach" McCarthy got here the first of March, and although "Bob" has been working the men real well, no doubt the arrival of the coach will accentuate their efforts.

Andy McCarthy is a good man for the job. He's a good deal more of an all-round man than the usual professional athlete, and knows how to handle "college chappies" pretty well.

Captain Walker is also a man with a whole lot of baseball sense, and his efforts combined with Coach's should hand out a bunch of ball players that any college in the South would be afraid of.

We don't care so much about inspiring fear as we do winning games, but one is the attribute of the other, so here goes for a pennant-winning team.

This is the schedule for the season of 1912:

April 5-6—Clinton at Wofford.
April 12-13—Citadel at Wofford.
April 18-19—Newberry at Wofford.
April 24-25—Clemson at Wofford.
April 26—Clinton at Greenwood.
April 29-30—Erskine at Due West.
May 2-3—Citadel at Charleston.
May 6-7—Furman at Greenville.
May 9—University of Tennessee at Wofford.

N. W. E.

SCRAPS.

Mr. Rufus Hill, of the Senior class, has been compelled to withdraw from college for a while on account of an attack of appendicitis. It is the sincere desire of his classmates and

friends that his recovery will be rapid and that he will be able to graduate with his class in June.

—

Mr. T. E. Crane, of the class of '11, was a visitor on the campus several days ago. Tom is teaching school at Gramling, S. C.

—

Mr. E. T. Spigner and Mr. W. J. Moss are both at home with measles. We hope they will be able to return to college soon.

—

Messrs. Guilds, Stilwell, and Ford represented the Wofford Y. M. C. A. at Charleston at the Men and Religion Forward Movement Convention.

—

Mr. W. A. Walker, of the class of '11, stopped over here a few days ago.

—

Mr. H. M. Cox, who graduated here in 1909, visited his brother, R. L. Cox, of the Senior class.

—

McIver—Carlos, are you going to the Spring Maid next Saturday night?

Moseley—I'll go if I don't have an exam. on Sunday.

—

"Tertius" Gray —Don't you enjoy dancing at those sororities (soireé) that they have down town?

—

Haynes (to Ellerbe)—Are you talking again or talking yet?

—

Prof. R. (in psychology class)—Mr. Witt, what does the word philology mean?

Senior Witt—Professor, I answered unprepared.

—

Fresh. Herbert—What kind of stone are they building the new dormitory out of?

Senior Rice—Pomegranite.

Folk—Who is that fellow Anon Y. Mous?

Witt—I never heard of him. There is no such man in college.

Folk—Yes there is; I saw his name signed to a piece in THE JOURNAL.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. B. Kay, Editor.

Rev. E. K. Hardin, pastor of the St. John Methodist Church of Rock Hill, recently held a series of revival services in our Y. M. C. A. hall. The services began the 12th, and though it was the original intention to carry on the meetings only a week, the astonishing amount of interest that the boys manifested induced Mr. Hardin to continue them for ten days.

It is seldom, in the history of any college, that such a spontaneous movement towards God and right endeavors takes place as did in our association during these meetings. There were more than fifty boys who stood up and acknowledged Christ as their Saviour, and resolved to live a more devoted life than ever before. A number of these boys are Seniors, who are soon to go out into life, and we know that they will look back upon these services as one of the greatest experiences in their college career. The Christian spirit of the campus has been greatly helped, and we hope that it will not be only temporary, but lasting.

The committee in requesting Mr. Hardin to hold these meetings selected the ideal man for the place. He is a former graduate of Wofford and has also taught here. So he has had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with boys and young men. He has been with them and of them; and the force of his example, combined with the magnetism of his personality and simple, straightforward appeal of his delivery, were the leading elements in the great success of his endeavors.

On February 23rd the officers of the Y. M. C. A. thought it best not to have a speaker for the evening, as the series of meetings had only been closed a few days. So a large number of boys gathered and had a very interesting meeting, consisting of singing, selections from the Bible, and short prayers. In a meeting of this kind, where the boys themselves take part, it creates a feeling which makes each one become more interested in the work of the association.

Mr. R. D. Guilds, one of the Wofford delegates, has con-

sented to give us a write-up of the convention lately held at Charleston, S. C.

On February 13th and 14th was held in Charleston, S. C., a convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the Carolinas in conjunction with The Men and Religion Forward Movement. This convention was held mainly in behalf of the Christian life of the men and boys of North America. To put this matter clearly and forcefully before the minds of the delegates were seven experts. Each man had one field, and only one, to deal with, but when he finished, the ground was thoroughly covered.

The morning services consisted of several addresses from these experts—addresses which would bring out the best side of any man's nature and plant in his heart a desire to take part in this great work. All of these services were conducted in the Citadel Square Baptist Church. In the afternoons a short address was given in this church, after which the institutes convened at different churches, each expert conducting his department in some church of the city. For example, Social Service institute conducted by Mr. Charles Stelyle at Grace P. E. Church. At the institutes a half hour address was made by the leader, followed by a free discussion of the questions brought forward. Every man present was free to ask any question he felt like, or to express his opinion on any, this making these meetings of inestimable worth.

One very interesting feature of the occasion was the luncheon given by the students of the Citadel to the student delegates. This was the last number on our program, but in no wise the least. The boys of the Citadel gave us a royal reception, and we heartily thank them for this hospitality. There were two short addresses made by Rev. Stockdale, the preacher of the occasion; and Mr. R. A. Waite, Jr., leader of The Boys' Work. These addresses were such that would thrill the heart of any young man.

The Wofford Y. M. C. A. was represented at this convention by the following men: R. T. Guilds, L. J. Stilwell, and J. E. Ford.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

P. B. Yarbrough, Editor.

Many Wofford men have given their life-work to teaching. Not a few have held and are now holding important chairs in universities and colleges. I shall make mention of some of those:

Prof. D. A. DuPre, of class '69, has for a long time held the chair of Geology, Mineralogy and Physics in his Alma Mater.

Prof. J. A. Gamewell, of class '71, has for many years been head teacher of Latin in his Alma Mater.

Among the leading scholars in the South is Dr. Charles Foster Smith. Dr. Smith is now head of the Greek department in the University of Wisconsin. This distinguished scholar graduated in Wofford in the class of 1872. After taking his degree at a German university, Dr. Smith returned to his native land and was called to the chair of Latin in his Alma Mater. After a few years he went to Vanderbilt to teach, where he made a great reputation as professor of Greek. Leaving Vanderbilt, he went to the University of Wisconsin.

J. G. Clinkscales, of class '76, for a time was professor of Mathematics in Columbia Female College, and later held a similar position in Clemson College. The last few years he has held the chair of Mathematics and Astronomy in his Alma Mater. Professor Clinkscales is well known throughout this State as a teacher, a popular lecturer, and an inspirer of young men. He, by his stirring lectures, has caused many young men to seek an education.

James H. Kirkland, of class '77, after leaving Wofford, took his degree at a German university. Returning to America, Dr. Kirkland accepted the chair of Latin in Vanderbilt University, which he held until he was placed at the head of that great institution, on the death of Chancelor Garland.

Prof. A. G. Rembert, of class '84, has for many years held the chair of Greek in his Alma Mater. The student who takes his degree in Prof. Rembert's department must surely know all the hooks and crooks of the Hellenic mind.

Dr. W. P. Few, of class '89, is president of Trinity College.

J. J. Wolfe, of '96, and W. Wannamaker, of class '95, hold important chairs in the institution over which Dr. Few presides.

Dr. C. B. Waller, of class '92, has for a number of years held the chair of Chemistry and Biology in his Alma Mater.

Dr. D. D. Wallace, of class '94, for several years has held the chair of History, Economics and Sociology here. Dr. Wallace is indeed a thorough teacher in his line of work.

Prof. O. D. Wannamaker, of class '96, holds the chair of English at Auburn College, Alabama. Prof. Wannamaker spent several years teaching in the Soochow University in China. He recently visited his Alma Mater and delighted us with an instructive and entertaining lecture concerning China.

A. S. Pegues, of '92, has a chair in Georgetown University, Texas.

F. A. Cummings, of '96, has the chair of English at Hollins Institute, Va.

S. M. Tucker, of class '96, holds a chair in the Polytechnic College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

C. C. Alexander, of 1901, is teaching in Muhlenburg College, Penn.

W. W. Carson is teaching History in the University of Wisconsin.

R. H. Dominick, of '09, and Roy DuBose, of 1910, are both teaching in Weaverville College, N. C.

NOTICE TO ALL STUDENTS

Some business men say that it is useless to advertise in the JOURNAL, that the students pay no attention to the Ads. It is not hard to remember who patronizes us, so lets patronize *only those* who patronize us. By this, the future staffs will have an easier time getting out the JOURNAL.

	Page.
Adkins, M. R., Meats	vi
Bagwell, J. E., Grocer	iv
Band & White, Printers	xvii
Bank of Spartanburg	vi
Beacham Hardware Co.	vi
Bell's Drug Store	ii
Bernhardt's Photo Studio	v
Biber, A. W., Jeweler	vii
Bomar & Crigler, Gents Furnishings	ii
Brill Electric Co.	v
Cannon & Fetzer, Clothing	viii
Central Drug Co.	x
Central National Bank	iv
Chapman, the Grocer	vii
Correll, A. B., Jeweler	x
Creighton Clothing Co.,	xi
Crescent Pharmacy	xi
DuPre Book Store	xv
Eastman Business College	ix
Eureka Cigar Store	ii
Fairyland Theatre	xii
Felkel, F. W., Insurance	xi
First National Bank	i
Gaillard, Dr. Chas. R., Eye-Sight Specialist	vii
Greenewald's, Clothiers	iii
Heinitish's Drug Store	viii
Holmes & Johnson, Druggists	iii
Irwin & Floyd, Druggists	xii
Law, A. M., & Co., Insurance	vii
Lemmond's Barber Shop	vi
Ligon's Drug Store	v
Littlejohn's Barber Shop	v
Lowe Shoe Co.	x
Magic Theatre	iii
Majestic Theatre	vii
Merriam, G. & C. Co.	xiii
Nickels, W. J., Tailor	xiii
New York Restaurant	iv
Oakman's Drug Store	x
Olympia Cafe	ii
Price's Clothing Store	vi
Queen, J. R., Barber	vi
Red Star Shoe Shop	viii
Spartan Hardware Co.	vi
Spartan Optical Parlors	x
Spartanburg Printing Co.	vii
Spartanburg Ry., G. & E. Co.	xii
Smith-Copeland Shoe Co.	i
Spigel Bros., Jewelers	vi
Turner's Cigar Store	xiv
University College of Medicine	xx
Walker, John A., Shoes	xii
Waterman Fountain Pen	xviii
Wofford College	xvi
Wofford College Fitting School	xvi
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co.	xiv

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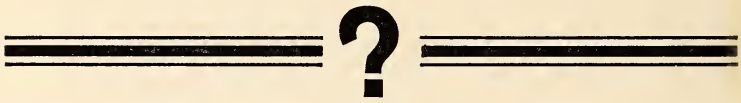

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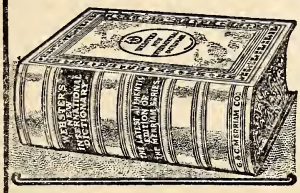

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—

When I'm With Thee 279

The Opal Knife 280

The Universal Law 286

The Definite Purpose 290

Life 291

The Wilderness 292

The Brook 295

The Rights and Wrongs of Unionism 296

Editorial Department 301

Exchange Department 305

Clippings 307

Local Department 310

Y. M. C. A. Department 316

Alumni Department 318

Notice to Students 320

Advertisements 321

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manner in which the coroner's jury has decided, at the hands of that dastardly Chinaman; but some of my friends persist in thinking that I might do well to put the matter in your hands, as you are well versed in such affairs and may possibly find out his motives, or perhaps the force back of him. I would not have carried the disagreeable affair further but for the fact that some of my friends are of the opinion that there is a conspiracy on foot against me, and that I will go the way of my poor little nephew."

Here the Spaniard stopped, visibly overcome with emotion. Jacques, who seemed to be studying the fire with all the intensity of his mind, lifted his eyes and speaking very slowly said: "Mr. Santos, give us, if you please, the full account of the affair, and maybe I can do something for you. The 'yellow journalism' has, as usual, enlarged and complicated all the particulars."

The stranger, now comfortably settled, and seeming to have recovered his self-composure, began in a sad voice, with much feeling: "Before I came of age, my parents died, leaving most of my estate to my sister and myself. My sister was engaged to a rich young American at the time, and shortly afterwards married him. I, however, decided that I would start out and see something of the world before settling down. I travelled quite extensively and lived abroad for several years before I returned to America. Upon reaching San Francisco, I found that my sister had died and left me her only child, a bright little fellow of three years, to care for. After her husband's death she had devoted her entire time to the boy, but survived her husband only a short while. She left hers and her husband's property and fortune to the child, which he should receive on reaching the age of maturity. I was only too glad to have the care of the dear little fellow intrusted to me, and I decided to settle down and bring him up to the best advantages. I therefore purchased a handsome residence on Elm Street, and furnished it to suit my own whims and fancies. Among the number of servants, I employed a Chinese butler, a man of the better and more intelligent class, I judged. All went well for

two or three months, until last Thursday night I heard a cry in the library and running down stairs, came upon my housekeeper in the hall, bent on the same errand. We ran to the library, and there we beheld the Chinese butler with a dirk in his hand, bending over the prostrate body of my little nephew, and a large pool of blood on the floor. I instantly raised the alarm, and the murderer fled. Rushing after him through the portieres, I saw him open the door and rush down the steps. He then gave two sharp whistles, and a man, whom I did not recognize, came quickly up and took from him what I supposed to be the knife. Wing, the butler, then came slowly up the steps, and much to my astonishment, seemed ready to surrender himself. Some of the servants had come up by this time, and I ordered them to seize him and call the police. The body was then examined, and after an investigation by the coroner's jury, the verdict was brought in that 'the deceased met death at the hands of one, Wing San, with a knife as the instrument.' This seems all that can be done, as the Chinaman will pay for this crime with his life as soon as a trial can be arranged. And now, gentlemen, you have the facts in a nutshell. I shall ask you to spare no effort or price in your investigation. Though the affair seems sifted as well as it can be, I leave the case entirely in your hands."

Here he stopped, and nervously twitching his moustache, he looked inquiringly up at Jacques. I could see that something was revolving itself in Jacques' mind, but he only asked: "What does the Chinaman say?"

Santos promptly replied: "Nothing, strange to say; he has not spoken one word since he was arrested, though he can speak English fairly well."

Jacques threw his cigar into the fire, and slowly shaking his head replied: "Well, Mr. Santos, you have evidently solved this case before coming to me. I really cannot see what an investigation would prove. The Chinaman may have committed the crime in a fit of insanity, as his actions have since indicated; or perhaps it was to avenge some wrong, which the

child's father or you, yourself, have at some time or other committed. I suppose you have no such enemy?"

"No, I can recall none, and especially not among the Chinese," promptly replied Santos.

"Well, if you find out any more, let me know, but I advise you to let the law take its course," Jacques replied in a tone which evidently showed the interview to be at an end.

The Spaniard evidently recognized the suggestion, and arose to leave almost immediately. Long after the sound of his motor had died away, Jacques smoked on in silence. Finally, I could control my curiosity no longer, and I abruptly blurted out: "Rather extraordinary case, don't you think? What are you going to do?" For I knew that he had not given it up.

Jacques, unheeding the interruption, smoked on a while longer in silence, and raising himself in his chair, observed: "I will see Wing tomorrow, and in the meantime, let's go to bed; I have a strenuous day ahead of me."

Being very busy the next day, I did not see Jacques until he returned to our apartments that night, just as I had about given him up. He waited until he had settled himself for his usual bed-time cigar, and then motioning me to listen, began: "I saw Wing today, and he wouldn't say a word. I believe that he will go to his death that way, that is, if he is convicted. I've sent a few telegrams and cables and interviewed a few servants, and I think that with a little more mesh-drawing, I'm about ready for the trial."

"Why, what have you got to do with the trial? You haven't landed a 'gang,' have you?" I inquired in astonishment.

"Oh, I have just had myself appointed counsel for the defense, that's all. I'm going to try my hand in the matter. Things have taken a lively turn."

I immediately saw that this was all I would get out of him, except that the case would come up before the court, then in session, on Friday, three days off. With this knowledge and a determination to be present, and see the final "catch," I retired.

The public was manifestly surprised when it became known that Lawrence Jacques, the well-known lawyer-detective, would

defend the Chinaman who was indicted on such a charge. A large crowd of intensely interested people had gathered in the courtroom, when the case of the State of California vs. Wing San was called. The impanelling of the jury and the examination of a few witnesses, the chief of whom were Santos and the housekeeper, occupied only a short time. The evidence was most incriminating against the Chinaman, and every one had long since given up hope for him. The Solicitor then arose, and in a few pointed remarks presented the circumstantial evidence of the case in a manner that could hardly bring anything but conviction for the accused. He dwelt on the point that the prisoner's silence was a mute evidence of his guilt, and that perhaps the State would have been spared the trouble of a long trial, if "certain people would quit dabbling into affairs for the purpose of attracting attention to themselves." Never once, during the trial, did the stolid look leave the face of the accused, or a word escape his lips. At length, he wound up with a plea to the jury to make this case an example to the foreigners, who made San Francisco the base of their criminal operations, and for a verdict of murder in the first degree. He closed and sat down, very confident that he had added another case to his record.

When he had taken his seat, Jacques slowly arose, and stepped out in front of the jury with a calm assurance that was the cause of much wonder throughout the courtroom. On his right was the prisoner's box, with his expressionless client calmly gazing into space. Near him sat the Spaniard, Manuel Santos, who regarded the man wonderingly and half-contemptously, who had purposely turned him down for the murderer, without any hope of reward. In his clear and convincing tone, Jacques began:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the Solicitor has asked you for a verdict of murder in the first degree for the man whom you shall find guilty. And furthermore, he has asked you to convict an innocent man on a false charge. Not one word has passed the lips of that Chinaman since the night this crime was committed, but nevertheless there have been circumstances and

chains of evidence, surrounding this case, enough to lift the stigma of disgrace and shame from the head of this innocent man, and to place it upon that of the unapprehended murderer. I shall not take your time, gentlemen, to argue this case on a plea of insanity or some other last resort; but I shall review briefly a hypothetical case very much like this one in character. The opening is laid in China. A young Englishman, correspondent for a London newspaper, has received permission to view the inner recesses of the Sacred Temple of the Sun, situated near Nanchow. With him is a young friend, staying at the same American lodginghouse. They visit this temple, and while the correspondent, in company with the old priest, is reviewing the inner recesses, the young man happens upon an altar which contains a very sacred relic many centuries old, in fact, according to tradition, it is a knife sent down from the Sun-god himself, for the killing of human sacrifices. The knife, however, was very valuable, not only on account of its supposed connections, but for the fact that the handle was composed of two large opals, and inlaid with smaller ones all over. When the young man saw the knife lying in its case upon the altar, and no one looking, he was seized with an impulse to possess it. He placed the knife in his pocket, and joined the others. If you will bear with me in the details, we will follow the trail of this ominous knife, until its use can be investigated.

"The young man took the next steamer for San Francisco, and arriving here found his nearest relative had died, and that only in lieu of another's death had he been remembered in the will. This made him very angry, as he had spent his entire fortune in stock market plunges and other forms of gambling abroad. However, the money being in his trust, he continued to use it to retrieve his lost fortune. He failed, however, and became so involved that he saw something must be done. One night as he was sitting alone, thinking of his recent losses and inevitable ruin, his mind chanced to hit upon the sacrificial knife. He immediately associated it with the Chinese servant in his employ. The servant was, in fact, a young priest at the Temple of the Sun, who was following the knife, in hopes of

regaining it, before the loss was publicly known, in which case the old priest, his father, must pay for his negligence with his life. As he was thinking of the two, he suddenly remembered seeing this young Chinaman at the entrance of the temple, and guessed his mission. Fear at once seized him, and he decided to turn the knife over to the servant, and send him away. Another idea, however, entered his mind, as baneful and murderous as could be conceived; why could he not kill the heir, put the blame upon the servant making no one the wiser?

"He readily surmised that the servant would die rather than reveal the loss of the knife. So he called the little child into his room, and there in the gathering shadows of a winter twilight, he sacrificed an innocent little life on the altar of his own avarice. Leaving the dagger in the body of the child, he rang for the butler, and stepped into the hall. In response to his ring the butler appeared, and on perceiving the child lying in a pool of his own blood, he ran quickly to it. No sooner had he reached the body than he saw the precious knife. Quickly extracting it, he ran to the door and signalled a waiting comrade, who taking it, disappeared. But he did not succeed in doing this until he had been seen by two witnesses, in the act of extracting the dagger. Never mind, gentlemen, you can do nothing for him now; the strain was greater than he could stand any longer. A weak heart and the wages of sin—your honor, the defense closes."

The Universal Law

L. A. MOYER, '14.

The beautiful little village of Ellsmore, snugly nestled among the hills at the base of the Alleghanies in the old Dominion State, is the most famous of Virginia's few summer resorts. Thus ideally situated in the most historic, as well as the most picturesque part of the State, it offers to the tourist more than the recuperative excellence of its mountain climate, and the magnificence of its landscape. The people themselves are a study. Nowhere is the maxim, "environment makes the

man," better illustrated than in this rugged mountainous region. These people, in whose breasts there is still alive a spark of barbarism inherited from their forefathers and kept alive because of their very isolation from the civilized world, care nothing for our social and political institutions. The great intellectual advancement and unparalelled industrial achievements of the twentieth century mean nothing to them. Childlike in their simplicity, they roam over the mountains unhampered by the superficial demands and formalities of our modern civilization. Although illiterate, they still repeat ballads that have been handed down verbally for generations—ballads that were brought from Europe by their ancestors. The deeds of Robin Hood are often told over at twilight in many a mountain cabin.

This was the people among whom I spent a delightful summer vacation. These children of nature interested me not a little, and I lost no opportunity of studying their customs and manners, which had long since become obsolete in other parts of the country.

Hearing one day that the court of common pleas would convene on the following day at the county seat, which was not far from Ellsmore, I decided to attend. By so doing my curiosity would be gratified and I would have a fine opportunity for studying the jurisprudence of these rugged inhabitants of the mountains.

Having taken a seat in the rear of the building near an open window, I cast a glance about the courtroom. The place was of medium size, capable of seating comfortably about three hundred people. The prisoner's chair I noticed was occupied by a negro, who looked to be about forty-five years of age; and seated not far away was a negress of the ante-bellum type, who, by the sympathetic and motherly expression on her face, betrayed the fact that the prisoner was her son.

The old clock, nailed to the wall just behind the judge's chair, ticked monotonously, keeping time with the mournful voice of

the defendant's attorney as he drawled out something about circumstantial evidence, and the meaning of the law. Evidently the prisoner was being tried for his life. He was accused of murder, and there was against him circumstantial evidence of the strongest kind.

As the attorney seated himself, my gaze sought the open window from which the landscape could be seen to great advantage. In the distance the mountains, tall and majestic in their silent splendor, rose like giant sentinels above the western horizon; a little stream which rushed madly down their steep and rugged slopes paused, as if for breath, upon reaching the bottom, then slowly wound its way through the plain until it disappeared in the woodlands far to the southward.

As the judge arose to address the jury, my attention was again directed to court proceedings. For the first time I noticed that the judge, as well as the jurors, were of the mountaineer type. The judge, although rough and uncouth in personal appearance, stood for the law—and here, among these mountain people, the impressiveness and majesty of the law were maintained by physical strength and not mental qualifications and ability. Needless is it to say that the presiding judge in every respect fulfilled this mountain ideal of the law.

Scarcely had he arisen when the old negress, the prisoner's mother, clambered up to his side.

"O, massa, don't you recognize me? I know's it's you! When de Yankees run you, I sabe your life. For de Lord's sake, sabe my po' boy. He ain't kilt nobody, nohow!"

Sternly, at first, the old judge gazed at the prisoner's mother. He had dealt with criminals before, and this was not the first time that he had heard a mother's passionate plea for her fallen boy. But what was it that she had said about saving his life—saving him from the Yankees?

"Massa, I knows it's you, lak I hoped. Don't you 'member when I put you under de floor? An' when de Yankees shot my boy?"

The stern expression on the judge's face changed to one of kindly sympathy. In truth, now he recognized the old negress who was now leaning against his desk, sobbing as if her heart would break, and pleading, between her sobs, for the life of her only boy.

With one hand resting tenderly upon her head, the judge addressed the jury in these words: "Gentlemen, forty-eight years ago I was a soldier in the Confederate Army—a follower of Lee and Jackson. One day, the day after the great battle of Fredericksburg, I received a telegram from home stating that mother was dying, and to come home at once. Gentlemen, for days I had been in the very jaws of death and had seen thousands of men shot and trampled under foot—but they were only paying the terrible toll of war, and I was not affected in the least by the grim spectacle. But now that my mother was dying and wanted to see for the last time her only boy, I became weak from grief—as weak as a little child. Knowing that should I wait to get a pass from headquarters it would cause unnecessary delay, I decided to steal through the enemy's lines. In the attempt I was detected by the enemy. Hotly pursued, I took refuge in a negro cabin which was tenanted by a negress and her son. Perceiving my perilous situation, the woman thrust me into a trap-door in the floor. Soldiers entered the cabin and searched it—but my hiding place remained undiscovered. The negress, with her sleeves rolled up above her elbows and with a rolling pin in each hand, bade the soldiers to 'git out and tend to their own bizness.' When the enemy departed she helped me from my uncomfortable position. After giving me food she let her son go with me to act as my guide until I should reach home. As I neared home I was again seen by the enemy. The man nearest me fired. Quick as a flash the negro boy jumped before me, and fell wounded by a bullet, while I made good my escape.

"After the war I hunted in vain for the negress and her son that I might reward them. Their little cabin was empty and

they were nowhere to be found. Gentlemen, the evidence in this case is wholly circumstantial. God grant that you bring in a verdict of not guilty, for this negress is the woman that befriended me in a time of so great need, and the prisoner is the boy who would have given his life for a Confederate soldier."

Needless is it to say anything of the verdict of the jury. The mountaineer, though rough and uncouth in appearance, has a soul and a heart. The same human characteristics are found among the lowly and the great—all humanity is governed by a law common to all.

The Definite Purpose

Very few people realize what it means to have a purpose. Everyone's imagination occasionally floats to realms of unspecified greatness, but few men of the day have a determined and specific purpose. It is easy and pleasant to drift aimlessly through life, enjoying its pleasures, while avoiding perplexities and problems, and many of us are prone so to do.

Turn back a few moments to some of the illustrious characters of history; take, for instance, that noble character, Joan of Arc, a peasant girl from the borders of France, stealing into the shades of night, dreaming visions of how to rid France of the burdensome yoke she was bearing; take the statesman, George Washington, who did so much for his country, both on the battlefield and in the President's chair; take Benjamin Franklin, that versatile man of untiring efforts, who almost revolutionized the industrial world by his discovery of electricity, and who opened new channels in arbitrative thinking by his diplomacy. These characters did not drift along life "on flowery beds of ease," without a purpose for which they were willing to sacrifice their lives. Joan of Arc did not place herself at the head of the French army and take upon herself that great responsibilty, without the purpose of ridding France of the English army. George Washington did not march against the great British forces with his much smaller and

poorly equipped army without the purpose of freeing the United States from the tyrannical rule of George III. If such characters as these, who have made such marks, and whose lives are left as examples for us, reached the heights of fame by having a purpose, we who are less equipped for our work should have a more determined purpose, in order that we may gain at least a mark of "well done" in our little circle of knowledge.

The difficulty which confronts most of us in selecting a purpose lies not in the scarcity of objects, but rather in their very multiplicity; and our judgment, unexercised in the matter of determining conduct in the smaller things of life, is unable to properly direct us in the choosing among the great aims and opportunities of our modern life.

There are some men who think they really have a purpose, but when they are old, and look back over their lives and think what might have been, and consider what has been, they realize that their lives have been lived without a definite aim.

If you will study the lives of our great men, you will find that their greatness was not reached by talent alone, but through the culmination of a well ordered purpose.

Let us have a purpose. Each one that is accomplished will be an example for someone else. Let us not be contented with only a purpose, but may our purposes be so high that they will be worthy of any sacrifice. Then we will

"Do noble things, not dream all day long,
And make life, death, and the great forever—
One grand, sweet song."

C. E. K., '15.

Life

Cringing, we
Watch the heel of silent time,
Ruthlessly crush,
All that was mine and thine.

O, utter woe,
Of a sad and stinging loss!
Who could
Kiss or carry a bitterer cross?
Doomed to pain,
With streaming, scalding tears
Silently bear
The multitude's taunting jeers
And watch
A heart bleeding and torn
Cease to beat.
Ending life, weary and worn,
We sigh
And turn from the strife—
We shudder
Remembering that this is Life.

The Wilderness

"No, Dolly, it seems to me you look at it wrong. There really was no harm done, and after all the poor fellow had to square himself before he died. A confession, you know, always makes things like that much easier. Then he can't be blamed so much after all."

"Why, Dunn! How can you talk like that? You know it would have been a lot better if he had left those things unsaid. They will always cause pain and can never do any good. Life will never seem the same to her after this."

"Come now, Sis; you are taking the thing entirely too seriously," interposed Carson. "Then, besides, it is late, and you had best let Dunn and myself finish our cigars while you get your beauty sleep."

"Well," she sighed, with a little laugh, "I confess the superiority of my husband and brother. Goodnight."

"Poor devil! I did feel sorry for his wife; I know how he felt, because—" Dunn looked dreamily into the smoke.

"Because?" Carson's face grew a little set.

"Come, Dunn; I don't just like the way you said that."

"Some things are left better unsaid, maybe, but—" he paused again, then began abruptly: "Do you remember when I went to Africa on that hunting trip?"

"Yes, go on—."

"The fever for the wild ran hot in my blood all during my last two years at college. Daniels kept telling me how the thing called him until he couldn't sleep, and that he would lie awake cursing himself for leaving. Before he went back I promised to come to him just as soon as I finished college. I had a letter from him written the day before he left that fanned my desire to a white heat. The last part of 19—seemed like years. At last I finished and immediately sailed for the western coast of Africa. Striking inland, I reached the place we had agreed upon, and found that Daniels had left a message for me to meet him at L——, which was something over two hundred miles further ahead. I got a cart, and with two natives set out. The wildness of the country went to my head like wine. I could only think of being with Daniels and his expedition. You know his fame had already reached the newspaper world. The first day nothing happened, and we camped that night out on the wild, desolate Dain. The next morning I found that one of my boys had deserted me during the night. I determined to go on with the one left.

"The next night we reached Toelue, where I was stabbed and deserted by the other boy. Fever and the wound kept me delirious for days. During the time I seemed to see a beautiful woman bending over me and to feel her fragrant kisses on my parched lips. One morning I opened my eyes to see the lady of my feverish dreams bending over me. 'Yes, dear Dunn, you are going to get well,' she murmured.

" 'Where am I?' I tried to ask. But the excitement was too much for my weak condition and puzzled brain.

"When I was able to be up I saw a great deal of Miss Stal-

field. At last the time came for me to leave. Then I realized something had come into my life that I could, try as I might, never shake off. In parting her hands clung to mine, and how I went without kissing her I will never know.

"For fifteen months I followed Daniels through the wilds, but never could I shake that awful picture from my mind. She was of my people, (the daughter of an American adventurer, who married she never knew nor have I ever been able to find whom), making the call stronger than it could ever have been otherwise. I would start from my blankets in the dead of night calling her name, thinking I saw her bending over me —then sink back weak and disgusted, disappointed because it was only a dream.

"With my brain no clearer than when I left her, I started back toward the west coast once more, determined I would not go through Toelue. But before I knew or could tell why, I found myself in the place I had quitted fifteen months before.

"That night as I lay in my hammock thinking of many thousand things, she leaned over me.

" 'Dunn—'

" 'Doria—you?' I whispered.

" 'Yes,' she faltered. 'It is I.' Then she broke out, 'Can't you see? O, Dunn!' And she clung to me weeping.

" 'Doria, I know; I love you, but don't you see it is impossible?'

" 'Take me with you. O, can't you understand I am yours? I knew the moment I saw you; don't tell me you are going away and leave me. Do you want me?'

" 'Do I want you—!'

"With her burning kisses on my lips, I promised her. That night I left Toelue, and not alone. I went to the diamond fields, then to the gold mines, but nowhere was I satisfied. We went to the coast, and a year later I saw I must leave her. I will spare you the details.

"But when I told her we must part, she flew into a rage,

her eyes narrowed and grew green. 'Leave me? Yes, you brute, leave me, but I will follow you over every foot of the earth. Leave me if you dare, and I will make your life miserable.'

"I came to America, and until yesterday I have had no peace. I could hear her footsteps always, and feel those green eyes on me. I could not rest night or day. Now it is over."

Carson looked fixedly at the stump of his dead cigar. "Well—."

Dunn rose to go.

"I couldn't tell Dolly, but I have made my confession to her brother."

The Brook

Laughing, sparkling waters,
  Flowing smoothly on,
Thro' the vale and meadow,
  Over rock and stone.

Wat'ring thirsty places,
  Onward still you roam,
Bounding, leaping, playing,
  To your wat'ry home.

Wee and silv'ry brooklet,
  Dashing to the sea,
Filling hill and valley
  With a note of glee.

Glist'ning, radiant, jewels
  Sparkle on thy breast,
Crystals, spray, and foam
  Mingle on thy crest.

Heaving, curling, spinning,
  Tumbling thro' the dell,

Rippling, gleaming, tinkling,
  Chiming like a bell.

And, thus, ever gliding,
  Babbling noisily,
You at last, exhausted,
  Sink into the sea.

D. L. E., '13.

The Rights and Wrongs of Unionism

R. D. GUILDS.

We live in an age of organization. In every phase of the world's work men are more and more emphatically advancing the belief that organization means efficiency and power. In the industrial world we find two gigantic forces—capital and labor—organized and powerfully equipped.

Organized capital, on the one hand, has extended a power which has proven strong enough to dominate both political parties, has ruled in the organization of legislative bodies, both state and national, and in the committees which frame legislation. Its influence is felt in cabinets, and in the policies of administrations; is seen in the appointment of prosecuting officers, and in the selection of judges upon the bench. Organized capital takes concrete form in trusts and large corporations. These may fix limitations in the field of production, and they may make prices and impose burdens upon the consuming public at will. The ownership of these great systems of industry is distributed among large investors who have no knowledge of the people who work for them, and who care little about their welfare. Maintaining their dividends without reduction, and increasing them if possible, seems to be their only interest.

On the other hand, we find organized labor measuring strength with these great corporations. For, to protect the workingman's own interest against the aggression of the capitalist, labor must be efficiently organized. By collective bargain-

ing alone can labor ever hope to be placed on an equal footing with its employer.

Trade unionism in its true sense does not mean lawlessness, violence, or crime. It means the organization of workingmen for the purpose of bettering, in an orderly, systematic, and legitimate manner, the condition of those who toil for their daily bread; and for the purpose of raising the economic, intellectual, moral, and social standard of the laborer. Its purpose is an attempt to secure better and broader education, and to protect the child against the stunting blight of overwork and long hours. By securing proper environment, it stands for the protection of the wage earner's life, health, and morals. It means better homes and happier families, by protecting and educating the young, and by providing for and comforting the old.

The efforts of organized labor have not been in vain. Since the formation of trade unions, wages have in general advanced; the hours of labor have been shortened from fourteen, sixteen, and seventeen, to twelve, ten, and in some instances even to eight hours; the dangerous machinery of the second quarter of the nineteenth century has been replaced by the protective machinery of today.

During the second quarter of the nineteenth century, when it was a criminal conspiracy for even two or three workmen to take any concerted action concerning the condition of their employment, children were employed in factories at the ages of five and six. Boys and girls were employed in iron and coal mines, because they could be used in working the small veins. Instead of providing horse power to drag the bunkers from these veins, the owner forced this work upon the child. But a better day is dawning. By the agitation of organized labor, laws have been passed in our country which state how old a child must be before entering specified occupations; laws which state how many hours a day he must work; and in some of the

States certain educational qualifications are necessary before a child may begin work.

Nor has the condition of women been neglected. Laws have been passed with special qualifications as to the manner and conditions which shall prevail while women are employed. These restrictions keep a larger percentage of the women at home; a fact which means better home life.

These changes are not wholly, but mainly due to unionism, due to men who have rights, who know their rights, and who dare to maintain them.

Thus we have seen that the true principles of trade unions are good, and that real and lasting benefits have been accomplished. When, however, we look at the question from a different viewpoint, we find that in a number of instances unions have made many petty rules and regulations which are often vexatious to those who have to deal with them; such rules as forbidding a plasterer to drive a nail; forbidding a plumber to do the simplest task which belongs to a bricklayer; or rigidly fixing the hours of labor. These regulations require men to act disobligingly, and unneighborly; they train them in unkindness and unfriendliness.

Moreover, labor leaders themselves have often discredited unionism by making demands of the employer, not in behalf of their followers, but to gain more power for themselves. It is human nature to enjoy power; poor indeed is the man who has no ambition. But the worst form that it can take is the lust of power for its own sake. It is noble to wish for power to make one's fellowmen better and wiser; it is noble to wish for power to make the surroundings of homelife more home-like; it is noble to wish for power to sway men for their own good. But so far as labor leaders have given themselves up to the lust of power for power's sake, thus far have the rights of the toiler been taken from him; thus far has unionism lost ground in public opinion.

But the gravest charges brought against organized labor

center around those things which often take place during strikes. When the unions send their representatives to the employer, and he refuses to notice them, or to comply with their request, a strike is often precipitated. The strike in itself is not a bad element in unionism, because men have a right to unite in demand for better industrial conditions, and to unite in a refusal to work unless the conditions are supplied; but when the strikers participate in coercion and violence, they are rightly condemned. The greater part of the discredit with which the trade unions are regarded by the public today is due to these conditions. Workingmen who take the place of the strikers are insulted, beaten, and sometimes killed, the property of the employer is destroyed, and his buildings are burned or dynamited. No justification can be given for such vandalism. It is going beyond all limits of toleration—and thus organized labor, in so far as it approves of such measures, becomes an enemy of society.

After seeing that the true principle of unionism is the betterment of the laborer's conditions by peaceful, orderly, and legitimate means, we may justly ask: Why do unions so often resort to coercion and violence? We may safely attribute this condition of affairs to the fact that the employer places himself on a plane higher than that of his employee, by assuming that he has the right to determine, while the latter must always submit. Such things cause the laborer to look upon the employer as his enemy, and when the laborer resorts to violence, the employer at once looks upon him in a similar light. Class faces class in sullen distrust. Such conditions should not exist.

Men who have studied the situation thoroughly agree that unionism is the most efficient machinery yet constructed for the economic and social improvement of the laboring class. Thus the remedy for the present industrial ills is not so much a new organization as it is a new spirit, a spirit that will link the interest of the employer and the employed, a spirit that cause men to recognize the rights of men, a spirit that will teach

men to deal with their fellows in justice and love, a spirit that shall bring to a close the time when men are willing to "spill the blood of men for their ambition and the sweat of men for their greed."

With two such gigantic powers in operation we realize that difficulties and disputes will sometimes arise. Some say that these differences should be settled by arbitration; others say that they should be settled by law; but better than either, going far beyond arbitration, and deeper than the power and authority of government, is the settlement of questions by the men themselves. In 1895 the employees of the Southern Railway Company demanded that their wages be raised to what they were two years previous. They sent their committee to the headquarters at Washington, and made known their demands to the managers. Did the managers say to them, "We haven't time to consider these demands now, and furthermore we do not propose to raise your wages?" No, such was not the reception this committee received. The men were told that their every interest would be considered, and that a decision would be given them at a specified time. When the time came the managers laid before them an itemized statement of the expenses of the road for the past few years, giving the financial and industrial conditions of the whole system. After some conferences the whole matter was peaceably and amicably settled. The men returned to their work, not with the raise in their wages which they requested, but with a new dignity, and a new hope; a dignity which is the result of honorable, manly action, and a hope which is born in the meting out of justice.

The true relation of employer and employed, and the relation for which we are pleading, is that of citizens with equally sacred and independent rights, "uniting their efforts to a given end, each with the power, within certain limits, to determine his own rights, but not to prescribe the duties of the other." When such is the condition between capital and labor, we may truly exclaim with the Psalmist: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Professor Shannon and Mrs. Barrett

Surely, among all the good things which have come our way this year in Wofford, our lectures have been unsurpassed; and yielding place to none were the lectures of Prof. Shannon, a representative of the world movement for sex purity, and of Mrs. Barrett, the head of the system of Florence Crittenden Homes.

Never before has there been a more inspiring appeal to the young men of Wofford and of Spartanburg to live the strong, pure, and chivalrous life than was made by these two lecturers. Both of them handled their delicate subjects with a skill and eloquence which at no time transgressed the bounds of refinement, nor yet deprived the message of any of its force. Armed as they were with the truth, they and their messages were doubly attractive and impressive. The aim of their work is

not for rescue alone, but just as much for prevention; and as the best means of accomplishing these objects, they both direct their efforts toward the home, knowing that the only guard against the evil, shame, and distress, with which they are so well acquainted, is the proper training and instruction of the child.

In the persons of these two we have been thrown with the representatives of a great work, and their visit to Spartanburg and Wofford cannot help but do great good.

[*Editor's Note.*—The Editor-in-Chief was called out of town just before we went to press, and left only one editorial—the above—for the department; so the remaining space had to be filled.—LITERARY EDITOR.]

More About Exams

Well, the ever-recurring period of examinations has come and gone. Truly, like the weather and the faculty, they are always with us and are fully as much the object of criticism and discussion. The period just passed through has certainly been as productive of results, both satisfactory and the other kind, as any in the last several years.

The right sort of examination, at the right time, is undeniably a good thing, a part of college training not to be disregarded. A thorough and strictly representative examination is the fit end of a good term's work. The student, having seen the subject in detail and close at hand in the preparation for the daily recitation, in the study for the examination gets another viewpoint, for he must approach the subject in a more general way and catches the outline of the work, into which the detail and minor parts are made to fit themselves. Knowing what to expect on examination, he is able to systematize his knowledge and to fill in the weak spots.

Opposed to this type is the examination which is not representative—unfair in principle and hurtful in results. The examination which is based on more or less obscure portions of the work, on detail, rather than on general outline or important points, on side issues rather than the general course of the work

—this sort of examination confuses the knowledge the student has, tends to destroy his sense of proportion, and unduly stresses the unimportant detail at the expense of the general and far more valuable outline. In this case, only a fortunate "spotting" of the professor, or else a phenomenal memory, can carry the student safely through. And realizing this, the tendency is for him to neglect the invaluable systematic study, and to depend on chance. So, when the consequent "flunk" comes, he is prone, not without reason, to lay the blame on his "hard luck" and the unfair examination. Of course, at times, because of the nature of the study, it is very difficult for the professor to avoid this type of examination, but the fact remains, and the unfortunate results are evident.

Cheap Literature---College and Otherwise

Loud, frequent, and insistent are the claims of the various activities of the college upon the time, energy, and purse of the student. Far be it from us to belittle the importance of these other institutions; it would not be according to the rules of the game; moreover, we firmly believe in them. But further still be it from us to shrink back through mistaken modesty; we must continually, even continuously, put our cause before the college public lest we be forgotten.

There are two protests which we wish to register in behalf of the college magazine. One is a defense against the general criticism that it contains such sentimental bosh and silly stuff. We readily admit the truth of the assertion. But we question whether it is worse than the cheap novel and the fourth rate weekly and monthly literature that a great per cent. of these very critics read. For our part, we should far rather read the sentimental effusion of the college poet, or the curiously wrought story of more or less happy affection or adventure, or even the unceasing stream of eulogies on Washington and other ancient American virtues, than the blood-and-thunder stories and no less sickening sentiment of this cheap literature, and the more so because the former was not turned out from the literary sweat-shop at so much per page. We should like to

ask for honest comparison of the two, aside from the interest the student should have in his own college.

The Need for Steady Work

The other protest which we make is against the vague, indefinite purpose and ideas of most of the men on the campus about writing for THE JOURNAL. They all admit the personal benefit to be derived from the effort, but they evidently do not fully realize it, for, were it so, our contribution box would always be full to overflowing instead of appallingly empty. Most of them have some sort of an idea of writing something—sometime. The fact that it is work, rather than uncertain impulse, perspiration, rather than inspiration, that counts in the long run in writing for the magazine, does not seem to enter their minds. All honor to the literary talent that bursts forth in the senior year, or flares up occasionally, with long periods intervening, but it is not on this man that the college magazine can depend; it is on the steady worker who started in the first year and who keeps at it. Few men in college, we believe, place the proper estimate on the value of steady work in this line; still fewer, the value of an early start.

Let the foregoing thoughts find lodgement in your minds, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen; think over the matter a few seconds and see if there is not at least a grain of truth among the chaff. And if there prove to be such a grain, keep it in mind, and this summer, while the heat forbids physical exercise, start the process in your brain of a production for THE JOURNAL. Let it develop, write it out, *then work it over,* don't stop at the first writing. You will probably want to try another very shortly afterwards, feeling that out of self-respect you ought to improve on the first attempt, and you will find that the experience is of immense value when you come to try the second.

Not worth the while? Don't deceive yourself.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

R. T. Wilson, Editor.
A. L. Googe, Assistant Editor.

Converse Concept

Will be delighted to pass our opinion on the February issue of *The Concept.* "Mr. John Regan's Masquerade" is only another link in the endless captivation and demoralization of an old maid's charms, binding and holding fast an amiable young man. The plot of this story is well told, brief, and to the mark. Again, it is so picturesque and true to life—a young man, feet on desk, pipe in mouth, and midway the "prodigious length of the effusion of a soulful epistle." This brings the contrast to the reader's mind of the fickleness of "flirts" and the austere sincerity of old maids.

"Thackeray in America" is interesting, but it seems that his love for money was carried to the extreme. "Senor Seranno" is the best story in the magazine. Retribution is sure to come, but this story pitifully brings it about. The love element is kept in the background, but the reader well knows that this is the dynamo to the plot. The climax is well fitting and well adapted to the story. "The Ghost" is a story with a theme as old as time, it is true, but one that may be treated interestingly forever. Especially so is this when there is connected with it a negro dialect, Southern background, and a beauty and charm of expression. The number of essays make it impossible for us to take up each separately, but each favorably compares with the average essay in our magazines. "The Indifference of the College Girl Toward Mathematics" should be read by every college girl. The poems are very good indeed; two sonnets and an exposition on "George's" hatchet. The author of the latter, by her use of dialect, and an excellent flow of rhythm, along with the humor, causes it to deserve a welcome place in this issue. The editorials are rather profound and strike a major note for a college magazine.

Newberry Stylus This issue has many short stories, but not a one is so very good. "Madge's Conquest of the Incorrigible" is told in entirely too short a story. The love of Wearn for Madge is not developed, but is brought about too suddenly. By far the best story is "Silvia of the Forest." The setting is fitting for the time of year. At once we think of "Silvia" as portrayed by Shakespeare. These stories show the influence of Shakespeare on college students. "The Haunted House" has for its plot the old theme of ghosts, which, however, is not developed fully. The chief criticism to be made of all the short stories is that each seemed to have been written hurriedly. We find quantity, but not quality. Again, the essays and poems show this same fault. However, the co-eds have shown much interest in this issue, and this alone deserves much credit.

Erothesian We welcome the "Fortieth Anniversary Number" from Lander College. In this issue we find great interest taken by the alumnae in their alma mater. This is often neglected by college graduates. The latter receive their diploma, and, in many instances seem to be forgetful of that institution which should have meant so much to them. In view of the fact that this issue was taken up by the alumnae, we do not feel inclined to make any criticism whatever. However, we expect the next issue to be brim full of good material, for the potential energy stored up for a month can be used advantageously on the next issue. We wish much success before the coming of the "Forty-First Anniversary Number."

Davidson College Magazine We pass judgment that the propellers of the sophomoric genius at Davidson have not done efficient work. And, as the Editor-in-Chief has said, "Dear Girls, give them all the inspiration you can," for we and he realize the futility of giving inspiration as long as you are with us. We must say, though,

that this issue has not the prominent characteristics of Sophomores, and surely nothing better could well be said. "North Carolina of Long Ago" has the facts, but the structure seems to be loose; thereby being less effective than possible. Yet the author has the facts, and after all that is what is most needed. "A D. C. Fresh Lost in Southern Italy" soon lost us when he got "awheel" for Rome. We soon find him again, but he is "scared green." This is not a well-told story, but shows a determined effort. Fortunately, the essay regarding the study of Greek at Davidson adds a new merit to the issue. This essay is full of practical thought. "Down in De Cool Spring Bottom," if deprived of some of its superfluous language, would be much better. Any story having to do with an old-time negress is sure to be interesting.

Along with the above, we acknowledge the following magazines: *The Collegian, The Vanguard, St. Mary's Muse, The Journal, The Georgian, The Palmetto, Mercerian, Vanderbilt Observer, Ouachita Ripples,* and *The Blue and Bronze.*

CLIPPINGS

THE LUCKIER OF THE TWO.

Lillicus—I wonder why, at a wedding, the fellow who attends the groom is called the best man?

Cynicus—Because he isn't getting married.

NUTTY.

Brown—I understand that Senator Green wanted you to act as his private secretary.

Simmons—He did, but I wouldn't accept the position because I would have to sign everything Green, per Simmons.

THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

The Customer—Do you sell invisible hair nets?

The Assistant—Yes, madam.

The Customer—Will you let me see one, please.

DEMANDING JUSTICE.

Bob had just got back from Liverpool and was relating the hardships of his lot on the way over, working his way as a cattle-feeder.

"Was it so bad?" inquired Harry.

"Harry, when I go to purgatory there'll be fourteen days' rebate coming to me."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"I am pleased to meet you again," he said.

"Thank you," replied the lady, who had once been his wife.

"How are the children?"

"What children?"

"Ours."

"We never had any."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. It was very stupid of me. I mistook you for one of my other wives."

"Mamma, do all angels fly?"

"Yes, Willie; why do you ask?"

" 'Cause I heard dad call the hired girl an angel the other day. Will she fly, too?"

"Yes, Willie; tomorrow."

MANDATORY.

Ethel—"I'm awfully sorry, but I can't come to the party tonight, as I have a date."

Gladys—"Can't you break it?"

Ethel—"Not this one, dear. It is a man-date."

Nothing vexes love so sorely as to be called "blind."

HER ADVANTAGE.

Small Boy—Don't you have good times when you travel on the train?

Mrs. Grabber—Why, dear?

Small Boy—Well, mamma said you was double faced, and I

think it would be an awful lot of fun to look out of two windows at once.

"Well, Sam, I hear that Mr. Isaac has sold out."

"Yes, sar, so they say; but the theatre will still be under his Jewish-diction."

"I DOUBT IT."

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to leave them alone?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permitted to squeeze,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you could drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

Where a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point, 'twixt the good and the harm?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

G. M. Crum, Editor.

THE GLEE CLUB TRIP.

PROGRAMME

Part I.

1. *a.* Old Gold and Black.....*Landorff*
   b. Ciribiribin—A Pestalozza.....*Arr. by J. C. Macy*

GLEE CLUB

2. Jolly Four ..... *Lee G. Kratz*

QUARTETTE

3. Solo ..... Selected

MR. L. M. RICE

4. Within a Little Wood ..... *Frederick W. Root*

GLEE CLUB

5. Doan Ye Cry, Ma' Honey.....*F. J. Smith*

QUARTETTE

6. Mandalay ..... *Rudyard Kipling*

MR. CLAUDE WATERS AND CLUB

7. The Chase ..... *Tito Mattei*

GLEE CLUB

8. Reading ..... Selected

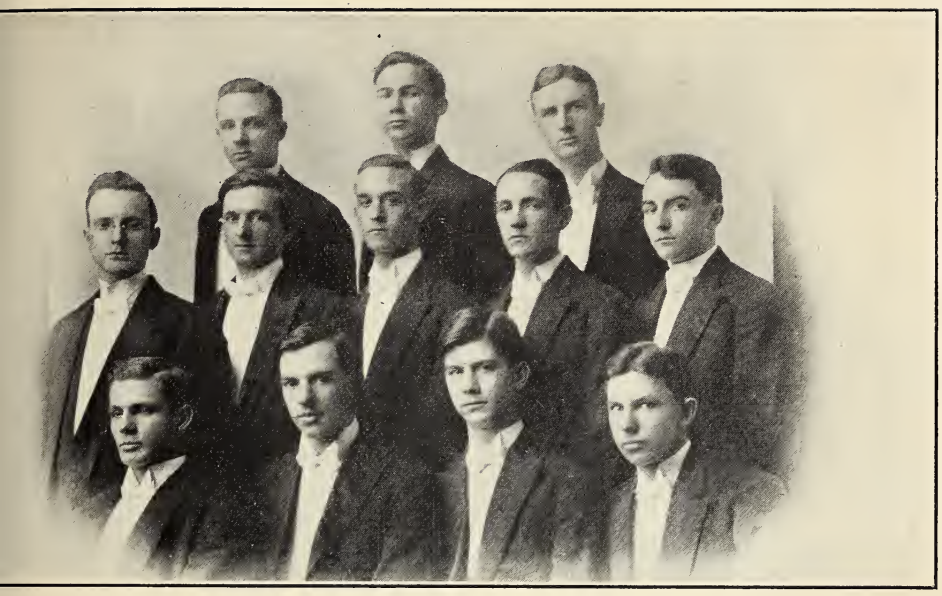
MR. C. B. HAYNES

INTERMISSION

Part II

Meeting of the Club for Practice, Introducing the Following Songs:

1. Queries
2. Every Little Movement
3. Zizzy-Ze-Zum
4. Alexander's Rag Time Band
5. Miss Cadenza Brown
6. Reading
7. We All Have Troubles of Our Own
8. Monkey Quartette
9. Good-By



Personnel of Glee Club

First Tenor

Rice Moody Lumpkin Anderson

Second Tenor

Hill Hamer Monroe Harley

First Bass

McIver Waters, H. Byers Badger

Second Bass

Crum Waters, C.

Quartette

Rice Moody Hill Crum

Reader—Haynes

The Wofford College Glee Club made a circuit of the lower part of the state on its fifth annual tour, leaving Spartanburg on the 27th of March. The first stop was Columbia, where a concert was given at Columbia College. All looked forward to this date, for it stood for a great good time in their calendar. We were not disappointed, for, as usual, the Columbia College girls gave us a "lovely" reception, even though the "refreshments" did not arrive until the crowd was leaving. But who cared for ice cream, etc., when so many bright eyes and sunny smiles were playing havoc with the hearts of the manly fellows? As the boys say, "we sure made a hit here," and were especially pleased with the praise given us by President Daniels, who is always cordial to the Wofford boys. "The State" gave us a fine write-up, and many extra copies of this paper were secured to send to the girls we left behind us.

Florence was the next stop. This hustling town gave us a royal welcome and a packed house—the largest we had on the trip. Just before the concert each member of the club was given a carnation, with the request that they wear them. Of course we were "dee-lighted."

Dillon.—What pen can do justice to the hospitality and kindliness of the Dillon folk? Their homes were thrown open to us; we verily believe their hearts, too, or at least some, judging from the long faces of some members of the club when leaving. The boys gave a great concert here, and the singing of "Little Waters" of the song, "I've a Longing in My Heart for You, Louise," was given with unusual expression. Friday, automobiles and turnouts were given over to us, and as the girls say, "we had a lovely time." Leaving Dillion about 7 p. m., we reached Latta in time to enjoy a good supper and be in our places for the concert on schedule time. The concert given in Latta was the very best of the eight concerts given. We were greeted by an enthusiastic and appreciative audience.

Needless to say, we all enjoyed the rest of the Sabbath day. A quartette was sent back to Dillon to assist with the music at morning and evening services. Several of the boys accompanied the quartette—one lured thither by a pair of soft brown

eyes, and another by a "Longing in My Heart," etc. Just as the quartette finished singing "Let the Lower Lights be Burning" some one yelled, "Fire!" As the crowd was leaving the church "Deutche" Byers asked, "Where is the fire?" Some one replied, "It's Price Court Inn!" Looking wildly around, "Deutche" said, "Here, Anderson, hold my girl; my suit case is down there!" The sprinting stunt he accomplished to save his (?) dress suit would have made the star runner on "Field Day" green with envy.

Another quartette was sent to Marion to sing at a big Y. M. C. A. mass meeting Sunday afternoon. They also sang at the Methodist church that evening.

Monday night we captivated the Marion people. They had already won us by their whole-souled reception of us. The young ladies gave the club a reception after the concert, which was greatly enjoyed.

A committee of ladies met us at Bennettsville, and sent us to our homes. There we met with the old-time hospitality again—rides, drives, and, as the little folk say, "the mostest good things to eat!" A number of our old Wofford boys were out to hear us and pronounced our concert the best ever given by the Glee Club. It was here that one of our boys learned about a bird—one of the rare kind. For further information, see one of the Seniors. And, by the way, the newest place to purchase a collar button is in a hardware store.

Our entertainment was given in the auditorium of the graded school building, a most excellent hall, and of course we tried our hardest to please.

Leaving Bennettsville at 7 a. m. Wednesday, we reached Union on the "Carolina Special" at 4 p. m. The Union people were clever, and entertained us in great style. Here we struck a carnival in full blast. After the evening concert, Rufus, Mike and "Mac" broke up the carnival. They began singing, and straightway the people closed their shows to listen.

We reached the "Burg" Thursday near noon, a tried, happy set, each avowing it to be the greatest trip yet. Thursday even-

ing we gave our home concert. Of that, one of our papers said the following:

"WOFFORD BOYS GOOD SONGSTERS.

"After a complete tour of the state, where it won laurels by splendid work, the Wofford Glee Club returned to the city and on last night delighted a large house in the Wofford chapel. The club has been organized about four years, and almost from the beginning its success has been complete. This year it ranks along with the best that the college has sent out, and the programs that are being rendered are very novel and up-to-date.

"Mrs. Rembert, who has been the directress for this season, is highly elated over the success of the boys. She deserves much credit for the high class entertainments that are being given.

"There is much splendid and well-trained talent among the college laddies, and they are making a great display of them. Among those who constitute the Glee Club are: Rice, Moody, Lumpkin, Anderson, first tenors; Harley, Monroe, Hamer and Hill, second tenors; Badger, Byers, McIver and Waters, first bass; Crum and Waters, second bass. The members constituting the quartette are: Rice, Moody, Hill and Crum. C. B. Haynes is the reader this year, and is handling his part on the programme in a highly pleasing manner.

"The programme last night was opened with the song, 'Old Gold and Black.' In response to the encores received from this selection, the club sang 'Sleep, Baby, Sleep,' and this caused another outburst and the boys were compelled to sing again. The quartette next sang the 'Jolly Four,' which is a humorous composition and calculated to wake one up.

"Mrs. Devereux Turner substituted for Mr. Waters in his solo, 'Mandalay,' and she was well received and liberally encored. The second part of the programme was one long scene of good humor. The boys were arrayed in 'college effect' clothes and they looked very natural.

"Among the songs given during this part of the programme, 'Every Little Movement,' 'Alexander's Rag Time Band' and

'We All Have Troubles of Our Own' were the best. 'The Monkey Kissed the Baboon's Sister' was a correct imitation of the jungle land, and the only thing lacking was the dialect.

"'Good Bye' was the last song on this programme, which closed the delightful evening."

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8

Annual Junior Debate..... 8:30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9

Commencement Sermon .....11:00 A. M.

BISHOP JOHN H. MCCOY, Birmingham, Ala.

Baccalaureate Address ..... 8:30 P. M.

PRESIDENT HENRY N. SNYDER

MONDAY, JUNE 10

Graduation Exercises .....10:30 A. M.

Literary Address—

W. W. FINLEY, LL. D., Washington, D. C.

SPEECHES BY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS

DELIVERY OF DIPLOMAS

Class Day Exercises..... 5:00 P. M.

Reception by Faculty in Whitefoord Smith Library.....
6:00 P. M.

Alumni Address ..... 8:30 P. M.

HON. MALCOLM C. WOODS, '95, Marion, S. C.

Alumni Banquet .....10:00 P. M.

WHITNEY BROTHERS QUARTET.

The last number of the Lyceum course for the season 1911-12 was the Whitney Brothers Quartet. This being their first visit here in the last few years, the audience felt as though they knew them and were thus able to appreciate the music better. Their repertoire consisted of a choice collection of songs, both classical and popular, which they sang in a manner that pleased all. The way in which the first tenor part was sung was greatly liked and appreciated by the audience.

In most male quartets the range of the first tenor is very limited, but Mr. Alvin Whitney overcame this difficulty by sliding into falsetto in fully half the numbers.

Besides their regular program they had many lighter and humorous songs for encores, with which they delighted their audience.

Mr. Edwin M. Whitney, in his character impersonations, made the hit of the evening. In variety and versatility he is unequalled, and his readings alone would have furnished entertainment for the entire evening. The way in which he delighted his audience was shown by encore after encore, which they gave him.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. B. Kay, Editor.

On Friday evening, the eighth of March, the boys who came out to the Association meeting had the privilege of hearing an instructive and forceful lecture by Dr. Hudson. Dr. Hudson is a missionary lately returned from China, and he has the facts first hand. He gave a brief summary of the change in China's political and economic, as well as religious life, since the introduction of Christianity. Then he brought out very clearly the effect that the old Chinese system had upon a man's mind. Then he showed by the laws of psychology what has been the effect of Christian teachings upon the Chinese mind, deadened as it has been to any sense of individual responsibility or to a sense of liberty. His statements were all supported by scientific proof and examples. The primary influence of the missionaries in bettering the Chinese is religious, but an inevitable result is the coming advance of the country along political, educational and economic lines.

Dr. Stackhouse addressed the Young Men's Christian Association, March the fifteenth. His talk was mainly to those who have recently taken a stand for a better life. He spoke of the next step to be taken in the effort to live a Christian life,—the necessity of giving one's self to men after having given one's life to Christ. He urged them not to think exclusively of their own salvation, but to strive to help others, thereby strengthening themselves.

He also referred to the strength and encouragement that is to be gained from frequent prayer and Bible reading.

Dr. Snyder gave us a very interesting talk on the twenty-second of March. His subject was "Four Men on the Same Job," which was based on the bringing of the paralytic to Christ by the four men. He gave several elements which enabled these men to accomplish their purpose, their sick

friend, common faith, and courage. Through the example of these four men, he showed to the men of our Y. M. C. A. the need of doing more to help their friends lead a Christian life.

It was our pleasure to have with us on the twentieth and twenty-first of March Prof. T. W. Shannon, of Missouri, who delivered four intensely interesting lectures on sex hygiene. Each of these lectures was very instructive and contained many important facts with which every young man should be well acquainted. The fact that the boys were deeply interested in these lectures was plainly shown by the crowded auditorium at each lecture. Not only the college boys, but also those of the Fitting School, had the pleasure of hearing him. Prof. Shannon has devoted his life to this noble work and is certainly accomplishing much good in our schools and colleges toward the uplifting of humanity. We can only hope that Prof. Shannon will continue to succeed in his noble work, and accomplish as much elsewhere as he has among us.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

P. B. Yarbrough, Editor.

The following is a list of Wofford alumni who have entered the medical profession:

The class of 1873 gave to the world one physician, E. K. Hardin, of Chester. Dr. Hardin did not begin the study of medicine until he had taught successfully several years. He died four years ago at Clover, S. C. Four of his sons have diplomas from their father's alma mater.

Of the class '78, A. R. Fuller, L. W. Nettles, and J. A. Mood are the doctors.

Dr. Fuller is a successful practitioner in Laurens, his native county.

Dr. Nettles practiced for a number of years in Clarendon County. He is now a citizen of Spartanburg.

Dr. Mood is a prominent physician at Sumter, S. C.

M. W. Cratan, J. L. Sheridan and R. C. Wallace were the doctors of '76.

Dr. Sheridan died after a few years of active, successful work in Abbeville and Orangeburg Counties.

Dr. Craton has grown rich in Missouri.

Dr. Wallace is a popular physician of Darlington County.

L. G. Corbett, a Sumter man, represents the class of '78 in the medical profession. He is at the head of the Keeley Institute work in South Carolina.

W. T. Hutto, of '80, studied medicine after graduating from Wofford. After practicing successfully a few years at Williamston, Dr. Hutto gave up the profession and became a drummer.

Dr. L. J. Blake, of '84, is one of the busiest and most successful physicians in the City of Spartanburg.

Dr. J. C. Harper, of '84, is practicing in Greenwood. He is one of the most popular physicians in Carolina. In addition

to his regular practice Dr. Harper lectures regularly to the young ladies of Lander College.

M. J. Crosland and J. E. Warnock represent the class of '95. Dr. Crosland is at Bennettsville, and Dr. Warnock is practicing at Allendale, S. C.

J. E. Edwards and E. C. Major are the doctors of class 1900. Dr. Edwards is in Spartarburg, and Dr. Major is at Latta, S. C. Both are doing well in their profession.

T. C. Austin, of '02, is a physician of ability. He recently sailed for the Philippines, as an army surgeon.

Dr. W. T. Lander, of '80, and Dr. F. M. Lander, of '98, are practicing together at Williamston.

NOTICE TO ALL STUDENTS

Some business men say that it is useless to advertise in the JOURNAL, that the students pay no attention to the Ads. It is not hard to remember who patronizes us, so lets patronize *only those* who patronize us. By this, the future staffs will have an easier time getting out the JOURNAL.

	Page.
Adkins, M. R., Meats	vi
Bagwell, J. E., Grocer	iv
Band & White, Printers	xvii
Bank of Spartanburg	vi
Beacham Hardware Co.	vi
Bell's Drug Store	ii
Bernhardt's Photo Studio	v
Biber, A. W., Jeweler	vii
Bomar & Crigler, Gents Furnishings	ii
Brill Electric Co.	v
Cannon & Fetzer, Clothing	viii
Central Drug Co.	x
Central National Bank	iv
Chapman, the Grocer	vii
Correll, A. B., Jeweler	x
Creighton Clothing Co.,	xi
Crescent Pharmacy	xi
DuPre Book Store	xv
Eastman Business College	ix
Eureka Cigar Store	ii
Fairyland Theatre	xii
Felkel, F. W., Insurance	xi
First National Bank	i
Gaillard, Dr. Chas. R., Eye-Sight Specialist	vii
Greenewald's, Clothiers	iii
Heinitish's Drug Store	viii
Holmes & Johnson, Druggists	iii
Irwin & Floyd, Druggists	xii
Law, A. M., & Co., Insurance	vii
Lemmond's Barber Shop	vi
Ligon's Drug Store	v
Littlejohn's Barber Shop	v
Lowe Shoe Co.	x
Magic Theatre	iii
Majestic Theatre	vii
Merriam, G. & C. Co.	xiii
Nickels, W. J., Tailor	xiii
New York Restaurant	iv
Oakman's Drug Store	x
Olympia Cafe	ii
Price's Clothing Store	vi
Queen, J. R., Barber	vi
Red Star Shoe Shop	viii
Spartan Hardware Co.	vi
Spartan Optical Parlors	x
Spartanburg Printing Co.	vii
Spartanburg Ry., G. & E. Co.	xii
Smith-Copeland Shoe Co.	i
Spigel Bros., Jewelers	vi
Turner's Cigar Store	xiv
University College of Medicine	xx
Walker, John A., Shoes	xii
Waterman Fountain Pen	xviii
Wofford College	xvi
Wofford College Fitting School	xvi
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co.	xiv

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The Wofford College Journal

FOR

MAY-JUNE

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—

Senior Class History 321

Class Prophecy 324

The Beacon Lights 335

Editorial Department 336

Exchange Department 340

Clippings 343

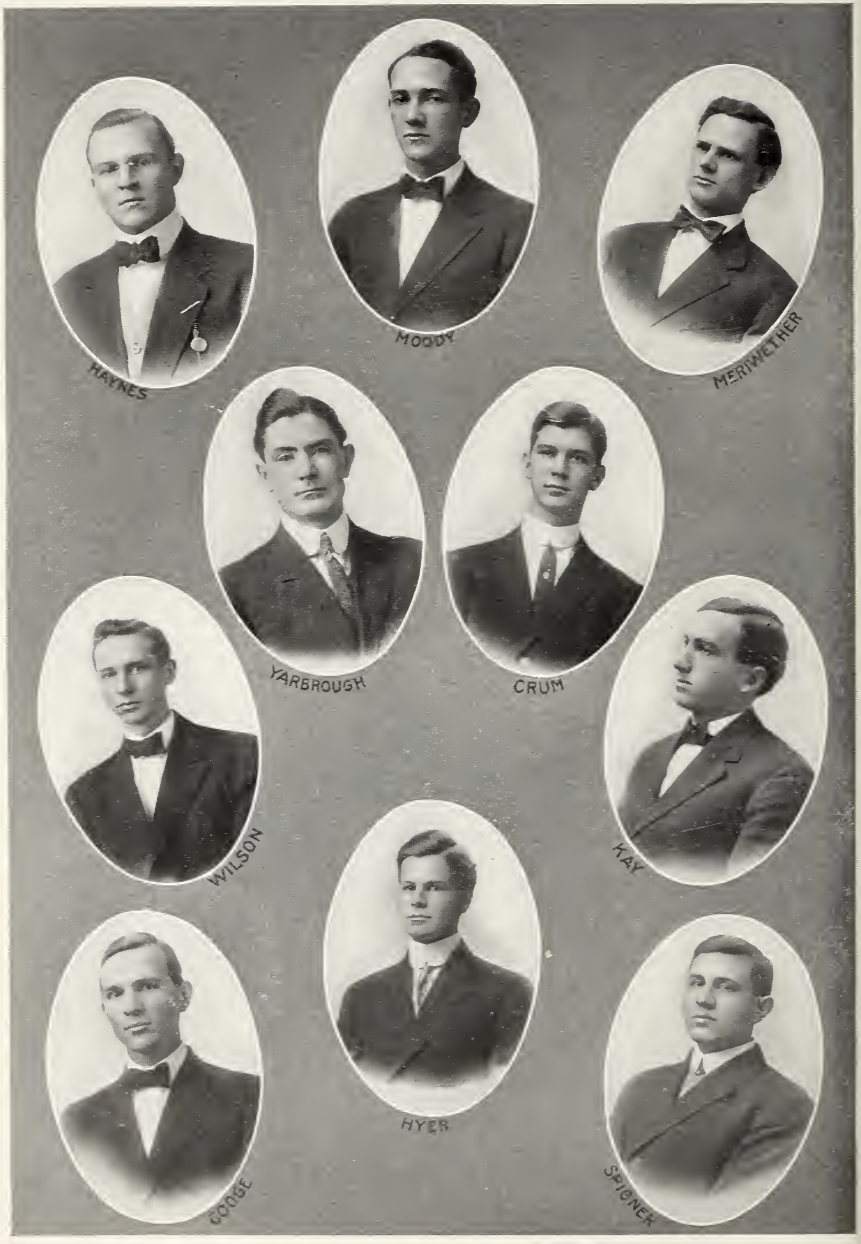
Local Department 345

Y. M. C. A. Department 350

Alumni Department 351

Notice to Students 353

Advertisements 354



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CLASS POEM

The once never-ending flood of years—
From Time's exhaustless urn,
Whose rushing waves crushed us,
Have at even been stilled.
Mirrowed on that calm deep, now
The keenly glittering daylight fades
And twilight softly gathers 'round.

With soothed sorrows and lessened pain,
We come at last to even song;
Tenderly we fondle, as in prayer,
Each memory—those priceless beads,
The rosary of now shortened years,
Have lost their bitter sting,
And striving through many tears
We count them o'er and kiss the cross.

The night, like a pall o'er our spirit
Where groping in breathless darkness,
Fain would find cherished dreams,
Voiced visions of other days gone.
The which, eagerly wishing the morrow,
Though its bitter trials be fraught
Amid life's ever crimson flood.

With the slowly reddening far east,
Nor have we made thoughts our aim,
Fades, and, in the morning light
Becomes a fancy-fashioned dream.
With the sun of still another day
Comes a likeness of our once
Cherished ideals and fond hopes.

We have not grown tired waiting,
Nor have we made thoughts our aim,
Nor lost courage when those about us
Doubted and changed disaster for triumph.
No lies knaves have ever uttered
But have in truth been erased.

In the mellow flowing of tomorrow
The past will yield at last its treasure,
Then may we with glad reverence
Count the beads and kiss the cross
Of a realm in whose calm reign
There is no pain or sorrow, and
Whose beauty knows no grief.

BARNEY HAYNES.

GRADUATING CLASS, 1912

WILLIAM LeROY ALL

ALLENDALE, S. C.

"He reads much; he is a great observer, and he looks quite through the deeds of men."

Recording Secretary, Second Censor, Second Critic, and President Preston Society; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '09-'10; Chief Marshal Sophomore Exhibition; Class Baseball, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; President Terpsichorean Club, '11-'12.

His nickname, "Cad," is no index to his character, it having come to him as the result of an evolutionary process. His favorite diversion, like that of Teufelsdrockh of old, is to sit before the fire and brood over the affairs of this old world. Roy is a deep thinker, and has almost unlimited powers of expression. As a poet-philosopher he bids fair to eclipse Walt Mason.

ARTHUR WATSON AYERS

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"If a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault; for God made all men to be happy."

First Censor Preston Society; Gymnasium Team, three years; Class Track, '10-'11; Varsity Track, '11-'12; President Orangeburg Club.

"Arthur" is the clown of the class, as well as the "Joker" of the college. He is often mistaken, because of his actions—well, we won't say for what he is taken at times, but he does act queer. Yet beneath all this are found the stern qualities of a man. He has always been a conscientious worker, and a happy home adorned with "choicest calico" is his expected reward.

BENJAMIN MOOD BADGER

DILLON, S. C.

"On with the dance,
Let joy be unconfined."

Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Second Censor, and Second Critic Calhoun Society; Inter-Society Committee, '09-'10; Class Football, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Glee Club, '11-'12.

Here he is, girls, champion heart-smasher of our class. His victories are many, his defeats few, and his heart is still his own. Some day it is to be hoped that this young Adonis will meet a Venus so fair, so bewitching and altogether so adorable, that she will conquer the heart of the conqueror and bring the invincible one to her feet. We suspect that this goddess will come from the old North State. For further information along this line, see "Ben."

FRITZ CHESTER BEACH

ROCK HILL, S. C.

"I care not for adversity so long as I may drink her sweeet milk, philosophy."

Entered '06, dropped out '08, reentered '10: President Preston Society; Executive Committee, S. C. I. O. A.; Recording Secretary College Council; Class Historian, '11-'12; Manager Baseball Team, '11-'12; Inter-Collegiate Tennis Team, '07-'08, '10-'11, '11-'12; Winner Marshall Moore Tennis Trophy, '07-'08, '10-'11.

Fritz is a philosopher of the modern school. He thinks along the right line and then lets you know what he thinks; and what he says usually has the right ring. He is no idle dreamer, though, for he can figure with you on any proposition, and when you have finished you end up by handing him a check, and he says, "We are square."

HIRAM SPEER BURDETTE

LANFORD STATION, S. C.

"Fat paunches make quite lean the wits."

Second Censor, First Critic, and Vice-President Preston Society; Class Basket-ball, '09-'10, '11-'12.

"Hiram Speeram" is not like other men; in a world of strife and blatant noise he moves as one apart. When you talk with him he replies in a low, carefully modulated voice, having in it the assurance of "high" authority. You are irresistibly reminded of the murmuring of the pines, which at times comes to your ears, among whose tops he habitually moves, and whose music he has caught in its full meaning. He loves his brother man, and his sister woman—he adores her.

LARKIN AUGUSTUS CARTER

LANCASTER, S. C.

"Be checked for silence, but never taxed for speech."

College Marshal, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, First Censor, Second Critic, Vice-President, and President Carlisle Society.

One of the Faculty once told us that our class was lacking in dignity, but he was wrong, however. The larger part of the dignity of the class is embodied in the person of Larkin. Watch him stalk across the campus some day, and deny it if you will. But his dignity is chiefly in his bodily person, and those in close touch with him find him genial, unaffected by flattery or censure, and unfailing in his appreciation of humor. The class could ill afford to do without this second Gus.

ROBERT LEIGHTON COX

DOTHAN, N. C.

"The first test of a really great man is his humility."

Second Censor, Recording Secretary, First Censor, Second Critic, First Critic, and President Carlisle Society; Freshman Marshal; Speaker Freshman Exhibition; Speaker Sophomore Exhibition; Constitutional Revision Committee; Junior Debater; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '11-'12; Speaker Preliminary Wofford-Davidson Debate, '11-'12; Speaker Oratorical Contest, '11-'12; Senior Speaker.

Here we behold a philosopher from the "Tar Heel State." He prides himself on the double fact that while in college he has learned to talk fairly well, and assumed a dignified appearance. With such endowments, we predict a brilliant career in his native country. He expects to be "President" of N. C. in a few years.

BENJAMIN F. CROMLEY

SALUDA, S. C.

"Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine—a man's a man for a' that."

Second Censor, First Censor, Second Critic, First Critic, and Vice-President Carlisle Society.

Behold the pedagogue, the terror of small boys! Nature has made him to sit behind a desk and dictate policies. In the school-room we behold him king, monarch of all he surveys. When he speaks: "Look a' here, young man, sit up and behave yourself," there is obedience. The wielder of hickory switches is respected, honored, revered. What really lurks under that quiet face is hard to tell, but this we know: it lurks, for it has never yet shown itself.

GEORGE MILTON CRUM

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"There are no tricks in plain and simple faith."

Corresponding Secretary, Second Censor, Treasurer, First Censor, and President Calhoun Society; College Marshal, '10-'11; Speaker Sophomore Exhibition; Vice-President Class, '10-'11; President Class, '11-'12; Glee Club, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Quartette, '10-'11, '11-'12; Assistant Manager Glee Club, '10-'11, '11-'12; Secretary and Treasurer Musical Association; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '11-'12; President Orangeburg Club; Vice-President Student Body, '10-'11; *Bohemian* Staff, '10-'11; Local Editor JOURNAL, '11-'12; Member College Council.

"Milt" is the high water mark of our class. Look at his face, open, frank, without secret or deception. His specialties have been Psychology and Glee Club. His musical ability speaks, rather than sings, for itself; and he is evidently making some changes in the musical world, possibly revising the scale.

HENRY GRADY DAVIS

MARION, S. C.

"O'erstep not the modesty of nature."

Monthly Orator, Calhoun Society; Class Track, '10-'11; Varsity Track, '11-'12.

All through his college course Grady has been tortured by the fear that somebody would catch him at something. He dreads the discovery of his deeds, either good or evil, from sheer modesty, and in this respect he stands among his self-assertive classmates as a nugget of gold surrounded by more or less polished pieces of brass. His nature finds its chief expression in the courtly game of tennis, and this is his chosen form of communication with his fellow students. He has been to a reception at Limestone, and has called upon a girl—once.

NELSON WALSER EDENS

CLIO, S. C.

"Let the world slide."

Calhoun Society; College Marshal, '09-'10; Class Baseball, four years; Class Football, four years; Inter-Class Football, four years; Manager Class Football, '11-12; Varsity Baseball, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Class Prophet.

— — ? * ! ! ! These dashes, etc., are used for the response met with when "Waltz" is asked to pass the sugar at "Fairyland." This is an outgrowth of petulancy acquired in his early youth. His love for self-adornment varies strongly. On week days it is almost abnormal, while on Sunday it is entirely lacking. He is a baseball artist, and therefore a hero to the youth. "Waltz" also is a friend to his friends, and a mystery to all (the rest).

HENRY IRBY ELLERBE

BENNETTSVILLE, S. C.

"Behold your King!"

Entered '07, dropped out '08, re-entered '09; First Censor Calhoun Society; Freshman Speaker; Class Baseball, '07-'08, '11-'12; Class Football, '11-'12; Inter-Class Football, '11-'12.

"The King," or "Pool-oo," as he is familiarly known, came to college some five or six years since with all sorts of possibilities bundled up in him. His inherent modesty has kept back the most of them. That he is of a poetic temperament is shown not only in his use of "English," but from the fact that nothing appeals to him like "the music of the spheres." His practical demonstrations are convincing.

PELHAM LEANDER FELDER

ELLOREE, S. C.

"Company, villainous company, hath been the ruin of me."

Preston Society; Class Football, '11-'12.

The above example of what Mother Nature can do was discovered, trapped and broken to harness in Elloree, and sent to college to learn the use of combs, brushes, neckties, etc. But "Victim" was quick to catch on, and now, when not lying on the bed smoking a stogie, he is usually found collecting razors for his morning shave. "Chaucer" has the unmistakable look of having once had a bright idea and having never recovered from it. His ambition is to be a great doctor, but we predict that he will follow the inclination of his nose, which will doubtless lead him elsewhere.

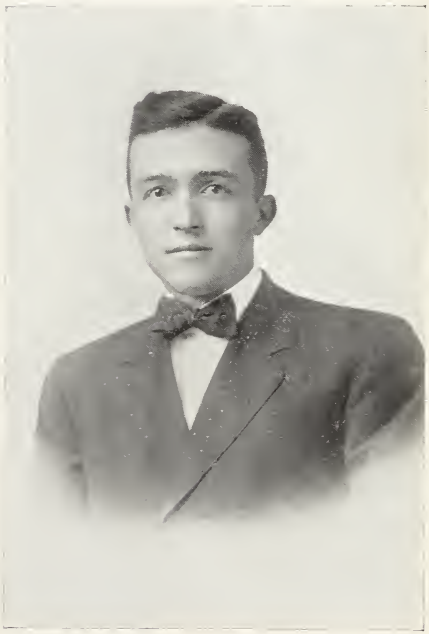
HENRY NIMROD FOLK

BAMBERG, S. C.

"He shines like any rainbow—and perchance his colors are as transient"

Corresponding Secretary, Second Censor, Recording Secretary, First Censor, and Vice-President Preston Society; Class Baseball, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; College Marshal, '09-'10; Chief Marshal, '10-'11; Glee Club, '10-'11; Presiding Officer Junior Debate.

Wait a minute! "Henry" is not so innocent and calm as he appears to be. If you think so, defame Coleman Blease, and you will see calmness transformed into a "raging storm." He is a special favorite of the fair sex—being a second G. Washington. His favorite pastime is teasing. He becomes very "wild" when he gets away from the inspiring influence of same.



JOHN LYLES GLENN, JR.
CHESTER, S. C.
"There is integrity in his eye."

Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, and President Preston Society; Class Baseball, three years; Captain, two years; Captain Class Football, four years; Inter-Class Football, four years; Catcher Varsity Baseball, four years; Speaker Freshman Exhibition; Speaker Sophomore Exhibition; Junior Debater; Class Historian, '08-'09; Vice-President Class, '09-'10; President Class, '10-11; *Bohemian* Staff, '10-11; Recording Secretary S. C. I. O. A.; Secretary Student Body, '09-'10; President Student Body, '11-'12; Treasurer, and President, Y. M. C. A.; Member College Council.

"Pud" is the model of what most of us wish to become. His limit of dissipation is a cup of weak tea. He is an all-round athlete, a football star, yet his name has never been omitted from the distinction list in any of his studies since he came to college.

DAGNALL DEVORE GRANT
SALUDA, S. C.

"O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength."

Preston Society; Class Basketball, '09-'10; Class Baseball, '11-'12; Class Football, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Inter-Class Football, '10-'11; College Marshal, '10-'11; Junior-Sophomore Debater; Athletic Editor *Bohemian*.

The change from the hard work and scant fare of Saluda caused "Dag" to fatten immediately on arrival, and since then only the anxious and loving care of his friends has warded off the ever increasing danger of apoplexy. If he lives he will stand as a firmly-founded tower of refuge for his fellow men, for he has a heart as big as his body, and a pair of feet bigger than them both.

ROBERT ROY GRIFFIN

WILLIAMSTON, S. C.

"I may not shine elsewhere, but look at my head."

Member Calhoun Society; College Marshal.

"Griff" is possessed of many talents, but, like the ancient possessor of one, keeps them hid in a napkin. He is a musician of great ability, and sings and plays well under provocation. He is frequently seen with a gun on his shoulder, his head just barely round a corner looking for big game, said big game appearing in the form of "Rags," his canine friend, who accompanies him on his hunts. Roy's greatest weakness is his fondness for baseball. If he has missed a game since coming here, no one has found it out.

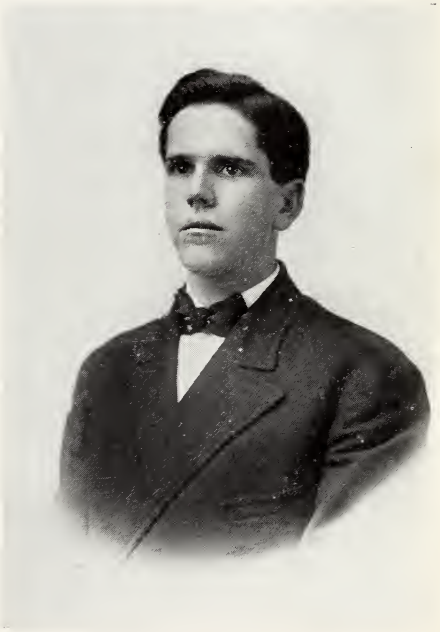
RYAN DEWITT GUILDS

CORDESVILLE, S. C.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his way?
He shall stand before kings."

Monthly Orator, Third Censor, First Censor, and First Critic Preston Society; Class Basket-ball, '09-'10, '11-'12; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '11-'12; Oratorical Speaker, '10-'11, '11-'12.

By gum! he's a hot skeet! He's a bean! This is Guilds' favorite expression about a good sort of a fellow. We might apply it to him, for when he uses English it should become standard. We reluctantly call him what a girl told us of him, "a woman hater." He never writes to a girl. His object in making his Sunday evening calls is to "guy" them. And besides, he has a mania for shrouding in mystery all his visits.



PHILIP MAY HAMER

MARION, S. C.

"Much learning maketh a man fit company for himself."

First Critic and Vice-President Calhoun Society; Junior Debater; Preliminary Wofford-Davidson Debater; Glee Club, '10-'11, '11-'12; Winner Alumni Science Medal.

This dark-haired object does not consist entirely of head; it also has feet, and in large quantities. "Father" is a bachelor, but he is a firm believer in the fair sex, in his peculiar way, and while he pretends that he is not sentimental, he has been seen to smile sweetly while deep in letter writing. His hobby is collecting pictures, and he has been known to have as many as two dozen of the same girl arranged on his bureau.

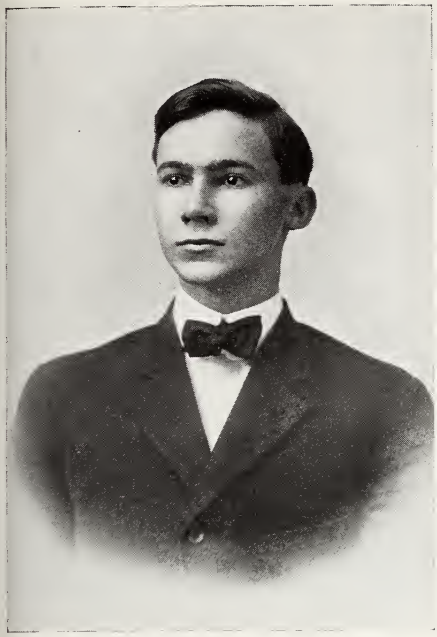
BARNEY SMITH HAYNES

PACOLET, S. C.

"As fat as butter, and false as dicers' oaths."

Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, First Censor, Second Critic, First Critic, Vice-President, and President Carlisle Society; Chairman Inter-Society Committee; Class Football, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11; Inter-Class Football, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11; Contributor to JOURNAL and Bohemian; Manager Wofford-Davidson Debate; Business Manager JOURNAL; Class Poet.

"Baby" has one of the most highly imaginative minds that Wofford has ever produced. His adventures are truly wonderful to hear of, and are told with consummate art and the straightest of faces. Dame Rumor has it that somewhere south of here there is a maiden fair waiting for "Baby" and his dip.



CAMPBELL BRYCE HAYNES

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"I feel like a whistle on a peanut stand."

Second Critic, Preston Society; Reader, Glee Club, '11-'12; First Honor, Junior-Sophomore Debate; Wofford-Davidson Debater, '11-'12; Senior Speaker.

"Bryce" is the great debater of the class—that is, after he gets started. Here is the formula by which he starts: First, cover forehead with frowns; second, gaze at the ceiling; then gently raise his hand and at the same time lower his eyes. When these meet there is a "gasic" combustion, and anything is liable to follow thereafter. He is to be Blease's campaign manager next summer.

JAMES CECIL HAZEL

JOHNSTON, S. C.

"Just to fill the hour—that is happiness."

Preston Society; Class Baseball, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12; Inter-Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12; Class Basketball, '09-'10, '11-'12, Captain, '11-'12; Captain Varsity Basket-ball, '11-'12.

"Nut's" birthplace cannot be found. He has told us several times, however, but we could not deceive ourselves to believe such an unimportant matter. We are not real anxious to know, but for the sake of Biology we hate to pass such beings by. However, if you wish to see him, go to Whittington's any hour of the afternoon and there, invariably, you find him. "Nut" is a versatile, all-round good fellow.

HOYL DuPRE HIGH

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Go often to the house of thy friend,
For weeds soon choke up the unused path."

Preston Society; Class Football, '11-'12; Inter-Class Football, '11-'12; Contributor to JOURNAL.

DuPre is of a poetic temperament. Often twelve o'clock has been announced to him, he wends his way homeward, and there in the stillness of the night his heart overflows with sentimental poetry. Of course he does not write poetry every night when the above happens, else practice would cause him to challenge Shelley. Poor fellow! The gods may forgive and forget him, his future life may cast a shadow over these days for him—but never, no, never, can the readers of THE JOURNAL forgive him.

RUFUS SADLER HILL

ANDERSON, S. C.

"I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note."

Third Censor and Recording Secretary Preston Society; Vice-President Class, '08-'09; Presiding Officer Freshman Exhibition; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '10-'11; College Marshal, '08-'09; Glee Club, '08-'09, '10-'11, '11-'12; Quartette, '10-'11, '11-'12; Secretary and Treasurer Musical Association, '11-'12.

"Rufie" is a great songster. His voice has an irresistible appeal, and, like Orpheus of old, he causes even the rocks and trees to move. But his power is not limited to stationary objects alone, for many members of the "fairer sex" have succumbed, each in their turn, to the power of his charm. But listen, ladies, don't you ever chuck him under the chin!

RAYMOND LEE HOLROYD

KINGSTREE, S. C.

"Come and trip it as you go,
On the light, fantastic toe."

Entered '06, dropped out '08; First Censor Carlisle Society; Gymnasium Team, '08-'09; Captain, '10-'11; Director, '11-'12; Contributor to JOURNAL.

If we were to search among the angels above, and among the demons below the earth, never would we find a more graceful dancer. "Rick" is a great student; he reads much; when it comes to theological problems he is an authority. He haunts the library; this is the cause of his fleshless figure. He would profit by taking more interest in the gymnasium. If he does not take more exercise he will not live long, and Southern Methodism will be the loser.

PINCKNEY PEARLE JONES

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Circumstances? Why, I make circumstances!"

Member Preston Society.

If here isn't "P. P.!" "Well, Doctor," with a voice screwed up to the last notch, is his favorite expression. He has been a member of the Faculty this year and his advice has almost caused a revolution. Don't know where the Faculty will get a "prime minister" for another year. His pastime is gathering statistics and giving "Dunc" the fundamentals of Sociology. "P. P." has been a faithful, silent worker while in college, and has devoured many books unknown to his fellow-students. He has a large heart, and nature surely was not parsimonious while endowing him with such a kindly disposition.

JAMES BENJAMIN KAY

LOWNDESVILLE, S. C.

"For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly."

Recording Secretary, and Vice-President Preston Society; Sophomore Marshal; Class Football, '11-'12; Y. M. C. A. Editor JOURNAL; *Bohemian* Staff, '10-'11; Business Manager *Bohemian;* Second Vice-President College Council.

That Jim has the patience of Job is clearly shown by the fact that he agreed to undertake the management of *The Bohemian,* and of Bob Meriwether. Jim first attracted attention when he came to college because of his ready wit, and since that time his popularity has become universal. This fact can not be attributed to his wit alone, however, but is due in a large measure to the many sterling qualities which he possesses.

R. MAURICE LAWSON.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Who calculates in haste and means to learn at leisure."

First Censor Calhoun Society; Class Basket-ball, '09-'10; Contributor to JOURNAL.

Genius, we are all told, does not work, therefore, going backwards, we should say that "Reese" is a genius. By the end of his Sophomore year he had dropped those studies which required any time and attention, and took only Math, Science, and a language or two which were suited to his own erratic, analytical lines of thought. Reese was a kid when he started with our class, but, keenly resenting any comparison, he forced himself to an early maturity, the marks of which are seen in his face.

ROBERT BOYD McIVER

SAVANNAH, GA.

"I have not known when his affections swayed more than his reason."

Recording Secretary, Third Critic, First Critic, Vice-President, and President Calhoun Society; President Class '09-'10; Presiding Officer Sophomore Exhibition; College Marshal, '08-'09; Speaker Freshman Exhibition; Speaker Oratorical Contest, '10-'11, '11-'12; JOURNAL Staff, '10-'11; *Bohemian* Staff, '09-'10; Executive Committee College Press Association, '10-'11; Executive Committee Athletic Association, '10-'11; Glee Club, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Assistant Manager Glee Club, '09-'10; Manager Glee Club, '10-'11, '11-'12; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '11-'12; Member College Council, '11-'12.

"Mc" is a good example of the manifoldness of the individual. He is successful in everything he undertakes, especially the handling of Hopkins' line, which he swears will not rip, ravel or run ragged at the ends. When he appears in the ladies' world the hearts beat faster. Beware, ladies! He is attractive, but a trifle cruel.

JOHN ERNEST McKENZIE

DILLON, S. C.

"It is a nipping and an eager air."

Preston Society; Class Football, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Inter-Class Football, '10-'11.

"Mack" has changed quite a bit since his Junior year, having developed a peculiar fondness for college work, Mineralogy particularly. He neglects his other duties to attend classes occasionally. 'Tis said, remember 'tis said, he has learned to dance. "Mack" is a Scotchman, and he still retains the ancestral liking for raids; in this case, however, not upon the English, but upon the stronghold of "preacher's food." "Mack" has never been known to show any "feathers," but if he does they will be chicken feathers.

ROBERT LEE MERIWETHER

ALLENDALE, S. C.

"Pin thy faith to no man's sleeve, hast thou not two eyes of thine own."

Monthly Orator, Third Censor, Corresponding Secretary, and Second Critic Preston Society; Class Basket-ball, '11-'12; Class Historian, '09-'10; Vice-President Class, '11-'12; Junior-Sophomore Debater; Vice-President Woodrow Wilson League; Member Wofford Council, '11-'12; *Bohemian* Staff, '09-'10; JOURNAL Staff, '10-'11; Literary Editor JOURNAL; Editor-in-Chief *Bohemian;* Senior-Junior Story Medal, '10-'11; Hart Moss History Prize, '10-'11; Senior Speaker; Winner of State Story Medal, '12.

"Merry" is the real journalist of the class. However, he has a peculiar characteristic (especially when approached about a disgusting subject) of assuming a "possum" grin, emitting a flow of very explicit language, mostly "hot air," then forswearing all he has just said and quieting down to real business. He is a rarity seldom found.

JACK OWEN MOODY

DILLON, S. C.

"I have immortal longings in me."

Entered '09; Third Critic Calhoun Society; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12; Inter-Class Football, '11-'12; Class Basket-ball, '09-'10, '11-'12; Manager Class Basket-ball, '11-'12; Class Track, '10-'11; Varsity Basket-ball, '11-12; Varsity Track, four events, '11-'12; Secretary Varsity Track, '11-'12.

Were it not for his feet and his sense of responsibility for his brother Rube, Jack's aspirations would doubtless have long since floated him away from us among the clouds. But, being thus cruelly bound down to earth, he has devoted his time mostly to physically and intellectually developing himself into a giant. Nevertheless he enjoys the good things of life, especially those found in the dining-room.

REUBEN EARLE MOODY

DILLON, S. C.

"A fellow of good respect,
His life hath had some smack of honor in it."

Entered '09; First Critic Calhoun Society; Inter-Society Committee, '11-'12; Class Basket-ball, '09-'10; Class Historian, '10-'11; Secretary and Treasurer Class '11-'12; Glee Club, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Quartette, '10-'11, '11-'12; Secretary and Treasurer, '10-'11, and Vice-President, '11-'12, Musical Association; President Marion-Dillon Club, '10-'11; Member Wofford Council, '11-'12; *Bohemian* Staff, '10-'11; Literary Editor *Bohemian;* Editor-in-Chief JOURNAL; President College Press Association of South Carolina.

"Rube" secretly nourishes an ambition to become a great journalist; and he ought to, if hair-raising experience counts for anything. But whether his genius is to be bestowed upon the field of journalism or on the grand opera, time only can tell.

WILLIAM MALCOLM MOORE

COWPENS, S. C.

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray."

Calhoun Society; Class Football, '11-'12; Gymnasium Team, '08-'09, '09-'10; Manager Gymnasium Team, '09-'10; Class Track, '10-'11; Varsity Track, '11-'12.

We first gazed on Malcolm's smiling countenance four years ago, and in spite of professors and exams he has smiled his way with us to the end. In his Freshman and Sophomore year he set the pace for our class in hosiery, neckwear, etc. This year he has sobered down to mild lavender, sky-blue and light gray. Please note his pompadour. We have heard that an hour before breakfast is the least time he ever spends before his mirror. His nickname is "41," because, as some girl said, he is slower than "41" (local train from Charlotte to Seneca).

CARLOS ROLAND MOSELEY

LAURENS, S. C.

"I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies."

Pall-bearer to Dr. James H. Carlisle; Chief Marshal Freshman Exhibition; Chief Marshal Junior-Sophomore Debate; Class Baseball, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Class Football, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Inter-Class Football, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Varsity Baseball, '09-'10.

Like a true sportsman, Carlos stands by his friends. As early as his Freshman year he showed the "ear-marks" of a hero, and in Spartanburg's most disastrous fire won immortal fame. He bears the scars of many other thrilling experiences, but all this has been unable to mar the pleasant visual effect of his commanding physique, and it is an historic fact that he has often been mistaken for a tailor's model.

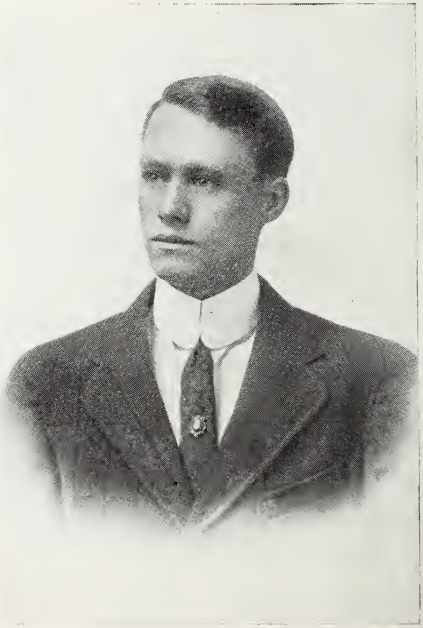
JAMES D. NELSON, JR.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Low, forsooth, was he in stature,
Yet high in the esteem of his fellows."

Third Critic and Monthly Orator, Calhoun Society; Gymnasium Team, '10-'11.

You hear a good-natured little "Hello, there!" and look down to find "Jimmy." Just before class you hear a voice saying: "Where is the lesson, anyway?" You look down and see "Jimmy" with a book larger than himself and a smile larger than both. Jim naturally belongs to the "gym" team. From his experiences here we are looking for him to be the leading aeronaut of the next quarter century. And then, in that flying business you want brains and nerve done up in a small package.



ROBERT RICE NICKELS

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep."

Corresponding Secretary, Second Censor, First Censor, First Critic, and Vice-President Calhoun Society; College Marshal, '09-'10; Winner Freshman Declamation Medal; Class Football, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11; Class Baseball, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Varsity Baseball, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12.

"Nick" is a hail-fellow-well-met, with a seraphic smile for everyone. Looking at his husky frame one might be inclined to doubt that he is a musician, but just ask Prof. Rembert! "Husky" is the owner of one of those "pray-as-you-enter" cars, and if you want to be numbered among the martyrs, take a ride with him.

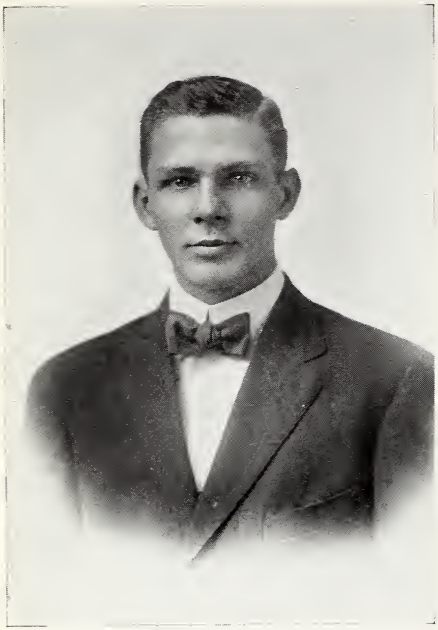
WILLIAM LYNCH OUZTS

JOHNSTON, S. C.

"The loud laugh, that shows the vacant mind."

Monthly Orator, Third Censor, Second Censor, First Censor, First Critic, and Vice-President Preston Society; College Marshal; Class Football, '09-'10, '10-'11; Inter-Class Football, '09-'10, '10-'11; Manager Class Baseball, '11-'12; Manager Class Football, '09-'10, '10-'11; Vice-President "Revellers"; Secretary and Treasurer Woodrow Wilson Club; Advertising Manager *Bohemian*, '11-'12.

Just to look at him, you wouldn't think it was in him, but it is—the biggest, loudest, most contagious laugh you ever heard. He is an inveterate flirt, and when not upstairs selling pennants, he is usually strolling by Converse trying to find someone to smile at. But with all his faults, Bill is a jolly good fellow. May his success be as great as his appetite.



LISTON McLEOD RICE

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

"Tall was she, and like a fairy,
But she wore a number nine."

Entered '10; Third Critic Calhoun Society; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12; Inter-Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12; Glee Club, '10-'11; Quartette and Soloist, '10-'11, '11-'12; Executive Committee Musical Association, '11-'12.

"Mike" joined this illustrious class in its Junior year, and (for the sake of those who may be ignorant) he came from Tulane University in New Orleans. "Mike" possesses a great memory linked with a most intensely vivid imagination, and from this combination originate tales that defy classification. He is also a singer of some reputation, and willingly exercises his vocal powers upon the slightest provocation. Careless of the future, he accepts the present at its face value, and makes the most of it.

JOHN ROBERT WALKER

MARTINSVILLE, VA.

"If it were done when 'tis done,
Then 'twere well it were done quickly."

Class Baseball, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Captain Class Baseball, '08-'09, '10-'11, '11-'12; Manager Class Baseball, '09-,10; Assistant Athletic Editor *Bohemian*, '09-'10; Varsity Baseball, '08-'09, '10-'11, '11-'12; Captain Varsity Baseball Team, '11-'12.

"Bob's" capacity for concentration is marvelous. He can prepare a lesson in a crowd of forty fiends, and it doesn't take him long to do it. He is a great baseball player, too, and when at the bat his movements are a sure indicator of what is to follow: Pulls down his cap,—single; looks mean at the pitcher—double; grits his teeth—home run.

L. CASTON WANNAMAKER

CHERAW, S. C.

"If it be a sin to covet honor, I am the most offending soul alive!"

Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Second Censor, Vice-President, and President Calhoun Society; Vice-President "Revellers," '10-'11; Sophomore Speaker; Speaker Oratorical Contest, '10-'11, '11-'12; Senior Speaker; Member College Council, '11-'12.

"Wannie" came from the little town of Cheraw, a suburb of Bennettsville, on the banks of the Great Pee Dee, and is considered the only genuine type of Southern chivalry in existence today. He is, as the saying goes, "little but loud." "Sargent's" great hobby is dancing and cultivating a little whisker on his chin, which he found in his Freshman year, and has fondly nourished ever since. Should he enter the field of oratory we predict a bright and glorious future for him.

GEORGE W. WHITAKER

EHRHARDT, S. C.

"He is a very valiant trencherman."

Entered '09; Member Preston Society, Varsity Track, '11-'12.

When apprised of the fact that "Whit" was not originally one of us, also that he came to us from Newberry College, you would naturally wonder how we ever assimilated him. But we did and we did it well. Occasionally memories of that misspent year at Newberry come over him now, but a few cheerful words will quickly bring him out of the mood, and he is in for anything proposed, especially if it be to go calling upon some one or two of the fair sex.

JUNIUS LAW WILLCOX

MARION, S. C.

"Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."

Second Critic Calhoun Society; *Bohemian* Staff, '10-'11; Art Editor *Bohemian*, '11-'12.

Why "Junie" came to college is a mystery and always will remain one, for his mind is Oriental in its processes, and no one knoweth the workings thereof. Probably, however, it was for the purpose of making drawings for the annual, and to talk up the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. He is loyal to his friends to the last ditch, and as a worker and a booster he is simply invaluable. When he graduates he will probably get a job painting signs in the Coast Line shops, in which case his happiness will be unalloyed.

RANDOLPH T. WILSON

LAURENS, S. C.

"I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man."

First Critic and President Preston Society; Inter-Society Committee; President Class '08-'09; Freshman Speaker; Sophomore Declaimer; Junior Debater; Class Baseball, four years; Class Football, three years; Captain Class Basket-ball, '09-'10; Senior Speaker; Assistant Editor-in-Chief of *Bohemian;* Exchange Editor JOURNAL; Assistant Athletic Manager, '11-'12; Chairman Athletic Executive Committee, '11-'12; Oratorical Speaker, '11-'12; Wofford-Davidson Debate, '10-'11, '11-'12; President Woodrow Wilson League; President Laurens County Club; Varsity Basket-ball, '11-'12; Representative at Oratorical Contest.

No doubt if Ralph, instead of Woodrow, should make the race for President this year, he'd make a good run, for he has a bland smile, a hearty handshake, a palate for humor, and a voice which can say, "Let our people rise to their pristine heights of Alpine glory."

CORNELIUS H. WITT

AMERICUS, GA.

"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

Second Censor, and Second Critic Preston Society; Class Basket-ball, '11-'12; Varsity Track, '11-'12; Contributor to JOURNAL; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '11-'12; Senior Speaker.

"Cor-Hilder-Witt's" life has been a chapter of misfortune, to which he is constantly adding pages. It began when he was christened and came to its culmination in his Senior year when he started to room with Henry Folk. Most of these misfortunes have been the result of mistaken viewpoint, for instead of regarding life as a comedy and himself as one of the jokes, Hildebrand takes the whole business seriously. But get discouraged? Not he, if he can only get to a 'phone!

PIERCE BUTLER YARBROUGH

SALUDA, S. C.

"Three things are necessary for success: First, backbone; second, backbone; third, backbone."

Monthly Orator, Recording Secretary, Second Censor, First Censor, Third Critic, Second Critic, First Critic, and Vice-President Carlisle Society; Inter-Society Committee; College Marshal; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Alumni Editor JOURNAL.

Yes! the real bulldog of our class! "Sage," as he is commonly called, shows every distinction of a man. The one fault found, however, is that his dignity is often carried to the extreme, especially in the presence of young ladies. He is an especial favorite of the Faculty, always having been conscientious in his work.

CHARLES E. ZIMMERMAN

GLENN SPRINGS, S. C.

"It was his nature to blossom into song, as it is a tree's to leaf itself in April."

Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Second Censor, Second Critic, and President Calhoun Society; Class Football, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Member College Council, '11-'12.

This handsome blond lady-killer drifted into college in September, 1908, after having painted Roebuck a deep crimson, and leaving the hearts of most of its fair damsels smashed to smithereens. Entering college, he has continued his ravages on the hearts of the fair sex. "Zed" is devoted to chapel services, which he has never been known to miss. He is very fond of vocal music (especially his own), and the only remedy for him when in the blues is to have a good old "hyme."

Wofford College Journal

LTERARY DEPARTMENT

R. L. Meriwether, Editor.
J. C. Hyer, Assistant Editor.

Senior Class History

Nineteen hundred twelve! Four years ago that date seemed somewhere afar off in the remote future. Today it is a reality, and nineteen hundred eight seems as but yesterday. So it is ever with time—looking forward, it stretches out into an illimitable expanse; looking backward, the conception of it is lost and memory brings past events into startling proximity. And so it is with a feeling somewhat akin to sadness that we realize we are Seniors.

During our four years in college we have made a history. We have met with some successes; we have made many failures. But in success or defeat we have stood together.

On the morning of September 16, 1908, we assembled in the historic old chapel for the first time. This was the beginning of a habit which has clung to some of us to the present. We gazed with reverent awe at the Seniors, and with holy horror at the Faculty. These feelings have gradually been displaced by others, and now that we are Seniors, we can not understand why now and then a Freshman speaks to us with respect.

The chapel exercises over, we were solemnly ushered into the "holy of holies," where we placed our names on the College Register. It was found after registration that we numbered eighty-two. The first thing we did was to elect officers, and the election resulted as follows: President, R. T. Wilson; Vice-President, R. S. Hill; Secretary and Treasurer, E. R. Hubbard.

We had now to look forward to "the" oratorical event of the year—the Freshman Contest. This was held on the night of May 10th, and the contestants were: J. D. Brown, R. L. Cox, R. B. McIver, R. R. Nickels, J. L. Glenn, and R. T. Wilson. The oratory displayed that night would have caused Demosthenes to turn over in his grave could he have heard it. The judges, with the usual difficulty, decided that the medal should go to Mr. Nickels.

In the following September we returned to undergo that most harassing of all years—the Sophomore. The Freshman is excused, the Junior is respected, the Senior is pitied, but there is only contempt for the Sophomore. The eliminating process of time, which leaves us today with forty-eight candidates for the degree, was already making itself apparent. Our number was reduced to fifty-nine. The following officers were chosen: President, R. B. McIver; Vice-President, J. L. Glenn; Secretary and Treasurer, W. L. All.

The oratorical event of the Sophomore year is termed an exhibition. We do not know why, unless it is to illustrate the eternal fitness of things. On April 11th we gave ours. Those taking part in it were: J. D. Brown, R. L. Cox, G. M. Crum, L. C. Wannamaker, J. L. Glenn, and R. T. Wilson.

Although we as Sophomores were the objects of ridicule on the campus and in the classroom, we were respected on the athletic field. We won the championship both in class baseball and football.

Our Junior year was entered upon with fifty-two men, a loss of only seven from the previous year. We entered upon our work with determination, realizing that we had run half our course. Our officers this year were: President, J. L. Glenn; Vice-President, G. M. Crum; Secretary and Treasurer, R. S. Hill.

During this year we were challenged to a public debate by the Sophomore class. We accepted the challenge, met them and won the debate. It was also in this year that an inter-collegiate debate with Davidson was held at Charlotte,

N. C., and a precedent established for its continuance. Mr. R. T. Wilson of our class was one of the debaters.

We were now for the first time privileged to take part in the commencement exercises. Hitherto our oratorical events occurred before the end of the session. The Junior Debate was held on the first night of commencement. The debaters were: R. L. Cox, J. L. Glenn, R. T. Wilson, and P. M. Hamer. At the end of this year we still held the baseball trophy cup, and the football championship by a percentage of one thousand.

We have now come to our last year in college. Our number at the beginning of the session was forty-eight. Our officers are: President, G. M. Crum; Vice-President, R. L. Meriwether; Secretary and Treasurer, R. E. Moody; Poet, B. S. Haynes; Prophet, N. W. Edens; Historian, F. C. Beach.

On November 9th, 10th, and 11th the S. C. Inter-Collegiate Tennis Tournament was for the first time held here. One of Wofford's representatives was from our class. Also our baseball team won for the third consecutive year the championship of the class games.

The second annual debate with Davidson was held at Charlotte, N. C., on December 4th, and both the Wofford debaters were from our class. The debate was spirited, and we were by a very narrow margin defeated. Our commencement speakers are: C. B. Haynes, R. T. Wilson, L. C. Wannamaker, C. H. Witt, R. L. Cox, and R. L. Meriwether.

We are now standing at the threshhold of the "world"—of the life of greater responsibilities and opportunities. We are soon to separate and work out our lives as best we may. But wherever the vicissitudes of life may lead us, the spirit of unity which has ever characterized the class of nineteen hundred twelve shall lose none of its force, but shall grow stronger and stronger with the passage of the years.

F. C BEACH, Historian.

Class Prophecy

You know I never did think I was the kind of a fellow that could stand up under great responsibilities.

A fortune-teller told me one time that I was a blamed freak; that I couldn't keep my mind concentrated on a dirty, little diamond-shaped paperweight long enough for a very accommodating spirit to enter my soul and predict great wealth and happiness for my brilliant future. She charged me fifty cents for that. I'm not charging you anything for this.

There must be something in what she said, because I feel my mind growing more and more confused. A wild desire to do something crazy, rash, foolish, is permeating my entire cranial cavity. And why? The reason shrieks itself forth. A great responsibility confronts me, the chance of a lifetime, an honor, a rare opportunity.

Of course every one has heard of Wofford College and of the great class of 1912. Any explanations about either would be superfluous — received with amused tolerance — because everyone knows all about Wofford and that great class of 1912.

Well, I am to write the prophecy of that class and it is slowly but surely exterminating the last faint spark of reason, never scintillating, that was allotted to me. It has already driven me to drink.

Say, did you ever read Edgar Allan Poe's poem, "The Raven"? Well, it seems to me that there's something diabolically human about that bird. I never could understand why he couldn't say anything but "nevermore." I believe he could and did, but Poe was just too lazy to write it down. Oh, say, I'm raving! I get the raven and the prophecy all mixed up —one seems the other, and the other something like it all mixed up together.

I know what's the matter with me. I hang out up here in this stuffy little room all the time, mooning over some darned old book when I ought to be out having a good time. I'm

going right straight and look up the "midnight crew," and if we don't make a night of it——.

* * * * * * *

"We won't come 'ome 'till mornin', 'cause we're 'avin' an 'ell of a time. Oh. shay, you fellosh are a bunch of liars, 'cause I'm 'ome now, and it ain't mornin' yet. Good-night, fellosh of the great clash of 1912.

"Hey, you stair-steps, quit rompin' around long enough for me to finish my travels! Gosh! Whatch's that? Sounds like the silkish, sad rustle of some curtain purple. Now, look here, you bloomin' raven, you stay out of here. I'm sleepy, and I don't want you 'nevermorin'' around disturbin' my slumbers.

"Get t'ell down from there; that ain't no bust of Pallas; that's a chorus girl. W'atcher lookin' for, anyhow? Don't be roamin' around so much, and sit down over there on that dilapidated piece of furniture that the 'lectric light gloats over. Don't look at me so ominous-eyed, you make my flesh crawl.

Quoth the Raven: "Say, kiddo, I see right now you've got me sized up wrong. I ain't the kind of bird you think I am, by a long shot. You've been bamboozled by those mutts who tried to make me out as some kind of a freak who couldn't say anything but 'Nevermore,' and 'Beware,' and a few other specially designed 'knee vibrators'! Now what do you know about that for consistency? The very idea of picturing me, a perfectly respectable raven, as not saying but one word while they were rantin' around writing a whole slough of poetry! Why, I nearly choke every time I think of the preposterousness of such a thing.

"But to come back to the real object of my visit. I came up here to write that Class Prophecy for you—I really like to do things like that for several reasons, the main ones being that I can convince those skeptical ones that there is such a thing as a spirit medium who can really see into the future, and at the same time help a poor, incompetent kid out of a bad hole—

"Say, you got a drink? That's some sure enough joy-juice.

I never was strong for seraphim nectar, anyhow. That's all right; I'll drink out of the bottle.

"Get your pencil and paper, and write this down. Now, of course, I'm not going into details, but I'll infer enough for an ordinarily precocious baby to catch the drift, and that's the long and short of it—AH! H. S. Burdette and H. N. Folk are before me.

"Burdette is tacking valuable signs for a jewelry company. Now, he is abroad. His mathematical mind is making his ability become recognized, and he is crowned 'Lord High Mathematician, to the King of England.' He marries the tallest woman in the world, and still he is right stoop-shouldered from kissing her.

"Henry Folk is on the road selling Mellin's Food, and Complexion Powder. He would be placed on exhibition as an example, but he gets rattled and says crazy things. He may own a controlling interest in the concern some day, if he doesn't marry a chorus girl with extravagant ideas.

"For the love of Mike! What is this? If it's not G. W. Whitaker trying to explain 'Darwin's Theory of Evolution' to a bunch of young Americans! The situation is really painful. Whit soon quits this kind of thing, though, and goes in for agriculture. He marries a poor little thing who doesn't know any better. She says she never would have consented if old Whit had let her know what he was talking about before he grabbed her.

"The next vision is appearing slowly. Here it is at last—Cornelius Hildebrand Witt — studying law in Philadelphia. He is now taking notes. Rapidly dictating to fourteen stenographers at the same time. Now he is pleading a case. Reads a paragraph from a law book in less than an hour. Marries a nice Christian girl with a good throwing arm.

"I don't want to get strayed off, but where did you get that picture over there? The girl with the 'Grecian' bend. Oh, good heavens! Here comes W. M. Moore. Selling a patent grace-producing corset. Gives exhibitions and explains how

he came by his graceful figure. Marries an ex-artist, who still has a good eye for shapes.

"The next figure is rather indistinct, and undecided whether to show itself or not—Pelham Felder. Is converted to the Christian faith three years after leaving college. In a short while he loses faith and falls. He then migrates to South America, and instructs the natives in the art of dancing and other delicate society stunts. Marries a great big girl with a fine squeaky voice.

"It is rather difficult for me to see all of this next one at the same time. Ah, now I have it focused—and it is Baby Haynes, selling a patented automobile run by hot air. The bad thing about it is, however, he can't demonstrate without breaking the speed limit. Marries a quiet little girl who believes in predestination.

"I wonder why I can't hold a bead on R. L. Cox long enough to tell what he is doing. Oh, I see! it's because he is following preaching. He stops long enough occasionally to rave about the pathology of society. Robert later stops all together and settles down, and immortalizes himself by writing a book on 'Horse Sense.' Marries a society girl with foolish notions.

"Here is some excitement! I hear some one exclaim, 'Stay off my feet!' I see a blow. A man lies bleeding in the gutter. Some one picks him up. It is Junie Willcox. However, he recovers from his wounds, and learns to turn his head a fraction without moving his body. He makes good as a civil engineer and marries an Italian toe dancer.

"You may be able to see some good in everything; take a look at Ralph Wilson and C. B. Haynes—two big corporation lawyers in partnership. Watch them trying to convince a jury that black is not always black, but sometimes green; and again it may be red. They die and go to Hades; have a big argument with the devil as to whether they shall shovel snow or work for the National Coal and Ice Company.

"My mind seems unable to disassociate itself from affairs of the infernals. I see Greenville in the midst of all its vice and

wickedness. There is suddenly a great change. A number of the leading men of the city are converted. It is all due to the marvelous missionary work of B. F. Cromley, who, nothing daunted at the immensity of his undertaking, is making good. He marries a blind girl whose instinct of perception was inhibited.

"D. D. Grant forces himself upon me. He can't be persuaded that he is the 'White Hope,' but goes into stringent training anyhow, and teaches school; marries a patriotic girl who is strong for woman's rights.

"I hear a great commotion, bands playing, people yelling, riotous excitement! I see a great playhouse in which a musical comedy company is in full sway. The comedian is making a great hit. It is Arthur Ayers. His every expression provokes spontaneous outbursts of mirth. Marries a sad-faced kid who had been brought up in a convent.

"While thinking of funny things, Jimmy Nelson pops up. I see him straining furiously at an obstinate tooth securely anchored in the head of a great big lady. He gets the tooth and part of the jawbone out. This is an example of his persistence and thoroughness. He is attracted by the personality of the professional fat lady in a dime museum and marries her.

"Well, I swan! Phil Hamer doesn't look like a thing but a lantern-jawed old grouch; but he loses his job teaching school on account of his effervescing sense of humor. To carry out the joke he marries a suffragette. Their meal-time exchange of compliments would make the professional funny man ashamed of himself.

"What is that scintillating object over yonder? Oh, yes! It's Roy Griffin's head. He is making a stump speech at a farmers' reunion. He is elected to the legislature, and later to congress, on the prohibition ticket. But in the next election he is defeated, because he can't explain to the voters' wives how he happened to roll down three flights of steps into the hotel lobby one night when returning from a dinner. He

marries a brunette, who always had a hankering after red hair. Now she's got it—or most of it.

"Look who's here—R. D. Guilds, Major-General of the Salvation Army, Third Regiment, Company Thirteen. He wears his hair longer than ever, and pulls it more down over his eyes to make him look shaggy, like he had just come out of the wilderness into the promised land. He sings to the time of a drum, and takes up collection with his little red cap. Finally marries the foxy little girl who pounds the drum and sings tenor for him.

"I was hoping against hope that I wouldn't have to handle a profession like Rube Moody's. He starts out managing the editorial department of a big newspaper. Has seven scraps the first week. The victims of Rube's caustic editorials try a different plan. Now Rube has a whole paper of his own. He marries a Holiness convertee and uses her wild mutterings for socialistic theories.

"Bless my soul, if here is not a race fit for the gods! Rick Holroyd pursuing the classics. Rick is evidently out of training and is left in the lurch. But he marries a good-looking contortionist and they have set the vaudeville world on fire.

"What's the matter here? This one jumps around so I can't tell who he is. Grady Davis, by all that's holy! Is elected President of the United States on the suffragette ticket. Gets excited at the inauguration and hugs a miniature 'Goddess of Liberty.' Marries a woman who doesn't believe anything is impossible, not even perpetual motion.

"Now here's something different from anything we have struck yet—H. DuPre High, Immigration Inspector in San Francisco. You ought to see him lording it over those Chinks. He gets on fine until one of them takes a swipe at him with a big old dope pipe, then he quits. Marries a grass widow, and goes to alfalfa farming.

"Nut Hazel is working on an invention, a method by which you won't have to push the electric button to make the bell ring. Just think you want it to ring, and—'ting-a-ling.' He makes a fortune out of this invention, and buys a whole dog-

gone college, and runs it to suit himself. Doesn't get married, because he can't find a woman up to his conception of what his wife out to be.

"What's all that commotion? Well, if it's not Maurice Lawson, turning this old world over! He has figured out how many steps there are between Spartanburg and paradise; has counted the angels in heaven and the demons in hell. Marries a two hundred and fifty-pounder because he has calculated how much she is going to cost him and he wants to get his money's worth.

"Larkin Carter starts out as a book agent, and learns to manage a superfluity of 'whys' and 'wherefores', and a whole lot of ability to carry on a big conversation about nothing much. He is now representing Wofford University's Department of Law in the South, with headquarters in Atlanta, Ga. He marries a frivolous-minded, inconsiderate kind of a girl, who insists upon traveling around with him.

"Well, Doctor! P. P. Jones has the stand. P. P. begins business as a government employee in Washington. He soon knows everything anybody associated with him knows, on account of his indefatigable interrogative ability. Conequently his advancement is rapid in information. Marries a girl who is tired of the hurly-burly and bustle of life and wants to settle down.

"Great Cæsar's Ghost! Look at P. B. Yarbrough doing the 'green goods' stunt! The only and original 'con' man! Beside him J. Rufus Wallingford would look like a chronic dyspeptic at a Sunday-school picnic. He sells a million dollars' worth of stock in a painless safety razor concern, and makes a get-away. Marries the head waitress in a summer resort hotel, and serves the rest of his life waiting.

"I thought I was going to quit, but you'll have to give me just one more big drink, because here comes 'King Pool-oo' Ellerbe. He is painting the Philippine Islands a livid hue. The atmosphere, naturally rather torrid down there, is actually incandescent in spots where King Pool-oo is. King goes to the Philippines to go into the civil service, but he doesn't like

the distorted meaning of that word civil. He goes over to South America, and plays the President of Zanziboo a game of pool for his job. Pool-oo is now sure enough King. He marries the daughter of a coffee grower, who had never seen a white man before.

"It is really contagious, that smile of Caston Wannamaker's. No one can resist the translucent rays of sunshine radiating from that joyful map of his, and that's the reason he is such a power in the state. He marries a girl who looks upon matrimony strictly from a business point of view.

"What unearthly noise is that? Something funny has happened in the proximity of Bill Ouzts. Bill is working in the United States mint, and seems delighted with his job. There is a scar on his forehead where somebody hit him with a fifty-dollar gold piece the first time he laughed. Marries a lady famous for her lovable hands.

"Who is that serious-faced, happy-looking guy over yonder all by his lonesome, with a book on 'Modern Banking' in one hand and 'Puck' and 'Judge' in the other? Now you might know it's old Fritz Beach. Fritz jumps right into the banking business, but he can't do all the work himself, and he can't keep any assistants on account of his jokes. He has nearly worn out the adding machine getting off puns on it. Doesn't marry because all the girls know the fate of the adding machine.

"Here's a noble piece of nature's handiwork—Milt Crum. Always inclined towards philanthropy, he decides that the best way to aid humanity is by doing something for the children. So he builds a school for millionaires' sons, where they will be brought up in an economic way with that principle instilled in them. Milt's wife is a sweet-tempered little woman who believes what is, must be; so she doesn't often rue the day that cast old Milt in her way.

"This next freak doesn't stay in one place long enough for me to get a line on him. It's Mike Rice, touring the world. In each town he amuses the natives by vocal solos and other musical discourses. When their souls can't be touched in this

manner, Mike has a well-prepared specialty which is labeled 'New Orleans.' He may get married later, but now he doesn't stay in one place long enough to do more than make a great big hit.

"What the Hec! Sure 'nough, bo! I'd raise a window over there, this air is getting bad—Rufus Hill, president of the board of health of a good-sized town. You ought to see that 'burg!' No kind of a germ will come within four miles of it, and as for bacteria, there are just three left, and they are outlawed. God pity the poor lass that draws Rufie for a life-long help-meet!

"It does my soul good to look on a scene like this—endless areas of green, waving corn and greasy-green cotton. A big, comfortable-looking home, and Jim Kay and his family on the veranda. Jimmy Junior's nose is straight, however.

"Now here's some sure enough excitement. I see the angry faces of a mob of men, in the midst of which is discernable the terror-stricken visage of a negro. They are going to lynch him; the noose is adjusted, but just at the psychological moment there appears on the scene Roy All. He speaks a few words to the excited multitude. His eloquence and the nobleness of his personality are invincible, and law and order are quickly reinstated. He marries an artistically constructed, plump little girl whose range of acquaintance was rather limited.

"Speaking about big noises and so forth, Rice Nickels thinks he wants to be a lawyer, but in a generous frame of mind decides that his eloquence would cause numerous miscarriages of justice, and that he just won't stand for anything of the kind. He goes into the automobile business, and specializes on racers. This life soon becomes too slow for Rice, however, and he goes in for aeroplaning. Here's his epitaph:

'Here lies "Husky,"
On that Shore—
Told of yore;
Physics, Pipes, Tulley, E. M. F.,
Confidence, Baseball, and Roller-Skates,
May he reunite again with his old playmates.'

"Here's a scene at Monte Carlo. What smiling young Viking is that over yonder playing the roulette wheel so recklessly? A streak of luck is with him. He breaks the bank, and gives the whole amount to foreign missions. There's something familiar about that tow-head and satisfied smile. It's Pud Glenn, or I'm a Dutchman. Pud says you can't understand the 'whys' unless you know the 'hows,' and since he may be in a position some day to appreciate a peculiar circumstance, he forced himself into some diversified experiences. He marries a passing fair lady, and if their domestic life is as pleasant as his everyday smile, they are some happy.

"Hark! What is that sound of revelry by night? It's Ben Badger and Charlie Zimmerman coming home from down town. Ben and Charlie both seem to have a hankering after railroading, so they start at the bottom and sing themselves up to the top. They consolidate the Glenn Springs Special and the C. and W. C. Charlie is president, and Ben is the company attorney. Ben and Charlie are both lucky in the great lottery of matrimony, and life for them is one joyful song.

"J. E. McKenzie is in the wholesale grocery business. He doesn't have to advertise his wares, because they speak for themselves. He marries a deaf and dumb girl, so he doesn't have to call her—just motions to her.

"Jack Moody is instructing in a physical culture school. This thing of training young America how to jump and turn somersaults soon palls on Jack, and he leaves to accept a position managing wild animals in a traveling circus. He marries the snake charmer, and settles down to the quiet routine of circus life.

"Who is that good-looking rascal? If it's not Robert McIver! Mac disregards his possibilities in the business world and studies medicine. He finishes and moves to Utah. Always quick to grasp an opportunity, he opens up a children's furnishing store. Mac marries a good many wives of various degrees of size and beauty, and still his possibilities are not much diminished.

"Well, I'll be dog-goned if here is not Bob Meriwether's name at the bottom of a magazine story. Now I find it on the front side of a popular novel. The critics say Bob's literary attempts would be a whole lot better if they were not so much like his general line of dope. He marries a smart little girl, who wears heavy green glasses, and talks of what she might have done. Bob has since re-written 'Dante's Inferno,' with reminiscences from domestic life.

"Oh, my soul! What a wallop! Bob Walker begins playing big league baseball, but sees there is nothing to it, so he goes into the mill business, and rises rapidly. The presidency is vacant and the job lies between Bob and one other fellow. They play showdown for the position. Bob is now president of the mill. He wins the heart of a hero-worshiping girl and marries her.

"Say, did you ever read 'Marquis of Queensbury' rules? Well, that's all right in its line, but if you want to read a masterpiece, just buy a copy of Moseley's book on 'Etiquette.' Carlos is shocked at the utterly impossible manners of some people, and decides that it's up to him to correct them. His vocation brings him into contact with a great many swell society belles, and he always makes a hit; but he doesn't marry yet, because they all can't marry him, and he doesn't want to break anybody's heart.

"That's about all, isn't it? Oh, yes—Walser Edens. He . . ."

"That's all right about that fellow Edens, Mr. Raven. I wouldn't write down what you were going to say about him, anyhow.

"You don't know how much I do appreciate your doing this for me. I don't believe I ever would have gotten up the nerve to say some of the things about these fellows that you did."

"That's all right, kiddo; don't mention it. Good-night."

N. WALSER EDENS, *Prophet.*

The Beacon Lights

All alone tonight I'm watching, Orion sloping to the west,
Thinking not of silent slumber, caring neither for my rest;
For I see a distant future, shining with so bright a light,
That the darting, flashing spectrum of the great northern night
Seems but small in comparison with this distant light divine,
Which is far, yes, far before me, yet most brilliantly doth shine.
And it seems to lead me onward, through the changing mist of years,
'Till I feel no bitter sorrow, for it wipes away all tears.
But, alas! the scene is changing, and another light I see,
Which doth shine with equal grandeur, shedding golden rays on me.
And a sound of rushing waters, running through my inmost soul,
And I see the forked lightning, hear the distant thunder roll.
But with this the beacons vanished, vanished away into space,
And I felt no more their presence, nor their light upon my face;
Yet somewhere far in the future, I will then quite understand,
Which will pilot me the better o'er the rocky, barren strand.

H. DUPRE HIGH, '12.

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889 Spartanburg, S. C., May-June, 1912 Vol. 23

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

College Representation

No doubt the most pleasant thing that ever comes to a college student is the privilege of representing his institution in some kind of organization. And indeed no more sacred trust can be put into a man's hands than that of the safe keeping of the name of the college he represents. He should consider it as holy as his own name and strive to uphold it even as he would that of his own parents.

But remember that you do not have to belong to a 'varsity team or organization to be a representative of your college. Every student becomes considered the reproduction of his institution just as he is the reproduction of his ancestors, and when he goes away, whatever he does, and however he does, it is credited to the college to which he goes. Therefore, a student should never forget himself at any time and do those

things which he has developed apart from the influence of his college and apart from his own nature.

Whatever a student does bears fruit. If he does wrong it will bear fruit in the manner of working evil to his institution, mostly by creating a public feeling that he is a true representative of his whole college. This means that public opinion will soon be against that institution for the kind of students it has, and of course this means the ruin of that school. Surely if one would but think of the responsibility and honor that rest upon him when in the position that makes him a representative of his whole school, and of the injustice he is doing to others when he goes wrong, he could never act in any manner but that it would reflect honor both upon himself and upon his institution. The fruits of the student's good acts are the upbuilding of the college, the aid they are to it in attaining that for which it stands, and the making for the student a character and a success in life.

So you who are about to enter upon the relaxation of the summer vacation, and you who are leaving your Alma Mater forever, think when you start astray and remember *intaminatis fulget honoribus* and dare do nothing but that which will reflect honor at all times upon her whom you represent.

College Press Association

The annual convention of the College Press Association of South Carolina was held at Wofford during April and was a success. For its success we are indebted not only to our own faculty and students but also to those of Converse College, and especially to the members of the Concept staff.

We wish to thank most gratefully the Faculty of Converse for the use of their halls and parlors for a reception and for the liberal privileges they granted to the students that they might help to make the convention a success.

To our own Faculty and their good ladies are we also indebted for a most delightful reception, and for their entertainment of many of our guests.

And to the Concept staff our debt of gratitude, we feel, can

never be paid. To them we are indebted for the entertainment of our lady guests, for whom they made it most pleasant, and also for the part they played at all times to make the convention a success as a whole.

To all these parties we wish to express our deepest thanks and most grateful appreciation for what they did in aiding us to make the convention what it was.

To the Seniors

What are you going to do when you finish? This is a question every Senior in the class has had asked him more than once. This question has at last become a vital one. We all have not chosen our life's work yet but no doubt every man knows what he would like to do. In many cases he will not be able to undertake his calling at once but must begin at something else less attractive to him.

But every one of us expects to do something. Some will continue to go to school, some will go back to the farm, some will teach and some various other things, but all will be busy, for above all things else that is what an education instils into a man's mind. It arouses in him, if he is a man, an ambition to do and be something in this world.

At our last recitation the fact that it was our last meeting together in the capacity of an organized class in college was mentioned, and the question was put before us, have you done your duty? Have you grasped the opportunities at which you had a chance? Some of us thought with regret of our failures and neglect to take advantage of the good things that had come our way. "But if you have failed, 'don't cry over spilt milk,'" we were told. "Grasp the opportunities that come to you now, whatever they be, and make yourself a man."

Every one of us is eager to do this and to make a success. But in order to do it we must not get to thinking too much about the end at the beginning, for the main thing is to get started. Someone has said that the supreme agency for gaining success in any calling is the mind. Now, we have

had four years upon this campus training and developing our minds, and if the above quoted statement is true we are all the more qualified for acquiring that which we call success, so cheer up. But don't get it into your head that genuine success is a sudden outburst. It is not, but is the result of continued, patient, honest, commonplace toil, and one should not get discouraged if he does not attain his ideals in a single day. If we will only begin something, stick to it, and not be above our business, the end will, without a doubt, be all to the good.

Our Last Words

At last we have come to the final words we shall have the privilege of saying as Editor of THE JOURNAL. Our task has not been a pleasant one in every respect, but we shall never regret having the responsibility of such a task upon us. We know we have not come up to the standard set for ourselves in the beginning, but we do not feel that all the blame is upon us or the rest of the staff, for THE JOURNAL is the magazine of the whole college and not of its editors alone.

We wish to most heartily thank our co-laborers and contributors who have helped us to make THE JOURNAL what it has been this year, and especially do we wish to express our most grateful appreciation to those few who stood by us at all times and were always ready to lend us a helping hand when in the lurch.

And now to you who will succeed us, we feel sure of your efficiency and are not afraid of THE JOURNAL'S decline in your hands, but it might be well to warn you this, that you are assuming an honor that you will have to pay for. We have no advice to give you, however, except that you do as you think best, and do that to the best of your ability; and success to you in your efforts.

Again thanking our co-laborers and contributors for what they have done for us, and wishing to the new staff and THE JOURNAL the greatest success possible, we surrender the responsibility of editing THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

R. T. Wilson, Editor.
A. L. Googe, Assistant Editor.

With this issue ends our connection with the college journal as an official member. We feel that we have been much helped by reading the various magazines which have come to our desk, but have not perhaps given criticisms upon some which have been fruitful. However, if we have passed undue and harsh criticism, it was with a hope that it would do some good. All in all, our connection with this department has been very pleasant, and we can only wish as much for the new member who is to take our place. As has been the precedent, we shall give only a few of the clippings from various magazines regarding the work of THE JOURNAL during the year.

"The Wofford College Journal for March is clad in its usual simple black and gold. The first thing we notice about The Journal is the fine quality of the paper and the print. 'His Call' has a splendid theme, but the plot structure is diffuse and the author is inclined to prolixity. 'China of Tomorrow' is a splendid article, thoroughly enjoyable and instructive. 'The Lovers' Prayer' is rather too personal an experience to suit the medium of poetry, without inspiring in the reader a shocking sense of amusement. 'Ezra Hawkins' Machine' shows an ingenious mind as well as a faculty for clear story telling. We shall probably hear later of B. H.'s success in the world of invention. 'The Baseball Star' contains plenty of local color. We wonder how that sophomore author found a girl whose description is the ideal of us all. He will be a rival of Shakespeare in depicting women by the time he reaches his senior year. This story holds the interest to the end, and that end makes us satisfied with the intrusion of the girl, which at first we rather resented.

"We will not attempt separate criticism of the several dedartments, but say only that they balance with the literary department to form a harmonious whole."—*Isaqueena.*

"The March issue of The Wofford College Journal is rather weak in the story element. 'The Baseball Star' is the only story with a definite plot and crisis. Because of its modern characters and modern incidents of the baseball field, it is interesting. The description of the game is clear and vivid. Other selections in this magazine that could hardly be called stories are successful sketches. 'Ezra Hawkins' Machine' is very true to life. 'The Mammoth Cave' is an interesting account of a visit to a well-known place. 'His Call' is the relation of a personal experience, holding the interest because of its unusual character. We have read a number of the Wofford College Journals and have noticed each time a lack of stories with well defined plots. The stories of last month's Journal, however, were better, and on an equal with the average college magazine story. 'China of Tomorrow,' an essay, is both forcibly and interestingly written. 'Earth Genesis' is another essay, and though not a modern subject as the essay named above, still the modern theories and explanations given make a good contribution, and one not commonly found in college magazines. The thought and spirit of 'Spring,' a poem, are quite poetic, and very well expressed. The editorial department of this issue is good in quality, but conspicuously lacking in quantity."—*Converse Concept.*

"We have read some parts of The Wofford College Journal with a great deal of pleasure and enthusiasm, but other parts have not had quite the same effect upon us. The poetry has good thought and very good rhyme. 'The Old Violin's Story' has an unusually good plot, and is handled well. 'Nothing' and 'John C. Calhoun—the Man' are both good articles. We were not very favorably impressed with 'Exploring a Volcano,' as the writer is not vivid enough in the description. The editorial, 'A Hint to the Wise,' seems to us

a little out of place. If the editor wants reforms we think it would be much better to try some other method of getting them."—*The Collegian.*

"We are glad to see in the Wofford College Journal the 'Tribute to John C. Calhoun.' Every Southerner is familiar, to some extent, with the life and character of our great statesman, but no Southern boy or girl can weary of hearing of this great man. 'The Old Violin's Story' is a well-worked-out plot, and is decidedly your best story this month. The verse is on the average with that of the college magazines, and it adds much to The Journal."—*The Criterion.*

"The Wofford College Journal, in its attractive new cover, was among the first and best to reach our table. And we believe this number realizes the object which the staff had in view when they made the change. The sentiment in the little poem entitled 'Her' is very sweetly expressed. Its musical ring and alliteration are a sign of real poetry. The plot of the story entitled 'The Private' is a little unusual and somewhat uncanny. While similar experiences may happen, yet we realize that it is much overdrawn. The parody that is written with apologies to William Cullen Bryant is quite clever. Judging from the reality of 'A Freshman Who Was Fresh,' we would say that it was taken from the author's own experience. We are not favorably impressed with the story, 'Spurs of Navarre,' for it does not come up to the average short story of a Wofford College Journal. The story, 'A Hair, Perhaps, Divides the False and True,' is decidedly the best in material and the most interesting. We would recommend that all of our fellow students read the editorial on a 'Foreword,' then possibly the work of the staff would not be such a drudge."—*The Erothesian.*

These are fair samples of the numerous criticisms our Journal has received during the year.

CLIPPINGS

ANOTHER DEFINITION.

"Pa, what is an optimist?"

"An optimist, my boy, is a woman who thinks that everything is for the best, and that she is the best."

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

The teacher asked: "When did Moses live?" After the silence had become painful she ordered: "Open your Old Testaments. What does it say there?"

A boy answered: "Moses, 4000."

"Now," said the teacher, "you have all seen that before. Why didn't you know when Moses lived?"

"Well," replied the boy, "I thought it was his telephone number."

OVER THE FAMILY ALBUM.

"Mama, is Aunt Jane a blood relation?"

"Yes, dear."

"Is she one of the bloodiest we have?"

A NOVICE.

Daughter—But, mother, I don't see how you can give me any advice as to my married life when you have only been married once, and I have already been married three times.

A WISE CHILD.

A pretty and popular daughter of a well-known clergyman had been out to a dance the night before, and consequently appeared late at the breakfast table. The clergyman, with mock severity, scowled over the top of his newspaper at her when she finally joined him for her morning cup of coffee.

"Good morning, daughter of the devil," he said, keeping a serious face.

His daughter looked at him a moment and then smiled: "Good morning, father."

WISDOM OF FATHER.

"My dad knows more'n George Washington did," said the small boy.

"How's that?" queried the grocer.

"Last night," continued the small boy, "when I told him I hadn't been skatin' he sed he know'd better, an' gimme a lickin' fer lyin'. George Washington couldn't tell a lie, but dad kin tell one the minute he hears it."

THE UNREFORMED.

Father (reprovingly)—Do you know what happens to liars when they die?

Johnny—Yes, sir; they lie still.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

G. M. Crum, Editor.

MEETING OF THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The College Press Association of South Carolina held its annual meeting at Wofford, April 17-19. There were about sixty representatives from the various colleges of the State, including the *Converse Concept* staff and the WOFFORD JOURNAL staff, who met for the purpose of discussing the various phases of college journalism. Besides the regular business sessions the association was given several receptions, which seemed to be enjoyed by all. Of unusual enjoyment was the banquet held at the Gresham Hotel on Thursday evening.

Whether or not much good was accomplished for the college magazines we cannot say, but we hope and feel sure that every member of the association had a most enjoyable time, and we are sure THE JOURNAL staff is proud of having had the pleasure of entertaining the Association at Wofford.

The programs of the business sessions were as follows:

THURSDAY, APRIL 15TH, 3 P. M.

Welcome Address.....Dr. H. N. Snyder
History of College Journalism in South Carolina..A. L. Gunter
The Ideal College Magazine.....Dr. W. L. Pugh

FRIDAY, APRIL 19TH, 9:30 A. M.

Address.....Dr. C. B. Waller
The Story.....Miss Rita Beard
The Essay.....J. M. Workman
The Poem.....Miss Lena Williams
Methods of Obtaining Material.....Miss Mary Little
How to Arouse Interest in the College Magazine.....
R. L. Meriwether

FRIDAY, APRIL 19TH, 2:30 P. M.

Address.....Dr. R. P. Pell

Has the College Magazine Done Its Duty?....H. A. Mouzon
Reading of Prize Articles.
Reports of Officers.
Final Reading of Amendments.
Adjournment.

The prize winners were as follows:

Essay—"New Nationalism," by Mr. C. P. Barr, of Newberry College.

Story—"Thera," by Mr. R. L. Meriwether, of Wofford College.

Poem—"Sonnet," by Miss Ray Tillinghast, of Converse College.

FRESHMAN DECLAMATION CONTEST.

The class of 1915 made its first appearance in a public exhibition on the evening of May 13, when the Freshman declamation contest was held. All of the speeches were good and the class as a whole deserve credit for giving such a successful event for the first time. The judges decided that Mr. R. Syfan, of the Carlisle Society, was the best speaker, so the Gray medal was awarded to him. Mr. H. L. Smith, of the Calhoun Society, came second.

BASEBALL SEASON CLOSES.

The baseball season of 1912 closed May 9th, when Wofford defeated University of Tennessee, 8 to 9. The team has made a better showing this year than it has in several years, winning twelve out of eighteen games. This gives us a percentage of .667, while the percentage of the official games was .500, placing us third from the highest average. The individual team work was excellent and there is no doubt that we have some of the best players in the State. It was only a case of hard luck that we couldn't win the pennant this year, but we all hope that next year we will come first.

Mr. J. M. Stackhouse has been elected captain of the team for the coming season, with Mr. L. J. Stilwell assistant captain.

The efficiency of both of these men is undoubted, so we feel sure of success next year.

The result of each game played is as follows:

Wofford 3; Clinton 2.
Wofford 2; Clinton 4.
Wofford 11; College of Charleston 2.
Wofford 5; Citadel 2.
Wofford 1; Citadel 0.
Wofford 6; Newberry 2.
Wofford 2; Newberry 7.
Wofford 3; Clemson 2.
Wofford 2; Clemson 4.
Wofford 5; Clinton 3.
Wofford 5; Clinton 1.
Wofford 3; Erskine 1.
Wofford 2; Erskine 3.
Wofford 6; College of Charleston 7.
Wofford 10; Citadel 0.
Wofford 1; Furman 11.
Wofford 6; Furman 1.
Wofford 9; University of Tennessee 8.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The three societies have elected the following officers for the first term of 1912-13:

Calhoun—President, L. J. Stilwell; Vice-President, W. W. Jenkins; First Critic, J. E. Bethea; Second Critic, J. M. Stackhouse; Third Critic, P. D. Huff; First Censor, J. C. Hyer; Second Censor, W. C. Bethea; Recording Secretary, S. P. Stackley; Corresponding Secretary, G. W. Gage; Treasurer, J. H. Anderson. Oratorical Speakers, J. C. Hyer and W. W. Jenkins.

Carlisle—President, W. H. Tiller; Vice-President, G. H. Hodges; First Critic, R. H. Coleman; Second Critic, J. B. Paysinger; First Censor, J. C. Kelly; Recording Secretary, H. P. DuBose; Treasurer, J. I. Robinson; Third Critic, D. C. Carmichael; Corresponding Secretary, R. Syfan; Second

Censor, B. I. Barnes. Oratorical Speakers, J. B. Paysinger and G. H. Hodges.

Preston—President, E. T. Spigner; Vice-President, C. D. Steele; First Critic, F. S. Blair; Second Critic, Z. L. Madden; First Censor, C. S. Rhoad; Recording Secretary, T. C. Herbert; Second Censor, E. W. Hook; Third Censor, F. C. Ayer; Corresponding Secretary, J. S. Wolfe; Treasurer, J. G. Pitts. Oratorical Speakers, H. R. Sims and T. C. Herbert.

NEW JOURNAL STAFF.

THE JOURNAL will be in the hands of the following staff for the coming year:

H. R. Sims, Editor-in-Chief; D. L. Edwards, Literary Editor; T. C. Herbert, Assistant Literary Editor; J. G. Kelly, Exchange Editor; J. P. Wharton, Assistant Exchange Editor; Z. L. Madden, Local Editor; J. C. Hyer, Alumni Editor; W. W. Jenkins, Business Manager; L. S. King, Assistant Business Manager; T. C. Easterling, Y. M. C. A. Editor.

SCRAPS.

Lumpkin, of the Glee Club, after several attempts at singing a note, looked at his feet and said to the directress, with a discouraged look: "There is something undoubtedly wrong with my accloustics (acoustics)."

Deutsche Byers—"Say, Rufie, not to be too exquisite, what did that raincoat cost you?"

Jake Frye was scared to death that Dr. S. was going to "romp on him" for going into a tonsorial parlor while the ball club was in Charleston.

"Skeet" Hamilton, on a Pullman coming from Charleston the other night, said: "I'll swan I'll sit out here on this observation all night before I'll sleep in that dern little hammock."

Bob Walker at the bat talking to pitcher—"Stick it over here and duck, you red-headed, white-livered freak; or I'll knock it down your throat."

William Smith failing to find a joke on him in the last month's JOURNAL, exultingly said: "I'll declare I don't believe I said a foolish thing last month."

Bill Carter the other day happened to be up town without Lawrence Stilwell when a Converse girl passed by and said something nice to him. He blushed several different shades and couldn't say a word until she left, and then he drawled, "La'r'nce auto been here."

William Smith said that the Orangeburg team could bat mighty fine, but couldn't hit much.

Googe: "I'll declare! that Rhoad is the laziest cuss I ever saw."

Fresh Brown: "Man, you don't know nothin'; old Bird is so lazy if he was to fall off of a house he'd come down right easy."

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. B. Kay, Editor.

As this issue of THE JOURNAL goes to press our duty as editor of the Y. M. C. A. Department draws to an end. The work of the Association for the past year has been a success. It has meant much to the spiritual life of the campus for the boys to gather together once a week in an hour of prayer.

The majority of the meetings have been led either by members of the faculty or by local ministers; however, some of the meetings have been conducted solely by the boys. In this manner invaluable training is acquired in teaching the young men to express themselves about the vital things of life. Those profiting by such opportunities are the future leaders in the great religious movements which are so potent in our age.

The series of religious services conducted by Rev. E. K. Hardin in March was largely attended and much interest was manifested. We believe much good was accomplished.

The Y. M. C. A., we feel sure, is being left in good hands. Men are in control who put the interest of the organization before every other outside interest in college. The editor of this department next year cannot fail to be successful should he record faithfully the working of this helpful body.

Best wishes to the editor during the year 1913!

MEETING AT CONVERSE.

On May the 12th the Y. W. C. A. of Converse and the Y. M. C. A. of Wofford, for the first time, held a joint meeting in the Converse Auditorium. Prof. J. G. Clinkscales delivered the address, which was a practical message to the college men and women of today. Special music was rendered by Miss Ruth Williamson and the Wofford Quartette.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

P. B. Yarbrough, Editor.

Below is made mention of a few of Wofford's alumni who are prominent in the business world:

Wofford's first graduating class was composed of one member—Samuel Dibble. Dr. Dibble is a business man of Orangeburg, his native county. The growing and thriving town of Bowman is a monument to the integrity and enterprise of Wofford's first alumnus.

Among the most prominent business men of this State is John B. Cleveland, of Spartanburg. Graduating in the class of 1869, Mr. Cleveland read law and settled in his native town. As a lawyer he was very successful, but his large business interest soon took him from the practice of his profession. He is president of the C. & W. C. Railroad. Mr. Cleveland enjoys the enviable distinction of being one of the captains of industry of our country.

Mr. J. E. Wannamaker, of class '72, is one of the leading agriculturists of our State. Mr. Wannamaker has steadily grown in wealth and influence. Three sons and a daughter hold diplomas from his *Alma Mater*.

W. E. Burnett, W. L. Gray, and C. C. Twitty are the successful business men of the class of '76.

Mr. Burnett is president of the First National Bank of Spartanburg.

Mr. Gray is a successful merchant and farmer of Laurens.

Mr. Twitty is the president of two or three cotton mills at Hartsville and Darlington, S. C.

A. B. Calvert, of class 1880, is one of the leading business men of the up country. Mr. Calvert is president of the Bank of Spartanburg and of the Drayton Mills.

J. A. Chapman and W. A. Law, of class '83, represent their Alma Mater in the business world.

Mr. Chapman is president of the Inman Cotton Mills, and Mr. Law is a banker in Philadelphia.

Mr. John A. Law, of '87, is easily among the most successful and most highly respected business men of Spartanburg. He is president of the Central National Bank and president of Saxon Cotton Mills.

C. W. Stoll, of class '90, is president of a bank in Kingstree. Mr. Stoll is a large land owner and is interested in many business enterprises.

C. P. Hammond is a fair business representative of class '91. Mr. Hammond is noted for his integrity of character, good judgment, and tireless energy. He is known as the "Live Wire" of the "City of Success."

NOTICE TO ALL STUDENTS

Some business men say that it is useless to advertise in the JOURNAL, that the students pay no attention to the Ads. It is not hard to remember who patronizes us, so lets patronize *only those* who patronize us. By this, the future staffs will have an easier time getting out the JOURNAL.

	Page.
Adkins, M. R., Meats	vi
Bagwell, J. E., Grocer	iv
Band & White, Printers	xvii
Bank of Spartanburg	vi
Beacham Hardware Co.	vi
Bell's Drug Store	ii
Bernhardt's Photo Studio	v
Biber, A. W., Jeweler	vii
Bomar & Crigler, Gents Furnishings	ii
Brill Electric Co.	v
Cannon & Fetzer, Clothing	viii
Central Drug Co.	x
Central National Bank	iv
Chapman, the Grocer	vii
Correll, A. B., Jeweler	x
Creighton Clothing Co.,	xi
Crescent Pharmacy	xi
DuPre Book Store	xv
Eastman Business College	ix
Eureka Cigar Store	ii
Fairyland Theatre	xii
Felkel, F. W., Insurance	xi
First National Bank	i
Gaillard, Dr. Chas. R., Eye-Sight Specialist	vii
Greenewald's, Clothiers	iii
Heinitish's Drug Store	viii
Holmes & Johnson, Druggists	iii
Irwin & Floyd, Druggists	xii
Law, A. M., & Co., Insurance	vii
Lemmond's Barber Shop	vi
Ligon's Drug Store	v
Littlejohn's Barber Shop	v
Lowe Shoe Co.	x
Magic Theatre	iii
Majestic Theatre	vii
Merriam, G. & C. Co.	xiii
Nickels, W. J., Tailor	xiii
New York Restaurant	iv
Oakman's Drug Store	x
Olympia Cafe	ii
Price's Clothing Store	vi
Queen, J. R., Barber	vi
Red Star Shoe Shop	viii
Spartan Hardware Co.	vi
Spartan Optical Parlors	x
Spartanburg Printing Co.	vii
Spartanburg Ry., G. & E. Co.	xii
Smith-Copeland Shoe Co.	i
Spigel Bros., Jewelers	vi
Turner's Cigar Store	xiv
University College of Medicine	xx
Walker, John A., Shoes	xii
Waterman Fountain Pen	xviii
Wofford College	xvi
Wofford College Fitting School	xvi
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co.	xiv

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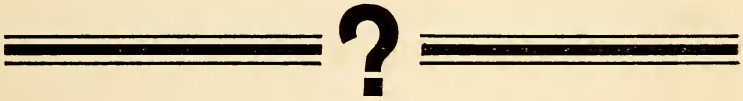

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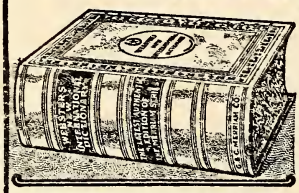

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